CARICATURE

THE WIT & HUMOR OF A NATION IN PICTURE, SONG & STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY AMERICA'S GREATEST ARTISTS

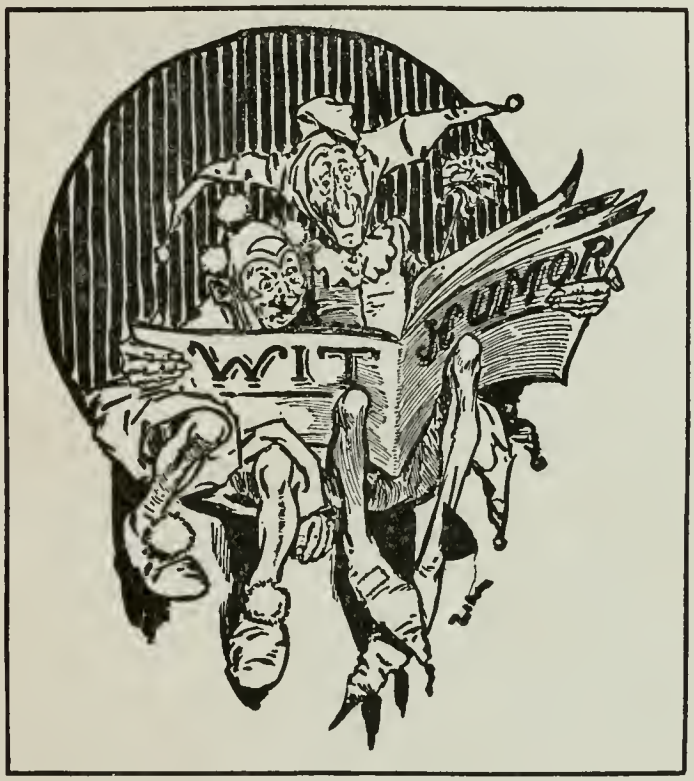
SPECIAL EDITION

CARICATURE

(FOURTEENTH EDITION)

WIT AND HUMOR OF A NATION IN PICTURE, SONG AND STORY

Illustrated by



Grant E. Hamilton
"Zim"
E. Flohri
Art Young
A. S. Daggy
J. M. Flagg
T. S. Sullivant
R. F. Outcault
Penrhyn Stanlaws
F. Nankivel
S. Werner
"Gus" Dirks
F. L. Fithian
"BB" Baker
J. H. Smith
Sydney Adamson
Peter Newell
H. C. Greening
C. T. Anderson

J. Conacher
W. M. Goodes
H. M. Wilder
Jno. Cassell
Hy Mayer
C. J. Taylor
T. S. Allen
Bob Addams
Albert Levering
Malcolm Strauss
F. H. Ladendor
Charles Sarka
R. S. Bredin
Albert Bloch
Bert Levy
V. A. Soboda
Fred Lewis
Gordon Grant
C. Knowlton

Frank Snapp
Arthur Lewis
Geo. Herriman
Geo. R. Brill

Poems and Stories by

Burges Johnson
W. J. Lampton
R. K. Munkittrick
Tom Masson
W. D. Nesbit
Frank H. Brooks
Edwin L. Sabin
Edward W. Barnard
Eugene Geary
Carolyn Wells
Henry Tyrrell
and others

LESLIE-JUDGE COMPANY, 225 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

1911

Copyright, 1908, by Judge Company, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York

ANOTHER ON THE WIRE.

"Kitty, I love you. Is there any chance for me?"
"I'm sorry, Jack; but the line 's busy."

Mr. Hicket Retires

By William John Barr Moses

MR. HICKET didn't look it. He was a rather stout, flabby, middle-aged man, with a low forehead, oily black hair, small, blue, bloodshot eyes, an angular nose, puffy lips, big ears, a complexion bluish white, mottled red and purple, and a mouthful of irregular, tobacco-stained teeth. He wore a pair of skeleton nose-glasses tied to a black cord, and his clothes, which had been flashy and loud in their time, were now wrinkled, misshapen and decorated with grease and dandruff. Mr. Hicket didn't look it, but he was a literary bureau, a financial bureau, a correspondence university, an astrologer, a matrimonial exchange, a handwriting expert, and a few other things of the same general character.

Mr. Hicket began his day's work by looking over the mail. Among the letters this morning there was one from a young lady in Arkansas, complaining that, although she had taken Mr. Hicket's ten-dollar course in journalism, and his twenty-five-dollar course in short-story writing, and his fifteen-dollar post-graduate course besides, her manuscripts came back from the magazines with the same promptness as of yore, and accompanied by the very same polite little slips, while the newspapers, as a rule, neither returned her manuscripts, nor the stamps that accompanied them, nor sent her checks in their stead. Mr. Hicket answered this letter with a printed slip, which announced that the Universal School of Journalism and Short Story Writing was in the hands of a receiver, and that the whereabouts of the former proprietors was unknown.

The next letter contained a check for ten dollars from a simple-minded clergyman in Nebraska, the same being a payment in advance for the degree of doctor of philosophy, which the clergyman had earned by completing, in nine months, the three years' course of reading outlined by the professors of the Hicket Correspondence University. Mr. Hicket drew from a drawer of his desk an elaborate blank, ornamented with gold and red, and bearing several imitation seals, filled it up in due form, placed it in a pasteboard mailing tube and addressed it to the clergyman.

Other letters contained fees of various sizes from young men and young women who wished to be taught journalism, or short-story writing, or the art of advertising, or acting, or oratory, or magnetic healing, or astrology, or some other art or science of making money quickly without work; from older men and women, as well as younger ones, who sent specimens of their handwriting, or the date of their birth, and wished to know what fortune awaited them, or wished advice in the matter of purchasing stocks or making investments, or who wished to correspond with ladies or gentlemen matrimonially inclined, or who trusted to Mr. Hicket's great abilities for something else. The letters came from all over the United States, save for a five-hundred-mile safety zone around the city. Mr. Hicket didn't advertise in that five-hundred-mile zone. His was a strictly correspondence business, and he dld not care to have personal interviews with his clients and pupils. Most of them were poor, and five hundred miles of railway journey was sufficient to keep them at bay.

Mr. Hicket was a lazy man who had made the great discovery that labor can be minimized by method and regularity. He had in his office thousands of printed slips, and letters in imitation typewriting, fit to answer almost any possible communication which his numerous advertisements might bring to him, and he kept careful lists of all of his patrons. It usually took him about two hours to get through and answer a day's mail, and the two hours chosen for this labor were from seven until nine in the morning. The rest of the day and night Mr. Hicket devoted to cashing the checks received and spending the money. The large gilt letters on his door said nothing of the nature of his business, and merely announced that his office hours were from ten to twelve and from one to three. This was another precaution against undesirable callers.

A WOMAN'S CHOICE.

"Would you like a pretzel, lady?"
"Yes. I'll take that one on the bottom of the stick."

On this particular morning Mr. Hicket was well pleased with the character

HOPE DEFERRED.

"Am I going to marry my affinity, madam?"
"Maybe you are, miss; but your first marriage will be to a husband."

of his mail. He whistled softly as he opened the last of the letters. He felt at peace with himself and the world, and safe from fraud orders and skeptical intruders.

He was startled from his equanimity by the opening of the door behind him, and by a raucous, female voice, which inquired,

"Is this the Universal School of Journalism and Short Story Writing?"

Mr. Hicket swung slowly round in his chair and confronted the visitor. She was a strapping Amazon of a woman, with pale, reddish hair, a thin, hooked nose, thin lips and freckles.

"This is merely the correspondence office," he said cautiously. "I am merely the corresponding secretary."

"Well," said the Amazon, striding nearer, "I'm from Montana, and I want my money back."

"If you have any complaints"—— began Mr. Hicket suavely, but stopped abruptly, with his mouth open, his eyes bulging out of his head, gazing fixedly at the six-shooter which his caller had suddenly whisked into view.

"I want my money back," she repeated.

"How—how much is it?" inquired Mr. Hicket tremulously.

"Ten dollars for the course in journalism, twenty-five dollars for the course in short-story writing, fifteen dollars for the post-graduate course, and three hundred dollars for railway fare and expenses—three hundred and fifty dollars altogether."

Mr. Hicket thought quickly.

"We make it a rule to refund all fees in case a patron is dissatisfied," he said blandly; "but—but—is it not a little exorbitant to ask for your railway fare in addition? Why did you not write if you felt that you were not receiving full value for your money?"

"Write!" exclaimed the irate lady. "Write! I have written and written, and I've received enough printed answers to my letters to paper a room with, but no money. I want my money back, and I want my expenses paid, too! You hear me?"

"My dear madam," said Mr. Hicket soothingly, "we shall do whatever you think is right. Pardon me one moment. I'll just step into the treasurer's office and get the money."

He rose as he spoke and stepped to the door. His hat and coat hung beside it; he reached for them with one hand and for the door knob with the other.

"Hold up!" cried the lady suspiciously. "What are you taking your hat for? Where is the treasurer's office?"

"It's in the building across the street," explained Mr. Hicket. "You see, in a big city like this, we find it much cheaper to rent different offices where we can get them, instead of one whole building."

"Oh, indeed," she sniffed; then glanced about her and sat down in Mr. Hicket's chair. "Well, you'd better hurry, and don't you try any tricks. If you do you'll be sorry. I want my money, and I'm going to have it, too."

"Certainly, certainly," murmured Mr. Hicket, as he fled for the stairway, too anxious to wait for the elevator.

"Well," he sighed, much relieved, when he reached the street, "that girl's a Jim Dandy, hey? She wants her money, does she? Well, she'll want it a lot worse before she sees me again. She can wait there until she gets tired and hungry enough to quit. When she goes for a lunch she'll find herself locked out. I slipped the catch as I came through. I won't go back there until

day after to-morrow, and then I'll go at six o'clock, and before eight I'll be moved out and into another office. Judas Priest! if I have many more such pupils as that I'll retire."

Mr. Hicket had in his pocket, fortunately, the checks received that morning, and he now proceeded to cash them. The rest of that day and the whole of the next he spent in satisfying a healthy thirst and in gambling. On the morning of the third day he repaired, somewhat later than he had planned, to his office.

"I hope the old girl didn't lug off my typewriter or anything," he reflected, as he strode from the elevator toward the ground-glass door. The door was locked, as usual, and he inserted his key and opened it, then started back in astonishment. The red-headed woman was there. Her back was turned toward him. She was pinning a paper on the opposite wall. But it was not the presence of the woman which most astonished him. The room was bare and empty. His typewriter was gone. His desk was gone. The cabinet in which he kept the printed slips and letters, diplomas, and the rest of his stock in trade was gone. Even the waste basket, and the chair, and the picture of a tiger which had hung on the wall were gone. He entered the room mechanically and closed the door behind him from long habit.

The woman turned about, saw who it was, and smiled.

"I've been looking after things for you while you've been away," she said sweetly.

"Wha—what have you done?" stammered Mr. Hicket. "Where—where—where's my things?"

"The typewriter and the desk and the other furniture I sold to get my money. Your printed letters and slips and things I had the janitor sell for waste paper."

"Woman, this is robbery—larceny—burglary. I shall give you into custody at once," cried Mr. Hicket furiously.

"I think not," said the lady, eyeing him coldly. "In order to do that you will have to get in touch with the police. I have reason to think that you do not care to become known to the police. I feel perfectly safe."

Mr. Hicket gasped. It was true. He dared not call upon the law to protect him. He would have to explain too much. He leaned against the wall and gasped. Perspiration broke out in drops on his forehead.

"But my business!" he murmured. "You have ruined my business!"

"I wouldn't worry about that if I were you," she replied. "I am a stenographer and used to attending to correspondence. I opened your mail yesterday and sent the money back, and to those who did not send money I sent a note, telling them that you were a fraud. I looked through your books, too, and sent a little epistle to all of your customers. I was just pinning up a sample copy for your benefit when you came in. Here it is."

He took the slip she offered to him.

"Good-bye," she murmured. "I've got my money back," and marched past him and out of the room.

He looked at the slip. It read as follows: "The Universal School of Journalism and Short Story Writing is a fake. A fool and his money are soon parted. Yours truly, Sallie Smith."

He was still leaning against the wall. He closed his eyes to shut out the nakedness of his familiar office, and muttered feebly, "She's gone—gone at last—but I guess I'll retire, anyway."

WOMAN'S CURIOSITY.
"That Mr. Huggard is a regular bear."
"Oh, dear! You must introduce me."

SOAP-BUBBLES.

Cynthia grows reminiscent and reviews her proposals of the summer vacation.

The Vacation Diary of a Millionaire

By W. J. Foley

JULY 1st.—Extremely hot. Nothing doing in high finance. Start to-day for my summer home in the mountains to get into touch with nature. How good it is to be able to cast off the cares and responsibilities of business for a time and be light-hearted and free as a boy!

July 3d.—Highly sensational attack on Atlantic and Pacific in the news to-day. The President has directed the Attorney-General to proceed against the board of directors. I wonder if I am in that directorate? Yes; unfortunately I am. So glad I came to the mountains for a good rest!

July 6th.—How glorious here at my mountain retreat, secluded from affairs and safe from the prying inquiries of reporters! In the fall I must get Atlantic and Pacific back to par. How beautiful the trees and rocks and streams are! The world is good and pleasant, truly. Just got a daily paper! How the news follows us! I'll look it over. "Indictments likely in Atlantic and Pacific," it says. D—— Atlantic and Pacific!

July 8th.—I am indicted! Just got word over a private wire. Me indicted as a director of Atlantic and Pacific! A man of unblemished reputation—a philanthropist sacrificed to the senseless clamor of the mob! And wanted as a witness in Consolidated Copper! By heaven! what has become of our liberties? I'll obey no subpœna, rest assured of that. Ye gods! what penalties wealth pays to jealousy!

July 10th.—Just heard by wireless that inquiry is on into Consolidated Traction, and Union Gas and Electric is under the probe. Grand jury will take up these matters at once. Confound railroads and copper and traction and gas! I wish I was out of the whole business. This thing is spoiling my trout-fishing. I don't have any comfort at all. Sometimes wish I was a farmer.

July 11th.—Jersey Elevated on the rack! If this is a vacation I am having, I guess the trolley's twisted.

July 12th.—Grand jury has adjourned. Thank the Lord for that! I'm going fishing.

July 13th.—Suspicious-looking characters in the woods. Have sent Jones to investigate.

July 14th.—Jones thinks they are subpœna-servers. By ginger! I'll wing 'em if they cross my path. Is a man to have no peace, even during vacation? Weather a little chilly, and I am staying in the house.

July 15th.—Another stranger. Jones is investigating. Jones says he has a bench-warrant. Have instructed Jones to admit no strangers to the house. Fish biting well, but dare not go out for fear of those confounded bailiffs and constables.

July 16th.—Jones on guard—officers lurking in the woods. This place is a prison. Two reporters in the woods, so Jones reports, with cameras. This administration is a farce—a thing of shams and deceits. And they call this a free country! Bah!

July 17th.—Sent Jones for a doctor. I am so nervous and irritable I can't eat or sleep. All doors securely locked and bolted. By ginger! suppose one of those fellows should come down the chimney?

July 18th.—Quieter, but far from well.

July 19th.—Better, but no appetite.

July 20th.—Subpœna and fee thrown through the window with a stone. Jones chucked 'em into the fire.

July 20th.—Another subpœna dropped down the chimney into the fireplace.

July 22d.—Escaped from my lodge last night in the auto. Going deeper into the woods. My goodness! what a summer!

July 23d.—Four constables, two subpœna-servers and five reporters on the trail.

July 24th.—Secluded in a little hamlet far up in the mountains. Jones ran the auto along the bed of the

COMPROMISED WITH HIS LORDSHIP.

Rupert—"Lord Notasent asked me to teach him how to play poker."

Editha—"And you?"

Rupert—"Compromised by lending him a hundred dollars."

brook, to leave no sign. Am growing whiskers, and, thus disguised, will be able to escape later to a seaport.

July 25th.—Uneventful week. No excitement but watching my whiskers grow. Came up out of cyclone cellar to-day for ten minutes.

August 2d.—Jones says new batch of officers is lurking about the place. Still in cyclone cellar. Only have five minutes out per day now.

August 3d–15th.—Nothing doing but whiskers and watching for strangers. Jones says the woods are filling up with subpœna-servers.

August 16th.—Important message from Slick & Squeeze that all indictments have been quashed for lack of jurisdiction. There is justice in the land yet. I am picking up rapidly.

August 20th.—Have instructed Jones to arrange for trip back to the city.

August 25th.—Back in town. Reporters say I am the picture of health. Announced my gift of $50,000 to the High Art Institute. Atlantic and Pacific going up again slowly. The President gone hunting—thank heaven! Interview deploring senseless attacks on our financial institutions, and stating that we stand like adamant in our probity. And I never caught a fish!

Uncompromised.

ED. and Mag. together were
Oft in close communion seen.
Ed. was but an editor.
Mag. a weekly magazine.

POOR JACK!

"I do wish Jack would hurry up and propose."
"But I thought you didn't like him?"
"I don't. I want to get rid of him."

IN CONVENTION ASSEMBLED.

Professor Leo—"Ladies and gentlemen, after carefully studying the statements of both parties to the nature-faker controversy, I am convinced that it is a zoological impossibility for either of them to be right."

Progress of Freedom.

UNCLE EPH was standing in the doorway of Johnson's Cross Roads Emporium, at Red House, Ga., when the first touring-car ever seen in the neighborhood went puffing up the road toward Squigg's Corners.

"Sakes alibe, Marse Johnsing!" he exclaimed to the merchant prince, who never stopped his whittling, "wot's dat?"

"Oh, jest one o' them hossless kerridges," answered the sage, who had once visited Atlanta.

"Well, who made it, Marse Johnsing—de debbil?"

"Wuss than that, Eph—them pesky Yankees!" was the reply.

"Lawdy, Lawdy! Now, wa'n't dat jes' like 'em? Back dere in 'sebenty-six dey freed de kentry, an' den in 'sixty-t'ree dey freed de darkies, an' yere dey goes a-freein' de hosses an' mules!"

A Catskill Mountain Scheme

By A. B. Lewis

AFTER an hour's driving, the wagon that had brought the Jones family from the little railroad station in the Catskills stopped at a farm-house that appeared ready to collapse from decay. It had not been painted in years, many of the window panes were broken, and several holes could be seen in the battered shingle roof. There was no grass and only one or two trees on the grounds surrounding the neglected building, and the only sign of life about the place was a hungry-looking dog that put up his head and howled mournfully when the vehicle drove up. As the driver, an old farmer, got off the wagon and appeared to be unhitching the horses, Jones was the first to get over his astonishment, and he angrily demanded,

"Say, what sort of a bunco game is this you're trying to play on us?"

"What d'ye mean?" quietly asked the farmer.

"What do I mean, sir! Why, your circular describes a place vastly different from this. Where are the shaded lawns, the stately elms, the"——

"John," cut in Mrs. Jones with a sob, "I—I wouldn't stay a night in that house for a million dollars! It—it looks like it was haunted!"

"Of course we won't!" said her husband. "You're dealing, sir, with a New York business man, and not some hayseed."

"Where's the tennis court, pa?" wailed young Jones, who had brought several rackets with him.

"And the croquet grounds?" asked Miss Jones, as she wiped the tears from her eyes.

The farmer made no reply for a time. He had evidently been adjusting the harness, for he soon returned to his seat, and as he started the horses again, he said,

"You city folks allus jump ter conclushuns the fust thing. Now, if ye'll give me a chance I'll git ye to Pansy Farm House. It's a leetle further down the road."

A sigh of relief went up from the Jones family that could have been heard half a mile away, and when they reached their destination, although the place did not

WHERE THE COUNTRY GETS EVEN WITH THE CITY.

"I tell yeou, us farmers ain't so slow."

"How's that, Si?"

"Well, them city fellers lure us to town to take their gold bricks an' we entice 'em out here all summer to take board with us, an' I reckon we jest erbout break even on the hull deal."

come up to the description and looked rather in need of repairs, it struck them as being superior to anything in the mountains. Jones had almost forgotten the incident, but a day or two later he overheard the farmer remark to his wife,

"By gum, ma, but that scheme o' mine o' stoppin' down by Perkins's old shanty and purtendin' to unhitch works like a charm! The city folks wuz allus kickin', but they 'pear so glad to git here now that ye kin feed 'em on 'taters and 'lasses, and it's all right. I orter been in the gold-brick bizness, 'stead o' wastin' my time up here."

The Best He Could Do.

THEY sat on the beach in the moonlight, and held hands, and watched the stars, and listened to the tide as it "walked right in and turned around and walked right out again." For one week—seven whole blissful days—they had been engaged, and he had promised her six automobiles, four steam yachts, thirty-eight diamond necklaces, and nine bulldogs. And they were to go to Europe on their wedding-tour, and live on Fifth Avenue when they returned, to say nothing of a villa at Newport. As a clock in the distance struck the hour of ten, he heaved a deep sigh. "Geraldine, I—I have a sad, sad duty to perform. To-morrow I return to the city."

"But—but you will come back, Arthur?"

"Not this year, Geraldine. I may as well tell you the truth. I work at the ribbon counter at Stacy's, and my vacation ends to-morrow morning. You see"——

JUST TEN MINUTES WASTED.

Mother—"Now, you sit down in that chair and be good for ten minutes."

Son—"I don't want to. Pa 'll be home in ten minutes, and I'll have to be good, anyway."

"But you are the son of a billionaire!" she broke in.

"Alas, no! My father is assistant cook on a liner, so I am only the son of a sea-cook."

"But—but that one continuous round of gayety we were to have!" wailed the girl, in tones that frightened the lobsters on the beach (including Arthur).

"Not this summer, Geraldine."

"And the autos and diamonds and dear Newport?"

"Pipe-dreams, my dear."

"Oh!" she moaned, covering her face with her hands, "how I have banked on that continuous round of gayety! And now you tell me it was all a pipe."

"Say, Geraldine," said Arthur, as he patted her on the back and tried to soothe her, "I'll tell you what I will do about that round of gayety that sticks so in your crop. You meet me next Saturday afternoon, after I've drawn my seven-fifty per, and we'll go to Coney Island and get on a carousel and stay there until midnight. How'll that do for a continuous round of gayety?"

"Wretch! Fraud! Deceiver!" she exclaimed, as she waved him back and arose to her feet. "I work at the hat-pin counter at Blank's, only three blocks from Stacy's, and if I ever see you pass the store I'll run out and jab eight hat-pins into your miserable carcass! Go hence!"

And thus they parted. A. B. LEWIS.

THE CHEAPER WAY.

Mrs. Jones—"Mrs. Smith has a perfect dream of a hat."

Mr. Jones—"Great idea! Go take a nap and see if you can't dream one."

The Regular Thing.

AND now the summer boarders come,
Tin-lunged and rubber-jawed,
To talk us all both deaf and dumb
Of what they saw "abroad."

And she who claims that she has seen
"Paree" by night and day,
Quite possibly has never been
To Hoboken, N. J. LURANA W. SHELDON.

Judge's Handy Hints to Household Heads.

WHEN enjoying a jumping toothache the pain can be alleviated in the following easy manner:

Cut from an expensive comforter a piece about the size of your wife's first biscuit, but about a million times softer. Of course this will destroy the comforter, but it will also destroy the ache. Dip this piece of comforter into some kerosene until entirely saturated. Then push into cavity of the tooth and hammer it in firmly with a croquet mallet. This will immediately relieve the pain; whereas if you went to a dentist, besides relieving you of the pain he would relieve you of perhaps two dollars. If the kerosene leaves a bad taste in your mouth, it can be remedied by eating a small cube of limburger cheese or gargling with roof paint.

The above remedy is infallible. One treatment is enough. Try it once and you will never try it again.

THE average chauffeur certainly takes life easily.

HOW TO READ CHARACTER BY THE WAIST-LINE.

We have palm-reading, face-reading, bump-reading, handwriting experts, etc., but no method that gives a satisfactory index to character—especially woman's character. Waist-line reading has not been advocated as yet, so we suggest to the woozy prognosticators and dippy scientists the following: A high waist-line denotes emotional nature, high-strung, skittish, and fond of outdoor sports. A low waist-line indicates a quiet nature, fond of children, the theatre, candy, etc.

Explained.

"MY husband went to church this morning."
"Our Sunday paper didn't come, either."

BEHIND THE SCENES.

The tragedian—"I'm going out in a new play this season, and I want my press agent to get up some new story about me that will attract great attention."

The leading lady—"Why don't you have him say you're going to act?"

A Real-estate Enthusiast.

"ONCE in my early career," said a well-known New York magazine editor, "I owned and edited a more or less thrifty weekly newspaper. One of my features was country correspondence, and I prided myself on the accuracy of my rural aids. In one issue, from the best point on my list, I received a notice reading as follows: 'Mr. John Grady, having purchased a plot of ground in Machpelah some months ago, has now gone into real estate body and soul. John was always an enthusiast.'

"The item looked all right to me, and sounded quite enterprising, I thought; but a day or two after the paper had got round among the subscribers I received a letter of 'indignity,' which almost took my breath away. In it I was duly informed that Mr. Grady was dead and buried in the Machpelah cemetery, where he had purchased a plot some three months previously. In conclusion, I may say that my correspondent at that point has since risen to prominence as a humorist, and I suppose most of you have read his stuff in various publications. But that item was not very funny for him or for me, because he had to get another job far away, and I lost a dozen good subscribers."

Turn About.

THE summertime will soon be gone—
Nature grieves.
And just as soon as autumn comes
Autumn leaves.

IN SOCIETY.

"Papa, I wish you'd get arrested for speeding. Willie Smith's father has been arrested three times, an' I just hate to have those Smiths get ahead of us."

WOULDN'T STAND ANOTHER CUT.

"This suit is fifteen dollars.'
"H'm? Could you take something off that?"
"If you wish it, miss; but I think you'll find it comes above the knee now."

Rare Indeed.

HOW rarely do these three things meet—a man who wants something, is fitted for it, and any great number of persons who think he ought to have it.

Lending Interest to the Show.

"SAY," said Tommy, the chief manager of the fifteen-pin show, "I'm goin' ter raise de admittance ter thirty pins fer dis evenin's performance."

"Wot fer?" asked his assistant.

"'Cause my sister wot eloped wid de hackman an' had her name in all de papers 's consented ter be present."

WE will never have universal peace until each nation is satisfied with the piece it has.

A FAR-SEEING PLAYER.

"Whah yo' gwine wid de telescope?"

"Gwine ter play a game ob checkers wid Peg Leg. Dey say he kin see 'way erhead in de game, an' Ah'm gwine ter play wid dis inst'ument to mah eye, an' Ah'll bet Ah kin see 'bout ten times furder dan him."

LIMIT OF LAZINESS.

TWO DARKIES lay sprawled on the levee on a hot day. George Washington drew a long sigh and said, "Ah wish Ah had a hundred watermillions."

Dixie's eye lighted. "Hum! Dat would suttenly be fine! An' ef yo' had a hun'ed watermillions, would yo' gib me fifty?"

"No, Ah wouldn't."

"Wouldn't yo' gib me twenty-five?"

"No, Ah wouldn't gib yo' no twenty-five."

Dixie gazed with reproachful eyes at his close-fisted friend. "Seems to me you's powahful stingy, George Washin'ton," he said; and then continued, in a heart-broken voice, "Wouldn't yo' gib me one?"

"No, Ah wouldn't gib yo' one. Look-a hyah, niggah! Are yo' so good-fer-nuffin' lazy dat yo' caihn't wish fo' yo' own watermillions?"

Olive Lawson Ryder, Philadelphia, Pa.

HE MUST HAVE NEEDED IT.

A LONG-HAIRED man, walking along the street, met a little boy, who asked him the time.

"Ten minutes to nine," the man replied.

"Well," said the boy, "at nine o'clock get your hair cut."

He took to his heels, the aggrieved one after him.

Turning the corner, the man ran into a policeman, nearly knocking him over.

"What's up?" asked the policeman.

The man, very much out of breath, said, "You see that young urchin running along there? Well, he asked me the time, and I told him, 'Ten minutes to nine,' and he said, 'At nine o'clock get your hair cut.'"

"Well," said the policeman, "what are you running for? You have eight minutes yet."

Andrew T. Kelly, Brooklyn, N. Y.

ADMISSION BY TICKET.

MANDY was a young colored girl, fresh from the cotton fields of the South. One afternoon she came to her Northern mistress and handed her a visiting card.

"De lady wha' gib me dis is in de pa'lor," she explained. "Dey's annoder lady on de do'step."

"Gracious, Mandy!" exclaimed the mistress. "Why didn't you ask both of them to come in?"

"Cayse, ma'am," grinned the girl, "de one on de do'step done fo'git her ticket."

W. Irwin Moyer, Pittsburgh, Pa.

IT WOULD PAY THEN.

ONE DAY a gentleman, walking down the boardwalk at Atlantic City, saw an Irishman on his knees, pushing a dollar bill through one of the cracks. He touched the man on the shoulder and said, "Why are you doing that, my good man?"

The Irishman looked up and said, "Faith, and I jist dropped a nickel through the walk, and I thought I'd make it worth me while to tear up the walk and get me nickel."

D. C. Alexander, Atlanta, Ga.

AN IMPORTANT OMISSION.

A WISCONSIN editor was visiting in Chicago and decided to buy a new panama hat. Going into a store, he asked the price of one that looked good to him.

The clerk replied, "Fifteen dollars."

Whereat the editor asked, "Where are the holes?"

The clerk appeared bewildered for a moment, but managed to ask, "What holes?"

The editor replied, "The holes for the ears of the ass that would pay fifteen dollars for a hat like that."

Roqua Sturgis, Enid, Okla.

PUTTING IT OFF.

AN IRISHMAN, on being convicted of murder, was told by the judge that he could have the choice of tree that he was to be hanged from.

He replied, "A gooseberry tree."

"Why," said the judge, "it is not big enough!"

"Well," said the Irishman, "if it plases your honor, I'll wait till it grows."

I. Cullen, San Francisco, Cal.

UNTIDY.

Precise aunt (trying to amuse Kate, who had come to spend the day)—"Oh, see pussy washing her face!"

Kate (with scorn)—"She's not washing her face—she's washing her feet and wiping 'em on her face."

Miss A. Ludwig, Paterson, N. J.

IF A MAN tells you he is a Bohemian, be quite sure that his next words will be, "Say, old man, could you lend me a dollar?"

Willie Cross-questions His Ma

By J. W. Foley

"MA?"

"Yes, my son."

"Can't I go over to Henry Green's and play a little while?"

"I don't think so this evening, Willie."

"Can't I go over and play just for a few minutes?"

"No; not this evening, Willie."

"Not if I come right back in fifteen minutes?"

"I've told you no already, Willie."

"Why can't I go over, ma?"

"Because I don't want you to, Willie."

"Could I go if my chores were all done, ma?"

"I don't want you to go out to-night, Willie."

"Well, is it because my chores ain't all done?"

"I didn't say anything about chores, Willie. I don't want you to go out this evening—that's all."

"Well, if I did my chores all up, could I go?"

"I didn't say so, Willie."

"Well, I know; but if it was on account of my chores, and I went out and did 'em, could I go?"

"Not to-night."

"Well, why can't I go if it ain't on account of my chores?"

"Because I don't wish you to go, Willie."

"Henry Green's a nice boy, ain't he, ma?"

"I suppose so—yes."

"Well, it ain't on account of him not being a nice boy, is it?"

"I didn't say so, Willie."

"Well, I know you didn't; but if it was on account of him not being a nice boy you'd say so, wouldn't you?"

"I might, Willie."

"Well, wouldn't you?"

"I didn't say anything about Henry Green, Willie. I merely said I didn't want you to go over and play to-night."

"Well, don't you think you ought to tell me if it was on account of Henry Green?"

"William, I said you couldn't go out to-night, and that settles it."

"I know; but there's a reason for you not wanting me to go out to-night, ain't there?"

"I suppose there is a reason for everything, my son."

"Then don't you think you ought to tell me the reason?"

"Not necessarily. It's enough when I tell you you can't go."

"But if somebody told you you couldn't do something, wouldn't you like to know the reason, ma?"

"I might and I might not, Willie."

"But wouldn't you be apt to want to know it?"

"William, don't bother me any more. I said you were not to go, and that's enough."

"But Henry Green's all right to play with, ain't he, ma?"

"I suppose he is, for all I know."

"You never heard of Henry Green being a bad boy to play with, did you, ma?"

"I don't know that I ever did."

"Well, if he had been a bad boy, you'd probably have heard about it, wouldn't you?"

"For goodness sake, Willie! stop asking questions. You can't go out to-night, and that's all there is to it."

"Is it because you don't want me to go out this particular night, ma?"

"Never mind why it is. You can't go."

"If it was any other night could I go, ma?"

"The night hasn't anything to do with it. I said you couldn't go, and don't ask any more questions."

"Is it because you're afraid I won't get my lessons?"

"I don't know anything about your lessons, William. If you don't get them you'll get punished to-morrow."

STABLE TALK.

"Thought you had a job on a yacht?"
"I have. I'm groom."
"On a yacht?"
"Yes; taking care of clothes-horses."

"Well, if I had 'em could I go then?"

"No, sir; you couldn't."

"Well, then, it must be something else—ain't it, ma?"

"It is because I don't choose to have you go, and that's all."

"Well, if it was daytime, could I go?"

"Now, William, if you ask any more questions you'll go upstairs to bed in a hurry. I've answered all the questions I'm going to."

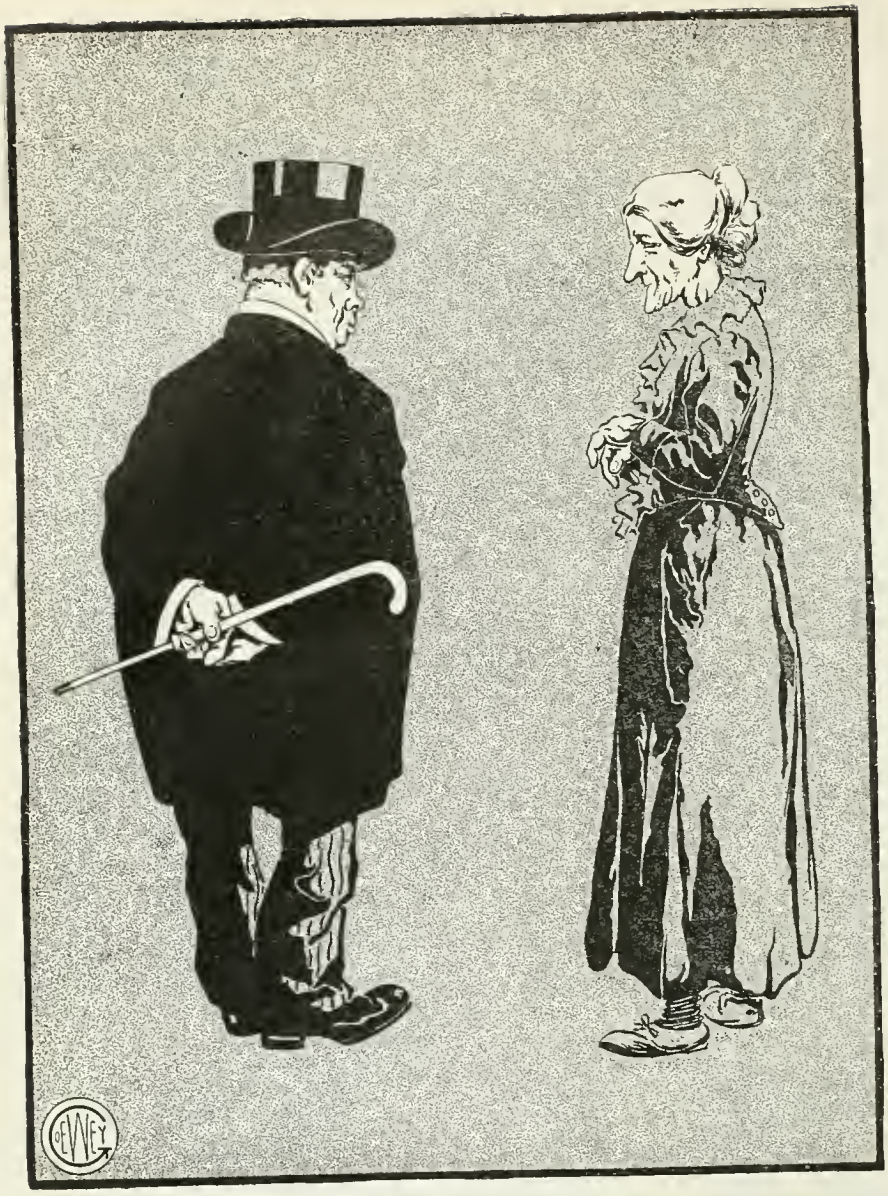
"But, ma, if I promised Henry Green I'd come over to-night, don't you think I ought to go over and tell him that I can't come, and not keep him waiting?"

"You shouldn't have promised Henry Green anything without asking me first."

"I know; but if I *did* promise him?"

"William, you be quiet and don't ask another question, or I'll punish you severely."

"But, ma, can't I go out



AMONG THE PROVINCIALS.

Mr. New Yorker—"I see they attacked King Alfonso in the street and tried to kill him."
Mrs. Tennyment—"I didn't know it. That's the trouble with living in a back flat. I never see anything."

and just holler over to Henry Green that I can't come if I come right back?"

"Well, perhaps; but if you don't come right back you'll get punished for it."

"Suppose Henry Green should offer to come over, ma—what shall I tell him?"

"Tell him you can't play outdoors to-night."

"But suppose he comes right over without offerin', ma?"

"William, you go upstairs directly and wait till I come!"

"Without hollerin' over to Henry Green, ma?"

"Yes, without waiting a minute; and when I find my hair-brush, I'll see whether you obey me or not."

"But, ma, you said I could holler, didn't you?"

"William!"

"If you hadn't said so I wouldn't have asked any more questions; but I had to ask what I ought to tell Henry Green when he hollered back, didn't I?"

"Are you going upstairs or not?"

"Ain't that Henry hollerin' now ma?"

"William, you'll drive me to desperation!"

"Well, if I go right up you won't whip me, will you, ma?"

"No; not if you go right up immediately."

"And can I holler to Henry out of the upstairs window, ma?"

(Desperate rush up the stairs by William, with his mother a step behind him. Bedroom door closes suddenly, with William on the inside. Five minutes later):

"Ma, I just happened to think it's to-morrow night I promised to go over and play with Henry Green, so can't I come downstairs again?"

True Business Instinct.

ED WAS a mighty bright negro belonging to a family in Columbia, Tenn. He had been a faithful servant for many years, and by saving and carefully investing his wages he had belied the usual thriftlessness attributed with more or less justice to the majority of his race.

His master was an attorney, and one morning, before he had arisen, the lawyer was called upon by Ed, who said,

"Say, boss, Ah wants yo' ter draw me up a mawgidge."

"A mortgage?" asked his master. "What do you want a mortgage for?"

"Well, Ah's done lent Unc' 'Lisha five dollahs, an' Ah wants a mawgidge on his cow an' caff."

"For how long have you lent the money?"

"Fo' one monf."

"One month! Why, the interest on that amount for that time wouldn't pay for the paper a mortgage is written on."

"Boss," said Ed, scratching his head, "Ah ain't carin' nuffin' fo' dat intrust—Ah jes' wants dat niggah's cow an' caff."

A Mistake Somewhere.

Myrtle—"What's the score?"

Ethel—"Eight to four."

Myrtle—"You must be mistaken. I'm sure I haven't seen more than three men carried off the field."

Mrs. O'Toole Discusses National Assets

By Lurana W. Sheldon

"PHWAT be children, Mrs. Flannagan?"

"Nicissary evils," answered her neighbor promptly.

"Not havin' onny, Oi am obliged to disagree wid ye," said Mrs. O'Toole, with perfect good nature. "Children be luxuries, Mrs. Flannagan, an' whin Oi married Moike O'Toole, shure Oi said to mesilf, 'Remimber, Ann O'Toole, your husband is a poor mon. Don't ye be afther gittin' luxoorious now, an' bring a good mon down to har-rd wor-ruk an' worry, to say nothin' av sittin' a bod example to the neighbors.' An' it do be wonderful how thim habits av economy in them directions do grow on one! Elivin years have passed since I resolved thot risolution, Mrs. Flannagan, an' look at me now if ye plaze! Oi have me own automobubble an' me jools, an' Moike has not raised a pick in his ar-rm since he wint into politics, an' all because av me good sinse in not bein' luxoorious.

"An' there do be another soide to the question, Mrs. Flannagan," went on the speaker. "I wor always thinkin' av the exasperatin' percooliarrities av inheritince, as my sister-in-law, Mame, would call thim. 'Ann,' she sez, 'history will repate itsilf whin ye least expect it. Murder will out,' sez she; 'an' thim thot tells the most tales is fools, dead men and children.', 'I know it, Mame,' sez Oi; 'an' shure if ony one had reason to remimber it, the wife av your brother, Moike O'Toole, is the individooal.' An' it is gospil trut', Mrs. Flannagan, thot mothers an' fathers revale the skilitons in their closets oftener t'ro' their offspring thon onny other way—the sapheads! An' thim tricks av inhiritince do be blissid discomfortin', Mrs. Flannagan. Sez Oi to mesilf just before Oi began me matootinal career as a married woman, 'Ann O'Toole don't ye be afther forgittin' thot the sins av the fathers an' gran'fathers, an' the divil knows how monny other ginerashuns av malefactors, fall an' decind upon the children,' sez Oi. 'Don't ye fergit to remimber thot your own gran'father wor no better than he should be, to say nothin' av the father av yer husband, Moike O'Toole, who wor a blackleg an' a shape stealer if iver there wuz one.'

"But listen to this, Mrs. Flannagan. The Prisident av these Untied Sthates has been afther inscribin' these sintimints upon the tablets av the Mothers' Congress, whativer thot may be, I dunno! 'Children are a national asset,' sez he, an' his teeth snapped together whin he said it."

"Phwat object has the Prisidint in jollyin' the Mothers av Congress? They can't vote," broke in Mrs. Flannagan.

"No; but their husbands can, Mrs. Flannagan," explained the other. "Poor things! They have no toime to vote or do onnything ilse, Mrs. Flannagan, ixcipt, do ye moind, to be mothers, ivery inch av thim, an' sthale away now an' thin to shake the hond av the Prisidint an' thank him for his fotygraft. But he's the statesman fer ye, an' the iligant gintlemon, too, Mrs. Flannagan! Sez he to himsilf, 'Oi'm deloighted wid me opportoonity to secure the vote av the good, ripresintative citizens av the lond'—for, av coorse, they do be all married women, barrin' the widdys, Mrs. Flannagan—'an',' sez he out loud, 'shure the hond thot rocks the cradle marks the ballot also,' sez he, an' ignorin' the fact thot it is the nur-rse gur-rl's hond thot rocks the cradle, whin it gits rocked, Mrs. Flannagan, he goes on to say, 'If the mothers av the lond are wid me, Oi don't give a —— peanut if Hearst an' Bryan are agin me!' Thin he shook thim all by the hond, Mrs. Flannagan, an' writ thot message on thim

WHY HE HESITATES.

Mr. Tim O'Gerrity—"Oi hate t' vote for a lot av foreigners. There's not an Oirishman on th' ticket, be gorry!"

loines Oi wor just afther rapaytin', thot children do be a national asset.

"Now Oi lave it to you if he is right, Mrs. Flannagan! Ye are the proud mother av noine, not countin' the four thot are dead an' gone to glory, Mrs. Flannagan. Oi'll begin by askin' ye about yees oldest b'y"——

"Don't sphake av him at all, at all, if ye plaze, Mrs. O'Toole! Shure it's in jail he is this blissid minute, bad luck to the spalpeen!"

"An'yer second son, Mrs. Flannagan?"

"Shure he's the booze artist av the war-rd, if ye will have it, Mrs. O'Toole," was the answer.

"An' the thir-rd son—or is it a gur-rl thot slipped in just at this point, Mrs. Flannagan?"

"It's a b'y," said Mrs. Flannagan. "An' he's a dead ringer for his daddy. They do be both av thim in the loafin' business together at prisent."

"An' the next are two gur-rls, if Oi'm not mistaken, Mrs. Flannagan?"

Mrs. Flannagan nodded her head.

"Thirzy an' Tiny, Mrs. O'Toole. Shure Thirzy has gone to the bad altogether, poor thing! an' Tiny is showin' symptoms av runnin' a close second to her sister."

"That's foive av thim assets av the Prisidint's," said Mrs. O'Toole calmly. "There do be four av thim lift. Ye can loomp thim if ye'd rather, Mrs. Flannagan."

"The last four be b'ys at prisint," went on Mrs. Flannagan meekly. "Just phwat they may be later on Oi dunno, Oi'm shure. They're no use at all, at all, but to rush the growler for their father on a Saturday night. They'll do thot same, Mrs. O'Toole, until the cows come home, but divil a thing will they do for me, not if Oi go down on me shin bones to ask it av thim, the divils!"

UNORIGINAL.

Alice—"Jack was so romantic in his proposal! He said I was a white pearl shining on a sun-kissed coral strand."

Maude (disgusted)—"Can't Jack ever be original? He said the same thing to me three years ago, and I know that he cribbed the expression from a ten-cent calendar."

"Thim statemints do back up my own observations in a remar-rkable manner, Mrs. Flannagan," said Ann O'Toole thoughtfully. "An' it's quare, but thim silfsame assets seem to be in ivery tiniment t'ro'out the lingth an' bredth av Noo Yor-rk City. It do be strange, Mrs. Flannagan, if children are a national asset, tho it should be nicissary to build so monny refor-rmatories for thim. But it's a strange wur-rld, Mrs. Flannagan, an' we have a quare way av balancin' our account wid it, Oi'm afther thinkin'! If children loike yours—an' there don't be onny great difference in children, Mrs. Flannagan—if children av this brand do be national assets, phwat in the name av the Howly Virgin an all the saints are the national liabilities, Mrs. Flannagan?"

THE SOUVENIR CRAZE.

Pat (just over)—"Do ye moind phat Oi be afther bringin' home—all these coolered s'uvenirs? They was givin' 'em away on th' cyars."

THE AUTO WEAKNESS.

"Shure, Michael, if yez hov to howld yure two hands to thot machine Oi'll not roide wid yez!"

OUT OF HEARING.

Disconsolate duck—"There! that fellow is telling the ostrich a fine joke and I can't get in on it."

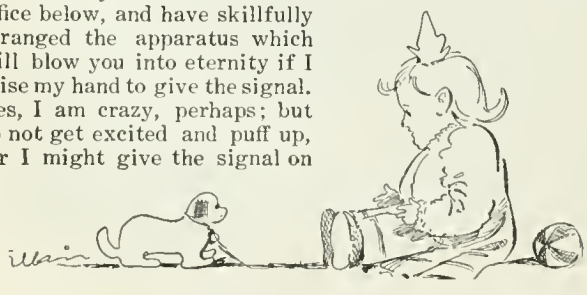
He Took a Correspondence Course.

JOHN PRESCOTT MIDDLETON, ESQ., the corpulent president of the Amalgamated Interstate Ice Company, treasurer of the Brown Security and Finance Company, whirled around in his office chair and frowned at the slowly-opening door of his private office.

The door opens wider. Enter a long, cadaverous individual with dreamy eyes. He gazes at the president with a far-away look, and hands him a note. The president reads it half aloud.

"My Dear Sir—Directly underneath you are forty pounds of dynamite. I own the office below, and have skillfully arranged the apparatus which will blow you into eternity if I raise my hand to give the signal. Yes, I am crazy, perhaps; but do not get excited and puff up, for I might give the signal on the slightest provocation. Remain calm until you finish this letter. Prepare yourself for a few minutes of cool, subdued thinking—perhaps the last thoughts you will ever think. Man, I need $5,000, and need it quickly. Perhaps I have said enough.

"Sulphurously yours, THE BEARER."



INFANT WONDER.

"If you're a real dog why don't you bark?"

The president grows purple. The cadaverous individual raises his hand and says,

"Listen! Having succeeded in securing your utmost attention (a matter very difficult with a man of your position), I beg of you not to call the police or raise an alarm. I have no dynamite! I simply have here a wonderful corn-cure—Bunkum's One-hour Corn-cure. Why, man alive! it's worth"——

Bang! Crash! Brrrrrrr, krrrrrb, brrr!—— Thump!

"And to think," said the cadaverous individual as he picked himself up at the bottom of the stairs, "that I have just finished a correspondence course in advertising writing, and that was the scheme on page fourteen. 'First get your customer's attention, then pound him with the goods,' was the idea" CHARLES H. FITCH.

In the South.

"DID you see a dark-skinned man running down the road?"

"Well, I saw a man in the hands of a mob about a mile down the pike. He was dark, all right, and I 'spect he's skinned by this time."

THE CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Jealous suitor—"Of course he clasped you in his arms when the boat upset?"

Fashion-plate—"No; just the opposite."

Jealous suitor—"Just the opposite? What do you mean?"

Fashion-plate—"Why, the boat upset when he clasped me in his arms."

STUNG!

THE HYPNOTIST

By NORMAN H. CROWELL

"HYPNERTISM is th' dumbdest thing I ever run agin," said Eliphalet Briggs. "Always made chills run up my back to think of it, until I see this feller over to Exiry t'other evenin'. He wa'n't at all scary—not a bit. Jest about throw a feller into a fit a-laughin', though. I was that sore when th' show let out I could hardly get off'n my chair—that's a fact!"

Briggs tapped his pipe against his boot heel and leisurely replenished it. After it had got to going good he looked over at Thompson, the proprietor, and remarked casually,

"Roll up a couple pounds o' them best prunes, Eli. Ye'll have to book it, I guess, seein's I left my pocketbook to home on th' radiator."

The proprietor was trimming up the cheese with the scissors. He laid these down and faced about.

"I sent you a letter to-day, 'Liph—did you get it?" he asked.

"Yep, Eli, I did. You're a fine writer, Eli. But I can't do nothin' for ye jest yet. Them two shotes o' mine are too light for market, Eli. Give 'em time—an' swill—an' they'll amount to somethin'!"

Thompson snorted in righteous indignation and resumed his unfinished trimming operation.

Bill Fikes stirred uneasily and crossed his legs.

"What about that hypnotist, 'Liph?" he ventured.

The crowd threw Bill a bouquet of admiring glances and hitched nearer the speaker of the evening. Briggs, after allowing a look of surprise to drift aimlessly over his countenance, fitted his pipe in the extreme corner of his mouth and resumed.

"I can't tell jest all that he did, for there was some things I didn't ketch onto. First he took a bunch o' young bloods up onto th' stage, an' felt o' their heads to see if they had brains in 'em or jest ground feed. He said he'd found some fellers with too much brains for th' hypnertism business, an' a whole lot more that didn't have no more sign o' brains than a hitchin'-post. Said what he was lookin' after was fellers with jest ordinary brains—sort o' medium, not raw, nor yet overdone.

"After he'd sorted a while he picked out half a dozen fellers an' said he guessed he was ready to begin th' fun. After he'd cracked a few ol' jokes at th' audience he turned on them fellers real sudden an' says,

"'Boys, I've jest noticed that you're all stuck fast to them seats. You can't get loose! Jest see if you can, boys!'

"Say, you'd 'a' died right there! Them six fellers nigh worked 'emselves into a fever tryin' to get away from them chairs. But they couldn't. When we was jest gaspin' for breath, th' hypnertizer eased 'em up by tellin' 'em he was mistaken an' that he guessed they could get loose all right. Th' fellers stood up an' looked at each other sheepish.

"Th' hypnertist come down front an' told us to be careful not to hurt th' boys' feelin's by laughin', as they were doin' th' best they could.

"Then he give a jump at th' fellers an' tells 'em their noses are all made out o' rubber. Maybe them boys didn't look surprised! They reached up an' felt o' their noses kind of easy, an' looked so foolish it would give ye a coughin' fit to look at. One feller stretched his nose out about two feet, an' it slipped out o' his fingers an'—kabang! It nigh knocked 'im down! O' course this was jest in their minds, ye know. But they acted it mighty exact an' appropriate, I tell ye.

"After that th' hypnertizer told 'em he was goin' to take 'em fishin'. He led 'em up to th' front o' th' stage an' swings out his arm.

"'Look, boys! See this big pond chuck full

OBITUARY.

The cock of the walk out in Brewster
Was a corpulent old Shanghai rooster.
Thanksgiving, 'tis said,
They chopped off his head,
And now he don't crow like he uster.

HE KNEW.

O'Hooly—"Do ye be knowin' phat's causin' all this rumpus wid Japan, Misther O'Rooly?"
O'Rooly—"Why, Oi see be th' papers thot in some av thim auction-rooms in th' big cities they do be always knockin' down Japanase art goods, an' Oi guiss th' Japs ain't goin' to shtand fer it anny longer."

o' big, fat suckers! Throw in your hooks an' see what you can land!'

"He handed 'em little switches with pieces o' string tied to 'em, an' they started in. It was th' greatest fishin' I ever see. We jest laid right back on th' cushions an' cackled. One feller thought he had a whale on, an' he nigh broke his back pullin' it in. When he did, he made a flyin' leap onto th' hypnertizer's grip an' hung to it for dear life. Yell? Maybe we didn't!"

Briggs paused to retamp his pipe and get a fresh breath.

"What else, 'Liph?" prompted Fikes.

"Well, he had them fellers up in balloons, an' chasin' rats, an' in swimmin', an' pursued by hornets, an' eatin' hot pie, an' such things till twelve o'clock. It beat anything I ever see or expect to ag'in."

The speaker allowed this to sink in thoroughly. Then he arose and brushed a pipeful of hot ashes from his vest front. He was just sitting down again when the door opened and Ephrum Smith came in. He scanned the group narrowly until his eye fell on Briggs, who favored him with a reassuring wink.

Close behind Smith was another figure—a stranger. He had a distinctly metallic face, being possessed of a complexion of bronze, a jaw of iron, and eyes with a steely glitter. At sight of him Eliphalet Briggs leaped to his feet and exclaimed huskily,

"By gum! It's th' hypnertist feller!"

Instantly all eyes drew a bead on the dark stranger. Smith, noticing the interest, blushed rosily and stroked his chin stubble.

"Yep, boys; Briggs is right. This is Perfesser—Perfesser—what's that name ag'in, perfesser?"

"Bonelli," said the stranger, in a low, even tone.

"Oh, yes! Well, boys, this is Perfesser Bone Ella, an' he is a hypnertist. I run onto him down to th' depot, where he was waitin' for th' nine-fifteen train. Bein' an accommodatin' feller, he is goin' to give us an exhibition jest to pass th' time away."

Smith hesitated, made a sweeping bow and glanced expectantly at the stranger. He stepped slightly forward.

"Mr. Smith is correct, gentlemen," said he. "I have a few moments of time to dispose of, and as your friend intimated that you were liable to show some skepticism I consented to appear. I trust it will not interfere with business, Mr. Proprietor?"

Thompson expanded visibly at being thus interrogated and replied,

"Not in the slightest, professor, I assure you."

"Thanks. And will some gentleman have the kindness to volunteer as a subject?"

Dead, clammy silence prevailed, while the professor rolled his sleeves back in a businesslike manner.

"Come, come, men—suggest somebody," he urged.

"Thompson!" came a voice.

"That's it—Thompson!" added another.

Thompson colored a brilliant mauve tint. He also coughed.

"Come on, Mr. Thompson," said the hypnotist coaxingly. "There is no danger, and, besides, you may not be a satisfactory subject. It will require but a moment to decide. There—hold your head in that position and think—absolutely—of nothing."

"I—I can't!" said Thompson desperately.

"Then think of this gentleman here," said the professor, tapping Briggs lightly on the top of the head. Briggs wilted perceptibly.

Obediently Thompson focused his gaze on an antique hornet's nest on the ceiling and breathed in a labored manner. The professor tiptoed toward him, frowned, sighed, gritted his teeth and snapped his fingers perplexedly.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Thompson," he said; "but the rarefactions of your molecular resistance are too cohesive for proper ratiocination of extraneous impressions."

Thompson looked slightly puzzled and resumed his gaze at the hornet's nest.

"You are excused, Mr. Thompson," mildly remarked the hypnotist.

Thompson swallowed the lump that had grown in his throat and retired to the protection of the counter.

"Try 'Liph Briggs, perfesser," suggested Smith. "Seems to me 'Liph's stupefactions are about amalgamous to your work."

The professor started and glanced at the speaker in a surprised manner, while Briggs rose half-way and removed his pipe.

"I'll go in pervidin' Eph Smith goes too," said Briggs firmly.

"Come on—you don't bluff me," said Smith.

When the two stood up together, Briggs surreptitiously pinched Smith's left leg. Smith returned the caress, and mutual confidence was established. While the professor was rearranging the scenery Briggs whispered anxiously to his companion,

"Is it all fixed, Eph?"

"Sure—th' perfesser is on—it's O. K."

Then the hypnotist faced them, made a hurried preliminary examination, which proved satisfactory, and remarked to the audience,

"These are good subjects. One has a wee trifle more brains than the law allows, the other not quite enough, but they balance up pretty well."

Briggs and Smith glared at each other a brief instant, then looked at the professor again.

"I will now demonstrate a few of the strange wonders of hypnotism. By placing these two gentlemen in a hypnotic state, I will be able to control their actions by suggestions given by myself. Are you ready, gentlemen?"

"Yes," said the two aspirants, in a breath.

The hypnotist made two rapid passes, picked a few imaginary cherries off the victims' nostrils and exclaimed,

"Gentlemen, you are Plymouth Rock roosters and it is three o'clock in the morning. Time to crow, isn't it?"

To the amazement of the crowd Briggs and Smith flopped their arms wildly and engaged in a vigorous crowing duet.

"Great! Make 'em fight, perfesser!" demanded Bill Fikes.

Before the professor could voice the suggestion, however, the two roosters had discovered an animus and were facing each other in conventional style. Smith, in executing a series of defiant scratches, kicked over the mackerel pail.

"Hi! Stop that!" yelled Thompson.

"They can't hear you—they're under the influence," said the hypnotist.

"Well, change 'em into something else—I don't want any poultry in here," growled the proprietor.

The professor spoke sternly to the combatants and they desisted at once.

"Boys," said the hypnotist, addressing his assistants, "I've just noticed that there are live tarantulas crawling all over you. Get 'em off, quick!"

Smith and Briggs jumped a yard high and emitted war whoops of fright. Then they began to shed clothing with terrible earnestness. At the proper moment the hypnotist halted them and told them they had been in swimming, and that the first one to get his clothes on would win a prize. A race ensued that threw the crowd

A REPROOF.

"Tom, it's dreadful for you to lose so much money gambling."
"Do you want me to renounce the card-table?"
"No, dear; I want you to play a better game."

A USEFUL END.

He—"Grand opera certainly serves a great purpose, does it not?"
She—"Yes. One always appreciates rag-time so much more after hearing it."

into pangs of joy. The professor smiled blandly and glanced at the proprietor.

"I will now produce the most difficult and peculiar feat in the hypnotic art. It is known as the recurrent exhibition. For instance, I command the subject to perform something to-day and impress upon him that he must do the same thing every day for a week or a month. He will carry out the schedule faithfully, no matter how many hundred miles I am away."

The professor glanced about, apparently striving to think of some simple little feat that would serve as an example of his claim. At length he seemed to solve it.

"Boys," said he, confronting the subjects, "did you know that the proprietor of this store is a most generous man? He is so liberal that he insists upon presenting this entire store to you for five minutes every day for a whole month! He says—hold on!"

The subjects had made a concerted move toward the cider barrel.

"He says that you must use discretion and moderation, but that you are to consider everything eatable and drinkable as yours. I must leave to catch my train now, boys, and you may go ahead. It is all yours for five minutes, remember!"

The professor remained merely long enough to see his subjects jump heatedly over the counter and throw the startled proprietor into the middle of the floor. When he passed the window he saw them grouped before the cider barrel, while Thompson stood aloof with his watch in hand and a pained expression running riot over his features.

The ensuing five minutes were busy ones for the hypnotized. They ate and drank freely, lit cigars and nibbled promiscuously from candy to codfish. They were entirely at peace with the world when Thompson's watch cheered its owner by ticking off the last second of the allotted time.

"Time 's up!" yelled the proprietor. "Get out of that, you infernal thieves!"

The subjects gave sudden starts of surprise, rubbed their eyes and stole out from behind the counter.

"What was we doin', boys?" asked Smith, as he removed his cigar and eyed it proudly.

Thompson saw his chance in a flash and stepped forward.

"I'll tell ye. That hypnertist told ye that ye was in th' army an' th' enemy was comin' on full tilt. He ordered ye to charge, an' you fellers jumped over the counter an' hid behind th' cheese box. Didn't they, boys?"

"Yep!"

"You bet!"

Smith and Briggs looked guiltily at each other and grinned. Thompson breathed easier as he went back and took a look at the havoc. A hasty inventory told him that the five minutes of foreign proprietorship had cost him in the neighborhood of one dollar and eighty-five cents. He saw at a glance that a thirty-day repetition of such a "recurrent exhibition" spelled ruin

He slept fitfully that night. Twice he dreamed that he choked a hypnotist to death and threw his worthless carcass into the briny billows of the ocean.

In his mail next morning was a postal card addressed in a small, crabbed, anarchistic script.

"Asafœtida cures recurrent exhibitions. Bonelli."

Thompson perused this message several times before the cobwebs cleared from his brain. Then he saw a great—a magnificent light. He bought a quarter's worth. Personal investigation proved that the drug was still in possession of all its youthful faculties. Thompson deftly buttered some choice honey creams with the hypnotism panacea, and disposed the creams in a most enticing manner. He then surveyed his handiwork and patted himself on the back—mentally.

"Let 'em recur—blame 'em!" he hissed.

They recurred. Promptly at the minute Smith and Briggs bounded into the tobacco smoke and landed amid the eatables. They had been there about seventeen seconds when Briggs located the honey creams. One went into his mouth with dispatch, while a second was held in ready reserve. Twice did his jaws come down with hypnotic force—then paused in their stride. He turned undecidedly toward Smith and drew a long, quivery breath. Silently he handed Smith a big honey cream.

Smith seized the delicacy with avidity and transferred it to his face. A pulsating moment—then he gazed deep into the dewy orbs of his silent partner. They remained thus nearly a minute, while the emporium proprietor leaned back in his chair and slowly grew black in the countenance.

Then, with muffled yells, the unhypnotized victims leaped the counter and melted away toward the door.

Hen Sanders found Thompson in a choking condition

BIG-GUN LOGIC.

First statesman—"But you can't prove that wrong is right."
Second statesman—"Oh, yes, you can—if you have a big enough navy."

LITERALLY?

Jinks—"There is a millionaire who began his career as clerk in a cigar-store."

Binks—"Yes; I heard some one say that he had risen from the ranks."

and revived him by throwing a mug of cider down his collar.

It was a full week before the saddened features of the late subjects were noticed in the circle of faces clustered about the emporium stove. Thompson had proved that there are some things far stronger than hypnotism, and he shared his secret with two men—Smith and Briggs.

A Bark for Barker.

THE EDITOR sat in his easy-chair. Editors always have easy-chairs—in fiction. He looked at his correspondence. He thought he recognized the handwriting on one of the envelopes. He sighed.

"Another poem," said he, reaching for the waste-paper basket. He opened the letter. He was agreeably disappointed. It was prose. It ran as follows:

"A man named Barker had a dog that barked, so he called it Barker, because it barked and because his own name was Barker. So the man was Barker, and the dog, that barked, was Barker. The man didn't bark, although his name was Barker. Barker and Barker went for a walk, and Barker barked—that is, dog Barker, not man Barker. In fact, dog Barker barked so much that man Barker said, 'Barker, don't bark so often—you never hear me bark.' Just then man Barker barked his shin on the bark of a tree, and barked like anything."

The editor paused. There was a note inclosed, which ran, "Please send check for inclosed to me at 1001 Barker Avenue, City." Then did the deus ex-machina write, with a smile, "I have received your joke, and will send check—when my bark comes in."

Might Get Discouraged.

"I SEE that a blind man has been nominated for chaplain of a senate out West."

"Well, it's probably best that a man who has to pray for politicians can't see what hopeless cases he is praying for."

A Good Investment.

The Cuban Ayuntamiento, not finding sufficient money to make very necessary water-works improvements, aroused protests in the newspapers by purchasing a whale for $1,500 for Havana University.—*News item.*

HERE the food for thought is ample.
As a philosophic sample
Of a very good example
Buy a whale.

When the gall supplants the honey,
When the world no more is sunny,
When you haven't any money,
Buy a whale.

When your wife, all pursuits dropping,
For a spool of thread goes shopping,
Let her surely, prior to stopping,
Buy a whale.

Wall Street lambs will know no slaughter
If they draw the line some tauter,
And instead of buying water
Buy a whale.

MC LANDBURGH WILSON.

So Long Ago.

Little nephew—"Grandma, how old are you?"

Grandma—"I am seventy-five years old."

Little nephew—"Phew! It's so long since you were born I suppose it seems as if it never happened."

EXPERIENCE THE GREAT TEACHER.

"But, Captain Brace, why do they always call a ship 'she'?"

"Lord, miss! you wouldn't ask that ef you'd ever tried ter steer one."

Twiggy Is Disengaged

By William John Barr Moses

"WHY, WHAT'S the matter, Twiggy?" asked Randolph, noting the gloom which overhung his young friend's countenance, a gloom compared with which that of the most sombre undertaker would have seemed wild hilarity.

"Matter?" grunted Van Twilliger, junior, from the profound depths of his dejection. "Matter enough! I'm engaged."

"En-ga-a-a-a-ged!" shouted Randolph, with prolonged emphasis. "Why, man, that's a matter for congratulation. That isn't a thing to be so down in the mouth over."

"P'rhaps not," muttered Twiggy; "'f a feller was engaged t' only two 'r three girls 'twouldn't be s' bad."

"You don't mean to say that you're engaged to more than two or three?" queried Randolph aghast.

"Do, too," asserted Twiggy stoutly.

"How many?"

"T' thirteen."

"Great Scott! Thirteen?" And then, as the full effect of the statement made itself felt, he added, wonderingly, after a pause, "Great Jerusalem!"

"'Nlucky number," murmured Twiggy with a wan smile.

Randolph seated himself confidentially by his friend's side and put his hand on the other's arm.

"Come, tell a fellow all about it," he said ingratiatingly.

"Aw, 't's all Armstrong's fault," grunted Twiggy.

"How?"

Twiggy sat up a little in order to have more freedom for the recital of his wrongs.

"'T was this way. Guv'ner said 'd got t' get married, settle down, all that; cut off my 'lowance 'f didn't. 'D set time limit. Just up now. I told Armstrong. He said why not write t' 'bout a dozen girls you used t' know that ain't married or any too well fixed or nothin'. I said, 'no good, couldn't write, do it yourself.' So I gave him the names. He wrote t' 'm. Every deuced one accepted. Armstrong's got such a way with him."

"But that's only a dozen. Who's the thirteenth?"

"Gracie Goldendorn, little flirt. She'd just refused me, then wrote she'd changed her mind. I got her letter this mornin' 'long with the rest."

Randolph was grinning wickedly by this time, but as he caught Twiggy's glance, he grew sober and sympathetic.

"Well," he said thoughtfully, "I suppose you want to keep one of these engagements for your father's sake, so to speak. I should think you could break off the others gradually, one or two at a time, you know, and no particular harm done."

"See here!" said Twiggy earnestly, "I got t' call on all them girls 's afternoon, or write a note to 'em, or somethin'. T'-morrer th' guv'ner comes down on me. Got t' introduce my wife-t'-be t' him at Aunt Martha's 'r he cuts my 'lowance off that way."

Twiggy snapped his fingers feebly.

"Who are the young ladies?" asked Randolph suddenly.

Twiggy went over the list rapidly. Randolph knew them all. With the exception of Gracie Goldendorn they were, he opined, rather back numbers, girls that he and Twiggy had known in childhood, but whose parents had not been so successful as Van Twilliger and Randolph, pater, in the later accumulation of millions. Twiggy explained that these young ladies had been chosen at Armstrong's suggestion as more likely to accept his proposal than those who sat in fortune's luxurious lap.

"Seems to me," said Randolph slowly, "the thing for you to do, Twiggy, is just this—write to Gracie Goldendorn, that is, if, as I take for granted, you'd rather have her than any of the others, to meet you at your Aunt Martha's to-morrow afternoon for presentation to your father. Then don't write and don't call, and don't pay any attention whatever to the other girls, and if any of them come to see you about it pretend that it's the first you've heard of the whole business, and that Armstrong must have

A COOL REQUEST.

Mrs. Subbub—"Well, that is about the coolest yet!"

Mr. Subbub—"What was it?"

Mrs. Subbub—"Why, the lady next door is going to have company to tea, and she wants to freeze the ice-cream, so she just sent in to see if she could borrow our cake of ice for the rest of the afternoon."

done it for a joke. Threaten to have him up for forgery, you know, and the girl will think it's all right."

Twiggy sat up, electrified.

"I say, Randolph, old feller," he exclaimed gratefully, "you have got a head on you, ain't you?"

But a moment later a shadow fell upon his face.

"I say, you know, Randy, I ain't no good at writin' nothin'. Would you mind writin' that note t' Gracie for a feller?"

"Not at all," said Randolph heartily, seizing a pen. "You give me full permission to sign your name, of course?"

DIVIDEND JUST DUE.

"But wouldn't you like to live your life over again?"
"Not so as you could notice it. I've got a twenty-year insurance policy coming due next week."

"Sure," said Twiggy, and Randolph began to write.

Shortly after the note was written and sent off Twiggy took his departure, not neglecting to thank his friend again for his kindness, and as soon as he was gone, Randolph, with a wicked smile on his lips, set to work to write twelve more notes exactly like the first in purport, but each addressed to a different young lady.

Twiggy's Aunt Martha was a somewhat peculiar woman, a talkative person and not in the least secretive. Unfortunately, both Twiggy and his father were somewhat delayed in keeping their appointment the next afternoon and the thirteen young ladies arrived before them. Aunt Martha knew them all, although she had not been on calling terms with any of them except Gracie Goldendorn, and was in consequence not a little puzzled that they had come to see her. Gracie had been first on the scene, and Aunt Martha, suspecting that she was the young lady upon whom Twiggy had fixed his choice, asked her point blank about the matter and had had her impression confirmed. As she met the second young lady at the door, she whispered to her that Twiggy was at last engaged and that he expected to introduce the young lady to her future father-in-law there that very afternoon. The second young lady blushed and said she believed so. The other eleven, greeted in the same manner, all blushed and believed so, also, and were all amazed to find that other young ladies of their acquaintance had chanced to call on Aunt Martha on that particular afternoon.

Conversation in the drawing-room was somewhat constrained and nervous, but fortunately Aunt Martha had been too busy welcoming comers at the door to mention the subject of Twiggy's engagement to the assembly of his fiancees when Mr. Van Twilliger, senior, arrived.

This portly old gentleman, with his red, bald head, red chin, white hair, and white side-whiskers, entered the room smiling and rubbing his hands. The thirteen young ladies rose, somewhat blushingly, and advanced with one accord to meet him.

Mr. Van Twilliger extended both his hands—it was all he had—and six of the young ladies seized his left hand while seven fastened upon his right.

"A very happy, happy occasion," murmured the old gentleman, delighted beyond measure.' "Childhood friends of Archibald's I perceive, come doubtless to congratulate him upon his good fortune."

He gazed about benevolently and smiled into the cluster of pretty faces.

"But which, if I may ask," he continued blandy, "is the one?"

The thirteen young ladies blushingly bowed their heads and in concert murmured,

"I—I am."

"What?" exclaimed Mr. Van Twilliger, starting back and releasing his hands from the clasp of the fair ones.

"What?" exclaimed the thirteen young ladies again in concert, also starting back and looking with mingled anger and surprise at one another.

Just then Twiggy, escorted by his radiant Aunt Martha, entered the room and stood spellbound near the threshold.

His father turned toward him wrathfully.

"Archibald, come here."

Twiggy advanced weakly and stood beside his father and in front of the thirteen young ladies, who with flaming cheeks, tossing chins, and accusing eyes, now stood in an irregular line.

"Now, sir," resumed the irate parent, "will you tell me, are you engaged or not?"

"Yessir," murmured Twiggy meekly.

"You are engaged?"

"Yessir."

"Then will you please inform me, plainly and distinctly, to which one of these young ladies it is that you are betrothed?"

"All 'f 'm," murmured Twiggy resignedly.

"All of them!" shouted the old gentleman, stamping the floor in his rage, while murmurs of anger and surprise arose from the lips of the young ladies. "Now what sort of a trick is this?"

"No trick 't all, 't's so."

Purple with strangled profanity Van Twilliger, pater, turned to the indignant young ladies. Gracie Goldendorn happened to be at one end of the line.

"Is it true, Miss Goldendorn," asked Mr. Van Twilliger in trembling accents, "that you are willing to marry this idiotic scapegrace?"

"It is not," said Miss Goldendorn decidedly.

"And you?" continued Mr. Van Twilliger, addressing the second young lady.

"No."

"And you?"

"No."

And so he went on down the line, asking the same question in turn of the whole thirteen, and receiving in every case the same emphatic negative.

"And now, sir," he said, turning to his son when he had finished, "in the face of all these young ladies, do you pretend to tell me that you are engaged?"

"Well," said Twiggy, slowly and rather resentfully, "I was engaged, anyway, an' now 'f I am—er—er—disengaged, it ain't my fault."

Supposin'.

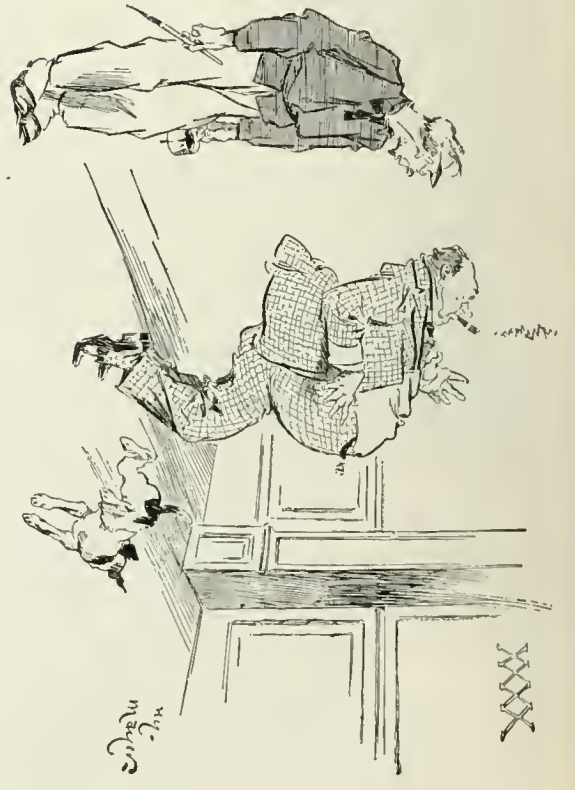
SHOULD America get scrappy with the snappy little Jappy;
Should America get scrappy with the snappy Jappy chap,
We should show the little Banzai an immense extravaganzai—
We should look a heap sight bigger to the dusky little man's eye.
We should give him, sure's the dickens, one of the completest lickin's
That the world has ever witnessed since the flock of prairie chickens
Came to feed old Jacob's offspring as they roamed the wilderness—
Oh, that slant-eyed little upstart would be mingled in a mess!

Should Unk. Sammy grow indignant, grow malignant, unbenignant;
Should Unk. Sammy grow malignant and should suddenly renig
From the attitude so kindly he has held, though never blindly,
Should he drop the friendly attitude he's always held designedly,
Something stronger than jiu-jitsu would lay hold on Mutsuhitsu,
Till you'd wonder, scrappy Jappy, what in thunderation hit you.
Yea; should Uncle Sam get scrappy with the yappy, snappy Jap,
We should give him what our mother used to give us o'er her lap.

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.

AN UNFORTUNATE COMBINATION.

"Instead of my initials, 'M. W.,' I want a monogram."



"I said a monogram, not the picture of a hat-rack!"

HOW FORTUNATE FOR EVERYONE!

She—"Any injuries, my love?"
He—"H'm-m! Well, we *may* need a new lamp."

His Ultimatum

By Tom Masson

AFTER Crumpet had seen his wife off on the train he returned to his quiet house, closed the door, and gazed around at the rows of inviting books, at the table of smoking materials, at the grate fire ready to light, and his eyes glistened with joy.

"Old man!" he exclaimed to himself, "what a time you'll have! Wife away at last, and now there will be time to do all those little things you've wanted to do for so long—to read, to loaf, to think, and invite one's soul."

At this moment the telephone rang. It was Crumpet's neighbor, Alstar.

"Hello! Crumpet, this you? Say, I've just learned your wife has gone away. Why didn't you let us know? Of course you mustn't stay alone. Come right over and take dinner with us."

Crumpet's heart sank, but he was equal to the emergency.

"Can't come to-night, old chap, thank you. I've got an engagement."

"Well, to-morrow night."

"Sorry, but"——

"The next night?"

"Very well—I guess so. I'll let you know."

"We shall surely expect you."

"Thanks."

Crumpet, heaving a sigh of relief that at least he had that evening to himself, once more sank back in his chair.

But not for long. Telephone once more. This time it was Carter.

"This you, Crumpet? Why didn't you tell me your wife was away? Well, never mind. You mustn't be alone. Shall expect you to take dinner with us every night. Come right over—— What! not to-night? To-morrow? No? Well, make it Thursday. All right. Good! Know how it is myself."

Crumpet waited to hear no more. He picked up his hat and coat, dashed out of the door, and made his way to the nearest stenographer's.

"Here!" he said; "I'll give you a list of addresses. Take this letter and send it to every one at once. I may lose every friend I have in the world," he muttered, "but I can't help it."

The letter he dictated was as follows:

"To Friends and Neighbors—For the first time in years my good wife has gone away on a visit and left me alone. Contrary to all expectations, I am enjoying myself. I've looked forward to being alone for weeks. I love to be alone. I may be peculiar, I may be a crank; but if you have any regard for me don't ask me out to dinner. Don't suggest that at this critical time I leave my home, for I wouldn't do it unless the house burned down.

"Respectfully, sincerely and firmly,

"A. CRUMPET."

UNUSUAL.

"And after they were married did they do anything unusual?"
"Yes; they stayed married."

The Football Hero Comes.

HIS nose is strapped and wrapped up in a near-soft leather pouch;
Each musty muscle's cricking as he practices his crouch.
(For him the pudgy surgeon is preparing a soft couch.)
Some things like pancake-turners hold his near-small ears in place;
His head is kept together by a hair-lined, pot-like brace.
(The stocky doctor's at his heels with medicine-filled case.)
He wears a woolen envelope, or sweater, without fleck;
He stands with hands prepared some one's anatomy to wreck
(Or gently land with his soft corns on his opponent's neck).
He's dubbed the Brawny Vizier of the Pigskin and his Viz.
Has strips of courtly plaster on his almost-hidden phiz—
All these things prove the 'rah-'rah hero's now on deck for biz.

F. P. PITZER.

Appropriately Named.

THE BOY in the paint-store dashed hurriedly up the cellar steps and sought the proprietor.

"There's a barrel leaking in the basement!" he cried, "and the automobile stuff is just pouring out."

"Why do you call it automobile stuff?" asked the proprietor.

"Because," gasped the youngster, "it's running over everything in sight."

The Difference.

THE difference is that the pessimist finds fault with everything else and the optimist finds fault with the pessimist.

Prudential.

"MRS. WINDSOR is a prudent woman, isn't she?"

"Very. She always lives within her alimony."

A Very Still Day in Pinhook

DERE JUDGE—You ort to ov ben hear last week, on Friday, an ef you hed, you would surtingly hev hed to laff fit to kill ovver the feerful still day we hed hear on last Friday. It beet awl the records clene out an' evven old Grandaddy Perrick, as come hear an' settled seventy-nine yeer ago, never seen nothin' like it ner neer like it. The wind was a-blowin' big guns at nine o'clock in the forenoon, jest a humpin' it good an' plenty from the southwest an' then, without no warnin,' an' awl ov a suddint, quickeren a wink, she stopped dead still, deadern Julius Seezer.

Mayor Willson was a comin' up the streat, facin' the wind, a bendin' way ovver forruds to keep from bein' blowed backards, an' hed jest met up with Jack Hanson a comin' t'other way, a-bendin' backards es fur es he could to keep from bein' blowed forruds, an' the wind stopped so mighty quick that both ov 'em fell flat to the sidewalk, one backards an' one furruds, an' Hanson he purty neer busted in the back of his hed.

From then on forruds awl that thare day clene through till mornin' ov the next day thare wa'n't the leest sign ov no wind a tall; not a smidgin, ner a whiff. Nobody nevver seen nothin' so still no time ner nowhare. Bill Peters shot a cat fer chicken-eetin abowt ten o'clock an' the smoke frum the gun stade right thare in the same plase whare the gun went off the hull day long an' wuz thare at midnight fer, although you couldn't see it then, sum ov us went out an' smelt it jest to see ef it was still thare, an' it wuz thare.

MUST BE MISTAKEN.

"Is it really you? Murphy told me you were dead."
"Oi was all roight whin Oi saw him laskt."

I stuck a lath up in the ground at 'levven o'clock in the fournoon an' then put a little peece ov thistle down right ovver the top ov it, in the air, six inches above the top end ov the lath, an' by the long-horned spoon it nevver moved a mite one way ner a nuther ner up ner down an' wuz rite thare at sevven o'clock in the evenin'.

Hirum Wilkins set a j'int ov stovepipe strate up on legs so's he could lay down on his back an' stick his hed under it an' look up through it an' then he let a little balloon rase up through the stovepipe an' go off up into the air an' it kep' a rasin' slowly, but so dern strate up that a feller could see it an hour arterwurds, er more, till it got clene up outen ov sight, by layin' on his back an' lookin' up through the stovepipe.

The rodes wuz so full ov dust fer abowt twelve feet high that you couldn't see acrost 'em without gittin' up in a tree, an' the clerk to the hotel he went out on the porch an' ballanced twelve wheet straws strate up on end an' let 'em stay thare all the arternoon long, an' some boys klimed up onto the roof ov the mill an' stuck a shingle with a not hole into it outen ovver the edge of the roof and then dropped musterd seed through it an' down into a teacup sixty feet below an' nevver a seed missed the cup. Thay wa'n't a sign ov wind to blow the breth away arter it wuz breathed out, an' ef you didn't move you'd suck it in ag'in an' blow it out ovver an' ovver till you wuz jest abowt smuddered. My unckle on my father's side, James George, he lives with me an' he hez a big nufunlan' dog, weighs abowt 167 pound, an' that thare dog wuz too lazy to move an' he mighty neer dide with smudderin'. He would git abowt awl gone an' then my unckle would ketch him by the tale an' draw him a little furder along on the porch whare the air wuzzent used up an' then leave him lay till he got gaspin' hard ag'in an' then drag him furder, er drag him back, an' he kep' that up awl day an' awl night an' purty neer tired hisself clene out an' purty neer wored awl the hare offen the bottom ov the dog a-draggin' him.

You surtingly ot tu hev ben hear.

LE SUEUR LYRE.

Ancient Politics.

JOSEPH had just been cast into the pit.

"I can't understand why I am a favorite son," he reflected. "Father hasn't declined a third term."

Truly politics were deep even in those days.

Quick Work.

Hewitt—"This is an age of hustle."

Jewett—"You bet! I met a fellow yesterday who had already made a contract to write a series of magazine articles, giving the history of the Japanese-American war."

On the Turf.

SOME friends of mine went to the track—
And so did I.
They said they'd hit the books a whack—
And so did I.

They talked of "ponies" and the "dope"—
And so did I.
They had their bosoms full of hope—
And so did I.

They had the tips on how to bet—
And so did I.
They knew just where to spread their net—
And so did I.

They said they'd show the bookies what—
And so did I.
They fired their cash in fast and hot—
And so did I.

They said they'd make a killing hit—
And so did I.
They piled it on the favorite—
And so did I.

They smiled to hear the talent talk—
And so did I.
The fav'rite came home in a walk—
And so did I.

At least, he must have walked, because everything that ran in the race got to the wire before he did. W. J. LAMPTON.

SHE KNEW IT.

"Well, my dear, I had my life insured to-day."
"That's just like you—always thinking of yourself!"

A Practical Heiress.

"DARLING," he asked as he drew his fiancée closer to him, "am I the only man you ever kissed?"

"Charles," she replied somewhat testily, "I would like to ask you a few questions before we go any further. You are no doubt aware of the fact that papa is worth several million dollars, aren't you?"

"Y-yes."

"You understand, no doubt, that when he dies all of that vast fortune will be left to me?"

"Y-yes."

"You know that I have $500,000 in cash in the banks?"

"Y-yes."

"And own half a million dollars' worth of property?"

"Y-yes."

"And many shares of stocks and bonds?"

"Y-yes."

"And that my diamonds are valued at $100,000?"

"Y-yes."

"And my horses and automobiles at $75,000?"

"Y-yes."

"And my yachts at $50,000?"

"Y-yes."

"And my dogs at $25,000?"

"Y-yes."

"Then, for goodness sake! why don't you talk sense? What difference would it make to you if I had kissed a thousand men before I met you?"

He hemmed and hawed and stammered and blushed, and tried to think of a suitable reply, but finally had to give it up; and when the great heiress began to talk of something else he heaved a deep sigh of relief, and swore to himself that he would be more careful in the future.

LEGAL ADVICE VS. MEDICAL.

First magnate—"My doctor advised me to take a trip abroad for my health, but I'm not going."

Second magnate—"My lawyer gave me the same advice, and I am going."

Would Cost More.

Mistress—"More than anything else, I want a servant who has some refinement."

Applicant—"Yis, mum; but Oi'll be afther chargin' yez more if Oi hov to inshtruct yez in th' ways av sassiety."

Do You Want That Raise?

OUR GRAFT CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL WILL GET IT FOR YOU.

THE WORLD of graft is always looking for bad men. Are YOU in on it? By studying daytimes YOU can raise your position from that of a porch-climber, or second-story man, or pick-pocket, to a high position in society. The swell hotels and penitentiaries await YOU. We will prove our ability by cheating you. We can point to hundreds of cashiers in Canada who tried our methods. One student climbed from the position of street-car conductor, in which he knocked down fares, to that of the manager of the worst street railway system in the country through our aid.

This grafter took our course.

DO IT NOW.

If you want to rise to a position where you can steal a thousand a week, clip off the coupon below and send it to us, with your choice marked. We will send you absolutely free full information about qualifying for any position. We furnish all text-books, and cheat our students by the installment plan, or any other they desire. Any honest and industrious thief can become an embezzler with a little study.

WILL YOU TRY? THE BUNCOMBE SCHOOL OF GRAFT.

Branches in all large cities.

WHICH DO YOU PREFER:

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Railroad President
Insurance Official
Defaulting Cashier
U. S. Senator
Police Inspector
Patent Medicine Manufacturer
Spring Poet
Divorce Lawyer
Timber Lands Thief

Second-hand English.

Swede (to Englishman, at Colorado Springs, noting that the Englishman's accent was unlike that of the other inhabitants)—"How long you bane in dese country?"

Englishman—"Nine months."

Swede—"You bane spake de language putty goot already. Ven you bane in dese country two years you vill spake as vell as de people here."

Englishman (annihilatingly)—"Man alive! I am from the country where this language is manufactured. What you are learning to speak is second-hand English."

Fond mother (after Tommy's return from first day at school)—"Now, Tommy, tell mother what pleased you most at school to-day."

"De teacher broke her glasses, an' we didn't have enny lessons," joyfully responded Tommy.

Anything Better Than Home.

"I AM sick to death of everything," said the society woman. "Let's spend this evening where we've never spent one before."

"Agreed!" said her husband. "Shall we try home or church?"

"Church," she replied, sighing.

If He Could Do It Again.

"DR. THUDLEIGH preached his wife's first husband's funeral sermon, didn't he?"

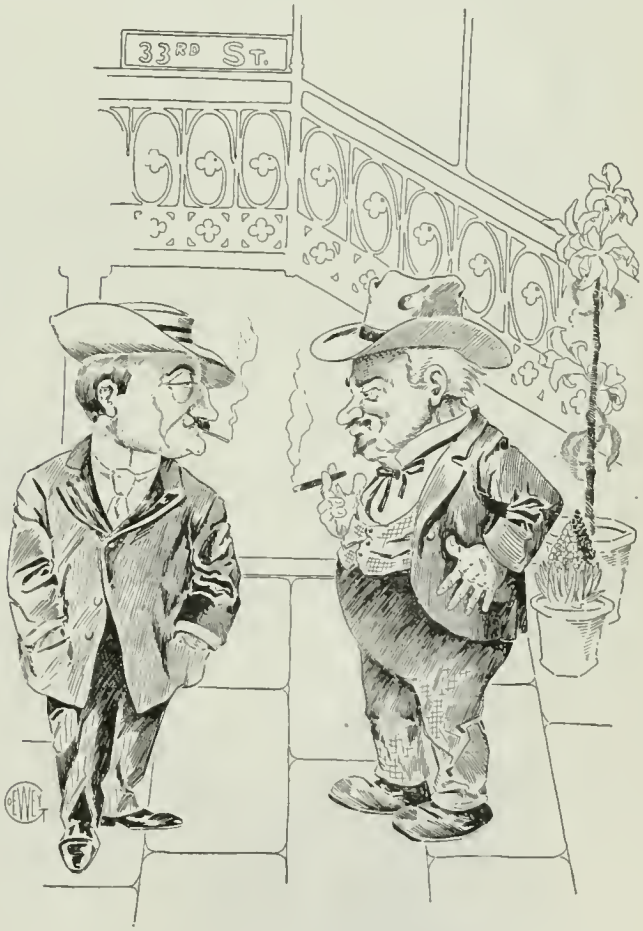
"Yes. And I'll bet if he could do it again he'd emphasize the opinion he expressed about the poor man having gone to a more delightful place than this world is."

The Quicker Way.

ALL things come to him who waits.
Perhaps that's true. Well, let 'em.
With me, the only things I got
I had to go and get 'em.

Loraine—"Is it true that you are engaged to Fred?"

Clarice—"No; I have not given him a definite answer yet. I want to wait and see how he looks after the football season is over."



THAT GOTHAM BLUFF.

"Haven't seen you for a long time. Where are you living now?"

"I've got a house across the river, on the bluff, but I don't like it. It's too lonesome over there."

"Well, better move over here to New York—you'll have lots of company. 'Bout three-quarters of the people here live on a bluff."

ALARMING SYMPTOMS.

LITTLE Johnny was very much interested in the account of the operation by which Eve was made, and, childlike, required the story told over and over again.

One day, after a strenuous game of tag, he sat down on the doorstep, panting for breath. Soon a serious expression came over his face, and clapping his hand to his side, he ran to his mother as fast as his exhausted condition permitted.

"Mamma, mamma!" he gasped; "I've such a pain in my side! I'm 'fraid I'm going to have a wife!"

A. A. Skeels, Cleveland, O.

ACCENTUATING A CONTRAST.

First young man—"That girl is too tall to wear a short dress."
Second young man—"It would be all right if her companion dressed the same way."

AN APT RETORT.

Traveler—"Say, boy, your corn looks kind of yellow."

Boy—"Yes, sir. That's the kind we planted."

Traveler—"Looks as though you will only have a half crop."

Boy—"Don't expect any more. The landlord gets the other half."

Traveler (after a minute's thought)—"Say, there is not much difference between you and a fool."

Boy—"No, sir. Only the fence."

A. G. B. McKay, Silver Grove, Saskatchewan, Can.

NO PLACE FOR THAT.

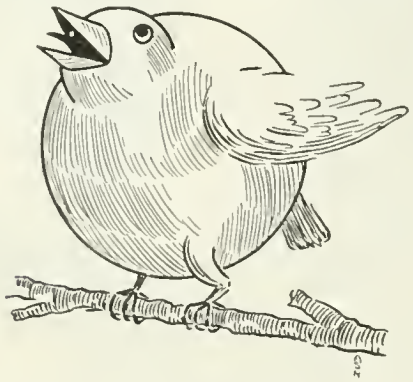
A FLOORWALKER in a department store saw a man walking to him, who said, "My wife bought these underclothes here yesterday. Where can I change them?"

The floorwalker just said, "You will have to go home to do that, sir."

John Farmer, East Stanbridge, Quebec, Can.

WHAT THEY VOTED FOR.

"WHAH yuh been?" inquired 'Rastus Peebles of Uncle Zeb Johnsing, as the latter came cantering down the main street on his favorite charger.



A ROUND ROBIN.

"Up to Slabtown, to de 'lection," was the answer shouted back.

"De 'lection? W'at dey votin' fer now?" asked 'Rastus.

"Dey was payin' high as two dollahs dis mawnin'," called out Uncle Zeb; "but when Ah left dey was payin' only a dollah an' six bits."

George S. Bennett, Berkeley, Cal.

HE FOUND SOMETHING.

A PRETTY school teacher, noticing one of her little charges idle, said sharply,

"John, the devil always finds something for idle hands to do. Come up here and let me give you some work."

M. B. Black, Avon, Pa.

GOOD ONES.

"THERE are five reasons why I can't get married."

"What are they?"

"A wife and four children."

F. L. Kristeller, San Antonio, Tex.

Not So Resourceful as Most Girls.

Evelyn—"Some of our proverbs are so ridiculous. For instance, 'Where ignorance is bliss'"——

Ethel—"What's the matter now?"

Evelyn—"Why, you know, Fred gave me my engagement-ring last week, and I simply can't find out how much it cost him."

The Noose.

Teacher (expectantly)—"Now, children, how many of you can tell me what a lasso is?"

Willie (hurriedly raising his hand)—"Please, ma'am, it's a long rope with a running nose at the end."

HE HAD his wine and women friends—
But there this man's life-story ends.

"WELL! WELL! WELL!"

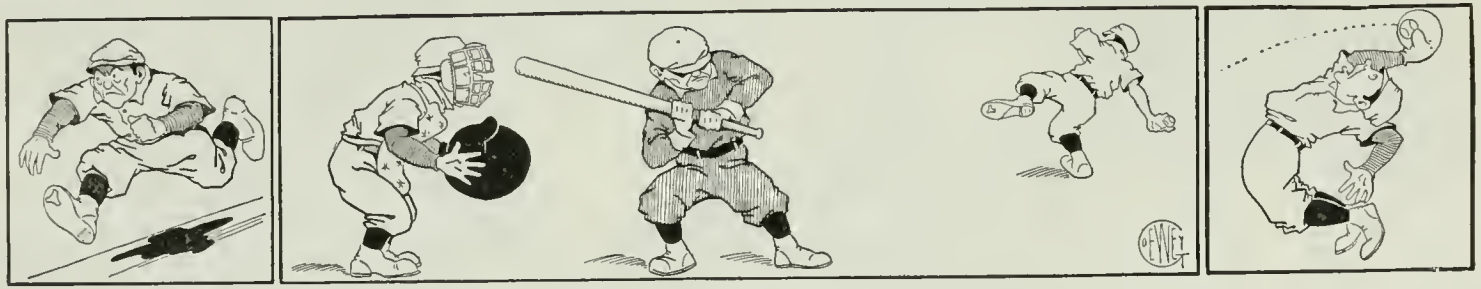
A FAN'S LAMENT

THE frost will soon be with us, "bo,"
And all us fans are blue.
The "rag" is nearly won and lost,
The season 's almost through;
The bats will soon be packed away,
There 's little more to tell—
Let 's roast the umpire just once more
With, "Well! well! well!"

The boys ain't at the top this year,
But what could you expect?
We've had hard luck from first to last—
I'm telling you correct.
At first it was the "Charlie horse,"
Then "glass arms" for a spell,
And afterward we failed to hit—
Oh, "Well! well! well!"

But wait and see us next year, pal,
For I have got a hunch
That we will set the running for
The whole entire bunch.
The old boys will regain their stride,
The young blood, too, will tell,
And when we win we'll all join in
With, "Well! well! well!"

E. A. GOEWEY.



THE THRILLING STORY OF A "PEN-AND-INK" DRAWING.

It Was Hot Corn

By Ed Mott

A FAT colored lady, with a tin wash-boiler standing in front of her on the sidewalk at a Sixth Avenue corner, had been howling to the heat-embarrassed night and the public generally that she was there in the interest of hot corn and a market. A tall man, wearing a white high hat with a black band on it, stopped in his sauntering up the avenue and remarked to the fat colored lady,

"Have you corn?"

"I shore has, suh," replied the dealer in superheated maize.

"Is it hot?" inquired the tall man in the breezy hat with the sorrowful band.

"Hot as b'ilin' soapsuds, suh!" said the custodian of the wash-boiler and its contents.

"Do you happen to know," said the apparent customer, "whether it is the early sweet of old Virginny?"

"Hones' to de Lawd, boss, I cain't give mah wuhd fo' dat, suh," replied the hot-corn matron; "but it b'iles de ch'ices' kyine, an' gits pow'ful hot, suh."

"Ah, yes," said the tall man. "But common, or'dnary North Car-liny corn will do that. Have you evidence that the epicurean raccoon has tested the quality and condition of the corn in the field where this was grown? Your raccoon knows what corn is best for man to eat. Has the 'coon been working in the field o' nights whence these ears you offer were plucked?"

"Yo shore done gone a heap deepuh, boss, dan I kin go in de dishin' up ob dis hyuh co'n, suh," said the fat colored lady. "But I knows dis hyuh co'n am pow'ful hot."

"Yes; I quite agree with you," said the critical person in the conspicuous hat, taking off the tile, wiping his forehead with his coat sleeve, and stepping closer to the boiler. "But I have a way of knowing whether it would be likely that the epicurean raccoon has approved of the field in which this corn was grown. I will let you in on the secret if you just pass me over a couple of those ears for testing. I think two ears will be enough."

"Dem eahs, dey's a nickel apiece, suh," explained the colored lady. "Two eahs fo' a dime, suh."

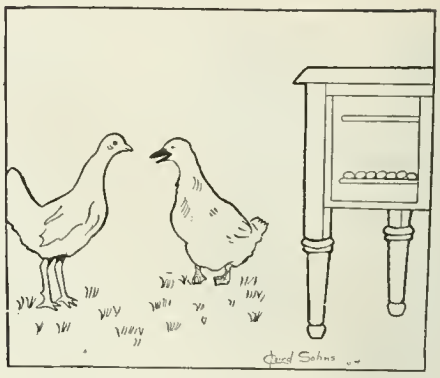
"Yes, I know," said the tall man. "But, don't you see, if I find that the corn is the sweet, juicy, milky corn of old Virginny, which is the only kind the fastidious 'coon approves of, I will at once be warranted in bringing my friends around to enjoy it, and you will be compelled to have four boilers full here after this to supply the demand. Unless I know this by actual test, of course"——

"Yo' shore is monst'us kyine, suh," said the fat hot-corn saleslady, putting the cover back on the boiler; "but I reckon I doan' 'low no thievin', ring-tail 'coon ter tell me how ter b'ile co'n! Huh! I reckon I doan', suh! Hot co'-o-o-n! Hot co'-o-o-n!"

And the man in the white hat sauntered pensively on his way.

HE TOOK IT AT ITS WORD.

Uncle Philander (after a two-hour wait)—"I wonder when this blamed thing 's a-goin' to start?"



FROM THE CHICKEN'S STANDPOINT.

"Say, Duckie, I do pity the coming generation."
"Why, Chick?"
"Because that incubator can't scratch for worms like mother used to do."

Cutting Down the Thefts.

"OLD Abrams took his son into der bus'ness as a partner so der poy couldn't steal so much ohf der old man's money."

"Vy can't he steal so much?"

"Now, vhen he steals a tollar, he steals half ohf it from himself."

NO ONE is going to get into heaven on his pastor's recommendation.

SOME EXCLUSIVE BRAND.

"Just think of it! we are made of dust."
"How hideous! But I know it wasn't this common kind."

Love and a Coronet.

News note.—The Duc de Blanc is the guest of an American millionaire and his daughter. How long he will remain here depends. There seems to be some hitch in the transfer of title.

LOVE, Love, dear Love,
That cries to him to take
The new love to his heart
And all the old forsake;
Love, Love, dear Love,
Demanding that he let
This yearning, hopeful heart
Put on his coronet;
Love, Love, dear Love,
That brings two souls to bless
Each other through a life
Of sweet unselfishness;
Love, Love, dear Love,
That makes two hearts to beat
The measures of two minds
In unison complete;
Love, Love, dear Love,
Which heeds not any price
That it may have to pay
For noble sacrifice.
Gee whiz!
What a wonder Love is,
Ain't it?
Painters can't paint it,
And the poets who think
They can write up its beauty
Find their pens on the blink.
It's the greatest thing in the world,
Gadzukes!
No less to the clodhoppers
Than it is to the dukes.
Wow!
Wreathe lilies round its brow,
And at its feet
Let the roses meet.
Truth of truths and flower of flowers,
Love's the power of all the powers.
Oh, say, nothing in the wide world could,
By any chance, be just as good.
Gold is dross to dukes, and they
Dodge it when it comes their way.
Similarly coronets
Are what womankind forgets.
Gold is dross, position nought;
Love is only to be sought—
For if Love is not, ah, then,
Men are brutes instead of men.
Love, dear Love,
On history's page
No age compares with marri-age.
My scat! What's that?

W. J. LAMPTON.

Proper Coats.

FOR an undertaker—Box coat.
For a judge—Fine coat.
For a housemaid—Duster.
For an old maid—Mail coat.
For a housekeeper—Newmarket.
For a sight-seer—Rubber coat.
For a college girl—Pony coat.
For a glutton—Eton coat.

A Saving Grace.

Florence—"I can't understand why Ethel married Mr. Gunson. He is old enough to be her father."

Lawrence—"Yes; but he is rich enough to be her husband."

A Bright Suggestion.

THE LAMENTABLE lack of uniformity in the use of words descriptive of numbers, in the yellow press, justifies a little attention, perhaps. At a street fight, a hotel fire, or a political meeting, there is seldom time to ascertain the exact number of persons present, to be sure, but the following scale might be used in approximation:

Over 3, but less than 10.....a crowd.
Over 10, but less than 20....scores.
Over 20, but less than 50....a myriad.
Over 50, but less than 100....thousands.
Over 100.....a vast concourse.

This list would undergo a radical change, however, in case the newspaper was reporting a political meeting of its opponents. It might then be abridged:

100 or more.....empty house.
300 or more.....a few stragglers.
500 or more.....a lonely gathering.
1,000 or more.....a small audience.
3,000 or more.....only the front seats filled.

FREEMAN TILDEN.

Not His Kind.

Mr. Nodd—"I don't think much of that toy-bank you got the children."

Mrs. Nodd—"What's the matter with it?"

Mr. Nodd—"Why, I worked over it all the evening and couldn't open it."

AND THE PUP STOPPED PANTING.

"Nannette, I am ready to take Rover out, and you haven't pressed his pants!"

With Cupid as Chauffeur.

THE ROAD lies white beneath the light
Of a rising honeymoon,
And the rushing sound as the wheels spin 'round
Swings into an old love-tune.
And every rut on the road of life
Is seen through a rosy blur;
But there's never a fear that the way's not clear
With Cupid as chauffeur.

And little they care if the neighbors stare
As they speed through the land of dreams,
While the old love-light as a signal bright
Ahead on the highway gleams.
And there's never a hill of care so steep
But succumbs to the gentle stir
That is bound to start in a lover's heart
With Cupid as chauffeur.

So speed they may on their primrose way
To Arcadian lands afar.
May they travel fast till they step at last
In their wedding touring-car.
And grant them this, oh, lad who feels
A love that is strong for *her*,
May the ride extend to the journey's end,
With Cupid as chauffeur.

REYNALE SMITH PICKERING.

WELL, anyway, there is always room at the bottom.

At the Minstrel Show.

Mr. Bones—"Muh-muh-muh-mistah Interlocutor."

Interlocutor—"You have the floor, Mr. Bones."

Mr. Bones—"I's dun guh-guh-guh-guh-got a new one for you tuh-tuh-tuh-tuh-to-night, suh. It's about a muh-muh-muh-man who st-st-st-st-st-stuttahs."

Interlocutor—"You ought to tell a story of that kind to perfection, Mr. Bones, seeing you stutter so badly yourself."

Mr. Bones (indignantly)—"I duh-duh-duh-don't stuttah, suh!"

Interlocutor—"You don't?"

Mr. Bones—"N-n-n-n-no, suh. I only st-st-st-st-stammah."

Interlocutor—"Oh, you only stammer, eh? Will you kindly tell us the difference between stuttering and stammering?"

Mr. Bones—"Why, when you st-st-st-st-st-st-st-st-stuttah you tuh-tuh-tuh-talk like this; but when you st-st-st-st-st-st-st-stammah you only tuh-tuh-tuh-tuh-tuh-talk like that."

Interlocutor—"Oh, that's it, eh? Well, you may go on with your story about the man who stutters; but be careful you don't get into the habit yourself."

Mr. Bones—"Well, suh, h-h-he went into a ruh-ruh-ruh-ruh-restaurant and looked over the buh-buh-buh-buh-bill-of-fare and saw st-st-st-st-st-st-st-st-strawberry shortcake on it."

Interlocutor—"Yes, Mr. Bones. A man who stuttered went into a restaurant and looked over the bill-of-fare and saw strawberry shortcake on it. Well, did he get some?"

Mr. Bones—"N-n-n-n-no, suh. Buh-buh-buh-buh-by the time the puh-puh-puh-puh-poor fellow guh-guh-guh-guh-gave his ordah st-st-st-st-st-st-st-st-strawberries were out of suh-suh-suh-season."

Interlocutor—"Very good, Mr. Bones—very good, sir. And now, Mr. Leader, if you'll give us some more of your good music Mr. Johnson will sing us that pathetic little ballad entitled, 'What is home without a razor?'"

A. B. LEWIS.

PRETTY SOLEMN.

"Thanksgiving Day, as it is now observed, is not the solemn occasion it used to be."

"It isn't, eh? I wish you had dined with us yesterday. We had the minister, two maiden aunts, and a country cousin to dinner."

A Deep Cutter.

Rollins—"I went out in a revenue-cutter last night."

Collins—"I thought you went sleigh-riding?"

Rollins—"Well, it made quite a cut in my revenue."

Too Partisan To Holler.

COLONEL W. P. THORNE, former Lieutenant-Governor of Kentucky, is one of the best campaigners and story-tellers to be found in Kentucky. One of the best stories he told runs as follows:

"It was just after W. O. Bradley was elected Governor of Kentucky, in 1905, and the Republicans in my county were holding a big ratification meeting. Brass bands, all kinds of floats and banners, and hundreds of men and women and boys had been parading the streets. A young girl claimed that, while standing on her front porch, which was almost covered by vines and foliage of different kinds, she was repeatedly hugged and kissed by a young man whom she hardly knew. A warrant was sworn out for her assailant. He was arrested, and it was my duty as commonwealth's attorney to prosecute him. John Carroll, who is at present a judge of the Kentucky Court of Appeals, had been employed to defend him. I soon finished my examination of the witness, and turned her over to Carroll for cross-examination.

"'What night was this?' thundered Carroll.

"'Thursday night,' answered the witness.

"'Thursday night, you say? What time of night?'

"'About eight o'clock.'

"'That was about the time the parade was passing our house.'

"'Yes, sir; the parade was just passing my house.'

"'Streets full of people?'

"'Yes, sir; the streets were full of people.'

"'Did you ever cry out or scream?'

"'No, sir; I did not.'

"'Will you please tell this jury,' asked Carroll with rising voice, 'with the streets thronged with people and this man hugging and kissing you against your will, as you claim, why you never uttered a single cry for help or assistance?'

"'Yes, sir. I will tell the jury, and everybody else, that you'll never ketch me hollerin' at no Republican getherin'!'"

A Way They Have.

THE pretzels I consume induce such woes,
The crullers havoc play.
They have no bad intentions, I suppose,
But they're just bent that way.

THE man who does all for gain does nothing for good.

A HARD JOB.

She—"I wish you would work and earn the money for the flowers you send me."
He—"If you knew how hard it is to work the governor you would think I earned 'em."

ILLOGICAL WOMAN!

Mrs. Johnsing—"Wha don't yo' go an' hunt fo' work, niggah?"
Mr. Johnsing—"Heavens an' earth, woman! ennybody 'd fink ter heah yo' talk dat I didn' hab a gun an' six coon-dawgs."

More Nature Fakes.

"OH, SIRE! I heard a rooster crow—
'Twas 'Cock-a-doodle do.'"
"I'm very sure that was a lie—
The story can't be true."

"Oh, sire! I heard a pussy-cat—
The creature said 'Meow.'"
"You do not know the heart of things—
I know that isn't how."

"Oh, sire! I heard a brindle cow—
The critter hollered 'Moo.'"
"That cannot be—impossible!
You are a liar, too."

"Oh, sire! I heard a yellow dog
Remarking 'Bow-wow-wow.'"
"I've slain my thousands, and you lie—
I tell you so right now."

MC LANDBURGH WILSON.

A Busy Family.

"SAY, BUB," said the book-agent, as he drew up at the gate of a house in a country town on which was swinging a barefooted boy, "is your pa around?"

"Nope. Pa's out breakin' in a colt," was the reply.

"Could I see your ma?"

"Nope. Ma's jest took a walk to break in a new pair of shoes."

"Is your big sister at home?"

"Nope. Pete Lawson fell over town an' busted his leg, an' she's gone over to break the news to his ma."

"Maybe I could see another one of your sisters?"

LITTLE MOTHERS.

Elsie—"What's your dolly's name?"
Marjorie—"Ethel Watts Thompson."
Elsie—"Is the middle name on the father's or mother's side?"

LOW LIFE HIGH UP.

Weary Warbler—"I just asked the lady up in the house for a hand-out, and she gave me a worm that wasn't fit to eat."

"Nope. The other's gone to town to break a ten-dollar bill."

"Well, I guess I'll have to talk to your big brother, then. Will you call him, please?"

"Can't. He's breakin' stone up at the county jail."

"Your folks seem to be pretty well occupied," smiled the book agent. "Maybe I could interest you in a big book bargain?"

"Not me, mister," replied the boy. "That feller comin' over the hill called me squint-eyed yesterday, an' I'll soon be so busy breakin' his head that I won't have no time to talk to you."

MAN is in his cups to-day and in the jug to-morrow.

NOT HER LAY.

"I wonder if this book will tell me how to hatch out this wonderful egg?"

The Limit

By W. J. Lampton

THE GIRL was fixed in her determination and her eyes were hard and cold. The man stood before her, broken like a reed in the wind. He may have been broken in other respects, for he had been with her to the races that afternoon, but it has no bearing on this chronicle.

"So, Miss Tyndall," he was saying, "you persist in breaking our engagement?"

"I do," she nodded with adamantine firmness.

"And you will not marry me?"

"Never."

"No matter what I do?"

"What matters it to me?"

"Not if I plunge into the flowing bowl?"

"No."

"Not if I gamble away my patrimony?"

"No."

"Not if I waste my substance in riotous living?"

"No."

"Not if I—if I"—he hesitated—"not if I take my own life?"

"No, no," she insisted.

He saw how futile were all his pleadings. His eyes stiffened and his face grew hard. Her cruelty was reacting upon him.

"Very well," he said, turning away; "it is now up to me to marry Kitty Gray."

"What!" she exclaimed, taking a step forward.

"I said it was up to me to marry Kitty Gray."

"You wouldn't marry that girl, would you?"

"Why not? She's as good as anybody, isn't she?'

"No, she isn't."

"I guess yes, she is."

"But I know better. Why, she is"——

"I beg your pardon, Miss Tyndall," he interrupted almost fiercely; "but I cannot permit any one to traduce Miss Gray in my presence."

"I'm not traducing her. I'm only telling the truth. She is red-headed and"——

"I like red hair," he broke in tenderly.

"Well, you won't like it on Kitty Gray. She has a temper that"——

"I beg your pardon."

"You needn't to. I'm going to say what I want to about that girl."

"And I won't listen to it."

"Ah! is Mr. Barton so much in love with Miss Gray?"

"That is my affair."

"How many other affairs have you, pray?"

"That is my affair, also."

"And you ask me to marry you?" she almost sobbed.

"Yes, I do; and have and will," he almost howled in joyous hope.

"Have you asked Kitty Gray, too?"

"Not yet."

"Then you sha'n't if I can help it. I will make any sacrifice to thwart that girl."

"Dear Charlotte!"

"Oh, Harry!"

(Seven minutes later.)

"Do you really care for Kitty Gray, Harry?"

"Of course not; she ran away yesterday and married Tom Perkins."

"Tom Perkins? My old sweetheart! Poor Tom!"

HE MIGHT CATCH IT.

Young turkey—"What is Thanksgiving, pa?"
Old turkey—"It's a kind of epidemic, my son."

Not Intentional.

Horace—"Reggy went on a bear-hunt and met with an accident."

Howard—"Goodness! What was it?"

Horace—"He shot one."

THERE'S nothing most girls can appear so perfectly natural at as being artificial.

MODERN.

Mrs. Knox—"I don't like that Mrs. Smith. She 's one of those women with 'advanced ideas.'"
Mrs. Rox—"What kind of advanced ideas?"
Mrs. Knox—"Why, she made an appointment with me, and just because I was an hour late she wouldn't wait."

Jonesy's Narrow Escape

A Convivial Tale of Mixed Christmas Presents

By Ed Mott

JIBSON was such a convivial chap that all seasons were jolly ones to him—at least, he was jolly in all seasons; so when he came around to the club the day after a memorable Christmas, and with a seriousness that was an unprecedented result of his social contact with men and things declared that the Christmas time had "poo' near shoved him off the dock," the fellows were taken by surprise.

"Why, Jib!" they said. "What in the world"——

"Christmas presents!" replied Jibson, dropping into a chair and closing one eye as if to get a better focus on things. "Say! Ask Jonesy! Ask 'Tilda! Ask ma! Ask the new preacher! Say! 'Fadd'n' been for the new preacher, I'd swep' the cobwebs off the wall with Jonesy and mopped the floor with him! Me and Jonesy had a scrap! Yess'r! Come poo' near wiping him off the face the earth, b'gee!"

That anything should have come between two old and almost inseparable boon companions like Jibson and Jonesy was incredible, and the expressions of surprise and regret were unanimous in the club.

"But tell us how about it, Jib," they said.

"Ch'life!" said Jibson. "Jonesy had a nar' 'scape, dosh'sh' forget it! Came poo' near wiping him off the face the earth! But it's all right now. Ch'life it is, and there's big load off of my mind. I'm all right, and Jonesy's all right, and 'Tilda's all right, and ma's all right, and the new preacher's all right. But 'fadd'n' been for the new preach—say, fell's, they can't foo'th me, jussessame! They want to look out for the locomo've when the bell rings if they foo'th me, or there'll be a soun'v revelry b' night that'll be worse'n—worse'n—worse'n a rolling earthquake, b'gee! Say! Jonesy had a nar' 'scape, I want to tell you! So'd the floor. So'd the cobwebs on the wall. 'Fadd'n' been for the new preacher, I'd mixed Jonesy up with 'em so's they'd had to be inner-i n n e r-innerduced to their friends to know which 's which and who's who, dosh'sh' forget it!"

The fellows at the club insisted on knowing what it had all been about and how it had come.

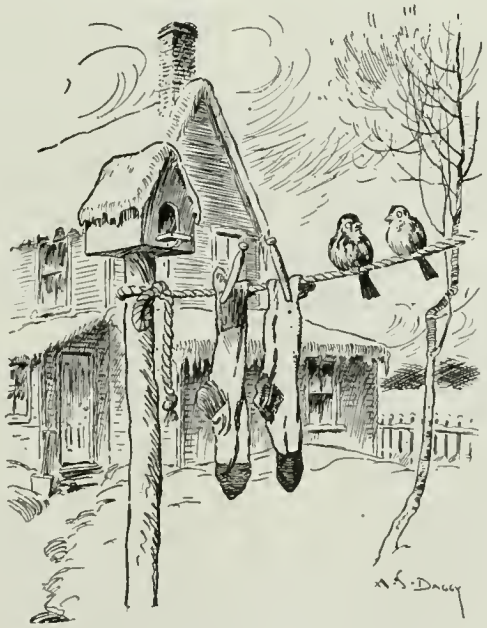
"Cer'ly," said Jibson. "Christmas presents, t h a t's how. Ma lives in Jersey. 'Tilda's ma. Uzzstamme? Tilda's ma. When 'Tilda's ma ain't t'our house with me and 'Tilda, 'Tilda's ma lives in Jersey. 'Tilda's ma's to our house poo' near all the time, bussallright. Sh' lives in Jersey. Ma's all right. Sh's *all* right. So's new preacher. So's 'Til—say, 'fadd'n' been for the new preach—bussallright. Nar' 'scape, jussessame! 'Tilda says to me, 'Dosh'sh' want to go spend Christmas with ma, Jibby, dear?' Ch'life I did, for I was poo' near sure ma was going to spend Christmas with me and 'Tilda. 'Cer'ly!' I says; and 'Tilda said all right, we'd go spend Christmas with ma. 'But, say!' I says, 'ma mussav' a Christmas present. Got to get ma a Christmas present,' I says; and 'Tilda said, 'Oh, cer'ly, ma mussav' a Christmas present.' 'W'ash'll it be?' I says. 'Oh!' 'Tilda says, 'red silk ni-ni-nightcap! Ma mussav' a red silk nightcap! Just w'ash sh' wants. Red silk ni-ni-nightcap'll be too sweet for anything!' 'Tilda says. And I said all right, ma sh'll'av' it, b'gee!

"Then poo' soon 'Tilda says, 'Oh, my! The new preacher mussav' a Christmas present, too!' And I said why, cer'ly; got to make the new preacher a Christmas present, of course. 'W'ash'll it be?' I says. 'Slippers,' 'Tilda says. 'Preachers always get slippers for Christmas,' 'Tilda says. 'So they do,' I says. 'Gee!' I says; 'if preachers didn't get slippers for Christmas, they'd think the church militant had run on a snag!' I says. 'Jibby!' 'Tilda says. 'Mercy me! Dosh'sh' let ma hear you talk that way! Ma'll be shocked!' 'Nev' mind ma!' I says. 'Ma's all right! Goin' to spend Christmas with ma! Slippers! Slippers all right! New preacher's all right! W'assizz size?' I says. 'Eights and a half,' 'Tilda says. 'Preachers always wear eights and a half,' 'Tilda says.

"Ch'life! Bought ma a red silk nightcap and new preacher a pair of slippers—nice green slippers, eights and a half, and a yellow dog on the instep, with blue ears and a pink tail. Beau'ful, b'gee! Beau'ful! 'Jonesy!' I says. 'Got to get a present for Jonesy! W'ash'll it be?' I says. 'Jonesy'—say, fell's! Jonesy had nar' 'scape, dosh'sh' forget it! 'Fadd'n' been for the new preacher 'd swep' the cobwebs—say, fell's! Nar' 'scape, b'gee!"

Young Jibson paused as if pondering over the prevented catastrophe, and the fellows at the club jogged his memory.

"Did you get Jonesy a present, Jib?" they asked.



AN INFERENCE.

Sparrow—"I wonder if Santa Claus will think we hung those up?"

NOTHING DOING.

"What did your wife give you for Christmas?"
"Nothing. She said she didn't have enough trading stamps."

"Ch'life!" said he, coming back to the situation. "'W'ash'll it be?' I says. 'Boll'l the old st-st-stuff!' I says. 'Nothing'll please Jonesy like a boll'l the old stuff!' I says. 'Bessizz ain't any too good for Jonesy!' I says. 'Ch'life!'

"Went round to Duffy's and got a boll'l the old st-st-stuff, bessizz, and Duffy semmup. Christmas Eve, and Duffy semmup. I semmup. Christmas Eve, and I semmup. Christmas Eve, and everybody semmup. Ch'life! Said, 'Merr' Christmas!' more'n a hundred times, an' poo' soon I says, 'Gee! Poo' near forgot my Christmas presents! Got to send my Christmas presents! Got to go home, too, or'll be late for dinner, and 'Tilda'll be dish'pointed!' I says.

"'Go gish'sh' dinner,' Duffy says. 'Dosh'sh' dish'-poin' sh'wife!' Duffy says. 'I'll send your Christmas presents,' he says. 'Gwan! Skiddoo!' he says.

"'Bully for you, old man!' I says; and I gave Duffy ma's address, and the new preacher's address, and Jonesy's address. 'Dosh'sh' forget 'em, old man!' I says.

"'Gwan!' Duffy says. 'W'ash'sh' take me for? Go gish'sh' dinner! Dosh'sh' dish'poin' sh'wife! Merr' Christmas! Good-by! Skiddoo!' Duffy says.

"'Right!' I says. 'Merr' Christmas! Good-by!' and I didn't dish'poin' 'Tilda. Say, fell's!" said young Jibson, after a pondering pause; "yes'day's Christmas, wasn't it?"

They told him yes, yesterday was Christmas.

"All right!" said Jibson. "Yes'day morning me and 'Tilda went to ma's. Ma lives in Jersey. 'Tilda's ma. Uzztamme? 'Tilda's ma. Rang ma's bell, and 'Tilda says, 'Won't dear ma be pleased?' 'Ch'life!' I says. Ma came to the door. 'Merr' Christmas, ma!' I says; and 'Merr' Christmas, ma!' 'Tilda says. But, say! Ma's head was up in the air like the Stash' o' Liberty, b'gee! Poo' soon ma looked down at me, and I looked out in the cold world for an ice wagon to climb on and get warm!

"'' 'Tilda,' ma says, 'does ziss husband of yours take this house for a dime mu-mu-museyum? Does he take me for Big-foot Liz, the freak lady from Ohio, with feet a yard and a half long? 'Tilda,' says ma, 'j'come to Jersey to see your poor old ma insulted?' says ma.

"'' 'Tilda looked at me, and I looked at 'Tilda, and 'Tilda says,

"'' Jibson!' 'Tilda says, raspy, jess like that. 'Jibson, wassziss mean?'

"'' Give it up!' I says. 'But ma don't seem pleased!' I says.

"Ma says, 'Eights and a half! And green! And yellow and blue and pink dog on 'em! 'Stoo-much!' ma says, and banged a big pair of slippers together, most in my eyes.

"'' Gee!' I says. 'The new preacher's Christmas present!' I says. 'New preacher's Christmas present got stuck in ma's parcel!' I says. 'Where's ma's red silk ni-ni-nightcap?' I says.

"Ma burs'sin tears, and 'Tilda burs'sin tears, and ma says, 'Oh, Jibby, dear, forgive me! Merr' Christmas!'

"'' 'Sallright,' I says; 'but where's ma's red silk nightcap? 'Tilda!' I says, 'gee! the new preacher's got ma's red silk ni-ni-nightcap! Here's a sish'wation!' I says. 'Made the new preacher a Christmas present of a red silk nightcap! Now, 'Tilda,' I says, 'now's the time for me to go and jump off the dock!'

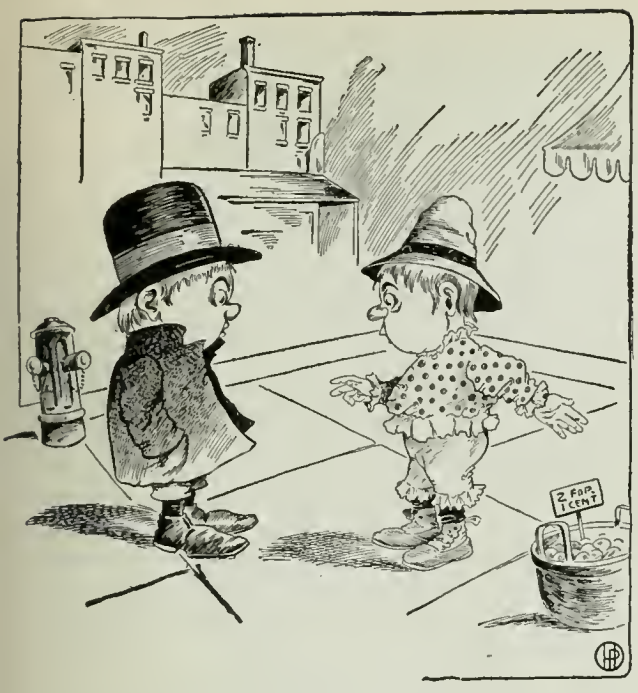
"But ma says, '' 'Sallright, Jibby, dear! Go back to-morr' and change the green slippers for the red silk ni-ni-nightcap, and 'polzhize to the new preacher. Uz-ztamme?' ma says.

"'' Ch'life!' I says; and we had Merr' Christmas all over again. Came over to-day to change the green slippers for ma's red silk nightcap. Met Jonesy, and he says to me, 'Say, young feller! You can't be funny with me. See?'

"'' Young feller!' I says. 'Gee! Call me young feller! W'as'ma'r of you?' I says; and I came poo' near most jumping on Jonesy. 'Explain yourself,' I says, 'or patience'll cease to be a virtue, b'gee! and blood'll flow!' I says.

"'' Let it flow!' says Jonesy. ''Twon't be my blood! Say!' he says. 'I don't take any more nightcaps 'n you do!' he says.

"'' W'ash'sh' mean?' I says. 'W'ash'sh' mean by nightcaps?' I says; and, say! I poo' near most took Jonesy by the neck. 'Don't tamper with me any more, Mr. Jones!' I says 'Explain yourself, for Rome's getting ready to howl, b'gee!' I says.



NON-SUITED.

Johnny—"Hello, Jimmy! What's the matter with you?"
Jimmy—"Didn't you hear about it? Our house burned down last night and all I've got to wear is my sister's suit."

"'Don't care for Rome!' Jonesy says. 'Don't care for howl! Can lick you in two minutes!' he says.

"'W'ash'sh' mean by nightcaps?' I says. I wasn't going to let Jonesy bluff me, dosh'sh' forget it!

"'Nightcaps! 'Swat I mean!' says Jonesy. 'You sent me a red silk nightcap for Christmas! Red silk ni-ni-nightcap! Say! J'take me for an old granny?' Jonesy says.

"'Oh!' I says. 'I can't stand any more! Can't any man call ma an old granny, b'gee! unless he wants to be wiped off the face the earth! Red silk nightcap's ma's! Can't any man call ma an old granny!' I says.

"Say! I poo' near most had Jonesy by the neck to sweep the cobwebs off the wall and wipe up the floor with him, when I happened to think, and Jonesy's life was saved. Nar' 'scape, b'gee! 'Fadd'n' been for new preacher—'My good gracious!' I says. 'The new preacher ain' got ma's red silk ni-ni-nightcap! New preacher's got Jonesy's boll'l the old st-st-stuff! Jonesy!' I says, 'come! Come 'long'z me and see me jump off the dock!' I says.

"Say! Was rushing to find a dock, and poo' soon a man tapped me on the shoulder. Looked up. New preacher, b'gee!

"'Oh!' I says. 'New preacher, and he's going to kill me! Poor 'Tilda and ma!' I says.

"'Mis'r Jibson,' the new preacher says, 'glad to see you! Say! The boll'l was great! Bessizz, and I know it!' he says. 'Thanks vemmuch!' he says. 'But, say!' he says, 'how j'know I liked a li'l for my stom-stom-stomach's sake! Mis'r Jibson, thanks vemmuch! Happy New Year!' he says; and before I could say, 'Samechoo and many of 'em!' he was gone.

"Say! If I hadn't been poo' near Duffy's I'd fainted dead away! Just came from Duffy's now, getting load off my mind. And say! 'Fadd'n' been for the new preacher—bussallright! Going back to ma's now to 'grash'late ma and 'Tilda on the new preacher, b'gee! But didn't Jonesy have a nar' 'scape? Ch'life!"

Reconstruction.

IN THE Southland lived a maiden
Fair to see.
Soul with love of living laden,
Heart with love of loving laden;
None deceiving,
All believing,
She was what a maid should be.

Came there to her swains a-sighing—
Many swains;
Some with love and true hearts dying,
Some with gold who would be buying;
Love and money,
Bees and honey,
She had thoughts of precious gains.

One among them was a Yankee—
Think of that!
Owner of a mill and bank, he
Had some looks as well, though lanky;
And he thought her
Heaven's own daughter,
Which is worth the looking at.

And it came to pass thereafter
All the rest
Teased her mightily and chaffed her;
Said he was a Northern grafter,
And they froze him.
But she chose him,
For she loved that Yankee best.

WILLIAM J. LAMPTON.

Something Wrong.

THE little girl had gotten up very early in the morning for the first time.

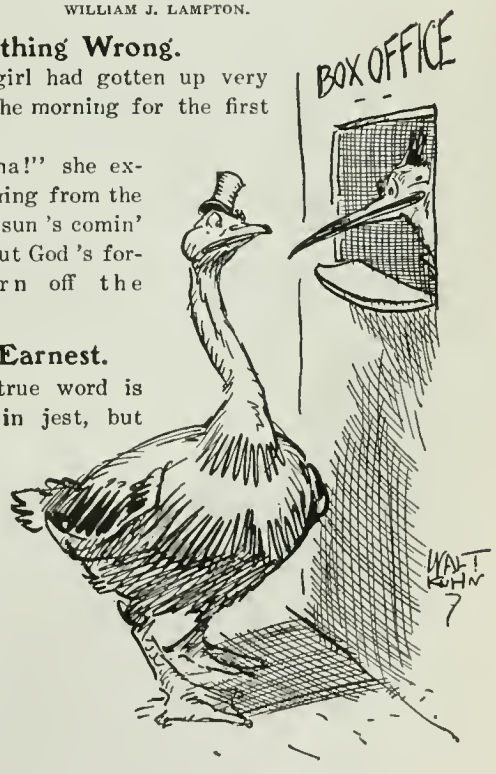
"Oh, mamma!" she exclaimed, returning from the window, "the sun 's comin' out all right, but God 's forgotten to turn off the moon."

Jest and Earnest.

MANY a true word is spoken in jest, but the majority of lies are uttered in dead earnest.

In 1920.

Hubby—"This pie, my love, is just the kind that mother used to buy at her bakery."



CONDITIONAL.

"I can only give you a ticket, Mr. Goose, if you'll promise not to hiss when the show is on."

A Terrible Oversight.

IT WAS close to midnight when the Smiths finished trimming the tree on Christmas Eve, and as they sat down to survey the work Smith yawned and remarked,

"Well, I guess that winds up the biggest job I ever tackled, and any one who mentions Christmas tree to me again is taking big chances. Have we attended to everything, do you think?"

"Yes; I think we have, Charles," replied his wife. "I checked off the list of gifts this afternoon, and it was all right."

"You surely got the hired girl's present?"

"You may be sure of that."

"Then any other errors don't count, and we can go to bed and rest easy. I think I could sleep a week."

The Smiths retired, and Smith had just begun to dream that he was engaged in trimming a tree twenty feet high, when Mrs. Smith awoke him and excitedly said,

"You've got to get up instantly, Charles!"

"Not me!" he replied.

"But you've simply got to!"

"Not unless the house is afire."

"It's worse than that, Charles. Oh, how could we have been so thoughtless—how could we?"

"Please keep quiet and let me go to sleep!" growled Smith. "If you think I'm going to get up on some fool errand, you're mistaken. The cat's in, and everything is all right."

"But, Charles," she went on, "you don't understand. We've forgotten to buy a Christmas present for the janitor. For the janitor—do you understand?"

Smith lay quiet for a moment or two. Then, with a cry of dismay, he leaped out of bed and hurriedly dressed and dashed out to see if there wasn't yet time to correct the terrible oversight.

An Original Hit.

"WHAT we want is something really original," said the editor, wearily leaning back in his chair.

"I think I have it here," answered Scratchum.

"What's the nature of it?"

"Dialect."

"Pshaw!"

"It isn't the regular kind of dialect. Let me read a bit of it."

"Well, go ahead, but cut it short."

Scratchum began.

"'Through the krantz and over the nek the Uitlander came. Along the poort and past the kopje, until he reached the spruit'"——

"That's good for a beginning," smiled the chief.

"'Crossing the sluit,'" continued Scratchum, "'he ran across the veldt, and then, worn out with fatigue, he stopped. He looked back to see if the zarps were on his tracks, and then sank down exhausted. Presently he arose, and, crawling to the fontein in the kloof, he ate a little biltong and some mealies, which he washed down with a little dop he had in his flask. "At the next kraal," said he, "I'll"'"——

"That'll do," interrupted the deus ex-machina. "I don't know what it's all about, but work in the Boer dialect as much as you can, and then, in the middle of the story, get your man to China in some way, and if with the help of a sprinkling of Wan-Shan-Shan, Chi-Li, Nan-Yuen, and a brigade of washee-washee names, such as Wo-Yung, Chin-Lee, Gee-Wo, etc., we don't run out of hyphens, we'll be sure to catch the public taste. Good idea, Scratchum. Follow it up with something Russian."

And the editor sank back in his chair again, this time delightedly, for he had captured a "hit."

Might as Well Be Opened with Them.

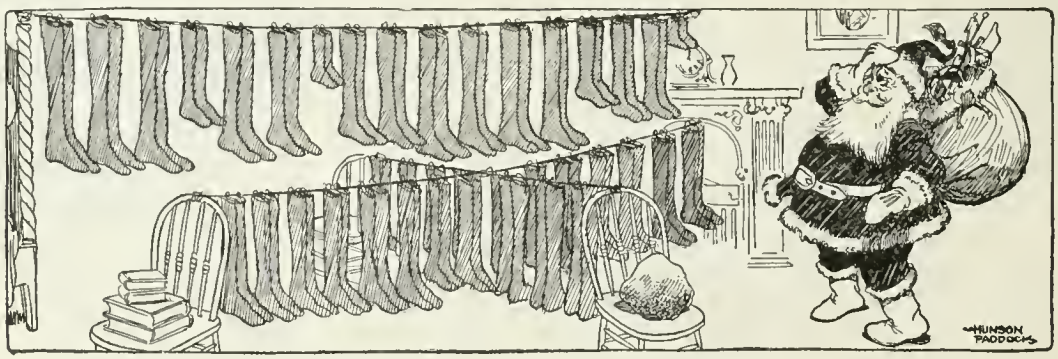
"I AM sorry, my dear sir; but I neglected to bring my surgical instruments with me."

"That will be all right, doctor. The plumber who has been working in the cellar has left his tools here."

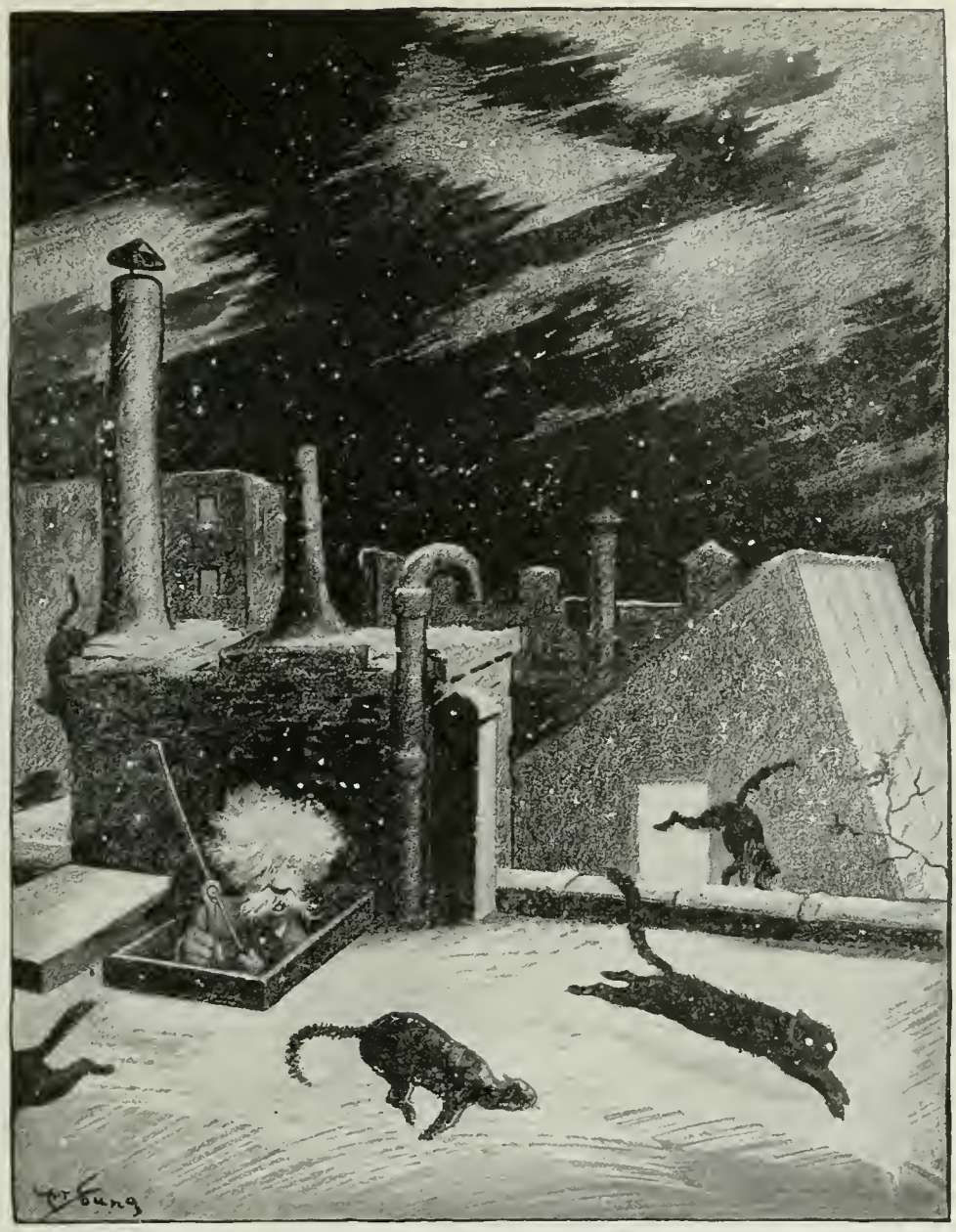
Willing To Stand a Good Deal.

Doris—"But I never told you that I have a brother-in-law who is a senator."

Harry—"No matter, darling. Even that fact cannot separate us."



WHEN THE ROOSEVELT IDEA TRIUMPHS.



THE TRIUMPH OF CLASSIC OVER COMMON MUSIC.

Mr. T. Cat (as disturbed musician appears on scene)—"Well, wouldn't that jolt a saint—a Jack-in-the box for ours!"

To the Victor—

"YER HONOR, I'll tell yer jest how 'twas," said the man with the saffron eye as he stood before the police judge.

"Me an' Jake wus both in love wid little Mame. Well, de time came when she had ter pick between de two uv us. Mame, she cast her lamps over him an' me, like a feller'd size up a couple uv easy marks, an' she sez, 'To de victor belongs de goils,' an' told us ter fight it out, an' she'd marry de winner.

"I met Jake in a back yard on Christopher Street, an' we went to it. I won't describe de offensive details to yer honor, but I will say dat in about three an' two-thirds minutes, after a spirited encounter, I landed a left to his solar, an' he wuz down an' out. I left him lyin' dere on de ground an' walked over ter Barney's ter soak up a couple uv beers in commemyration uv de event; den I cruised around ter Mame's ter claim my skirt.

"Now, mebbe yer honor can't guess what happened while I wuz t'rowin' dem beers inter me. Well, yer honor, dat man Jake recovered from his knockout, an' when I got ter Mame's room all dat wuz left wuz a note on de table. 'Art,' she sez, 'I have beat it wid Jake. I hate ter pull out uv de game wid de jack-pot, but when I said I'd marry de best man I thought it would be Jake.'"

The prisoner looked full into the face of the judge. "Do yer blame me fer gittin' drunk, yer honor?"

"Discharged," replied the eminent person evasively as he slammed the docket back on the clerk's desk.

DWIGHT SPENCER ANDERSON.

Big Bill's Santa Claus Joke

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

BIG BILL was the acknowledged humorist of the alley gang. He had graduated from the school of wit and fun, which includes in its curriculum such side-splitting stunts as sprinkling broken glass and tacks in the way of automobiles, and attaching empty cans to the tails of unsuspecting dogs, and throwing icy snowballs at the heads of strangers who came a-slumming.

Big Bill was now artistically above such things. He would no more be caught upsetting a fruit-stand or dropping a dead rat into the sugar barrel in the little grocery at the end of the alley than Mark Twain would consent to "make faces" for the amusement of babies. Big Bill now turned to the higher forms of humor—to the sort that meant something. It was he who had conceived and executed the ridiculous stunt of pouring tar on the steps of old man Jones's home last fall, one Sunday morning. And when old man Jones came out in his new suit to go to church and slid all the way down the steps and ruined his clothes, Big Bill's face came as near wearing a smile as it ever did—until the night before Christmas, when he played his best joke.

Away down the alley, in a little ramshackle frame house that defied every rule of the building and health departments, lives the Spriggins family. Spriggins himself is at home only when he is out of the workhouse—but he hasn't been in since Christmas. Mrs. Spriggins is not only an invalid, but she takes in washing to keep the family, and when Spriggins didn't take her money from her there were occasions when a good square meal came on the table. There are three Spriggins children—all under nine years of age. Bennie is the oldest, Freddie is seven, and Roselle is five.

Christmas Eve Big Bill, and Shorty McTodd, and Freckles King, and Limpy Kelly, and Jiggs Long were in the rear room of Jenowski's saloon, with "bowls of suds" before them. They wanted to do something funny, but, as Jiggs said, they had done everything funny except kill some one, and the cops wouldn't stand for that. Big Bill had been sitting in silence for half an hour, and now he spoke.

"Say," he muttered, "isn't dere a Sandy Claus act to be pulled off at dat choych up on de nex' corner?"

"Sure!" gleefully exclaimed Shorty. "Let's go up dere an' put it on de blink."

"Naw," declared Big Bill. "Let dem have de show. Den let's go cop out de togs—an' I'll play Sandy Claus here in de alley."

It took a full minute for the complete significance of this plan to sink into the understandings of the others, then they agreed it was the best ever.

"I hear dem Spriggins kids talkin' to-day to deir mudder," said Big Bill. "Dey was handin' it out dat dis was de night Sandy was due to blow in wid de goods. Huh! Say, wot's de matter wid me bein' Sandy, an' breakin' in dere an' loadin' dem up wid presents?"

"Wot?" asked Freckles King disgustedly. "Wot in 'ell would you do for presents?"

"Gadder up all de old truck around—empty bottles an' cans an'—an' t'ings," Bill outlined lamely.

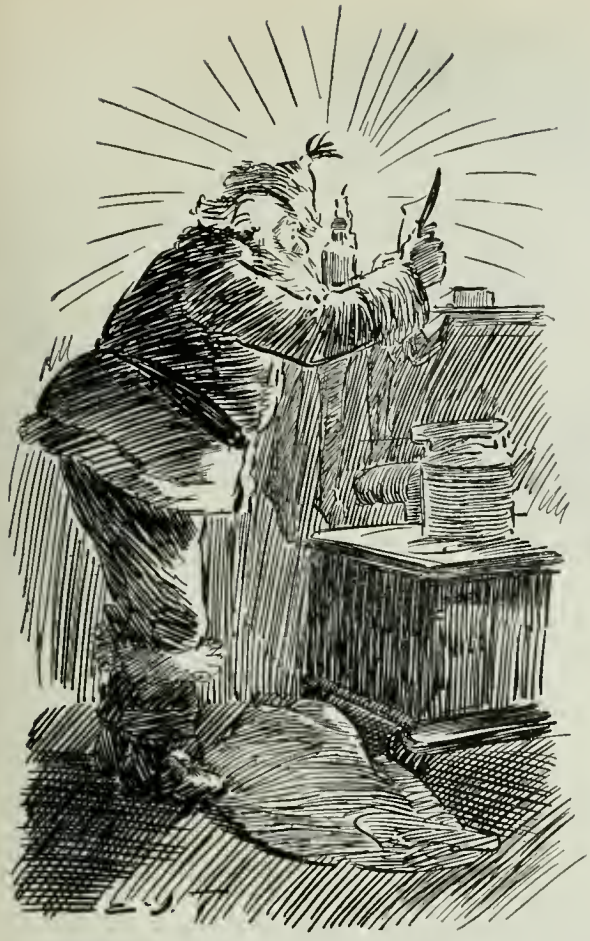
"Great! Take dem in an' spread 'em all over de bed. Poke a few empties in de stockin's, an' all dat sort o' t'ing!" Limpy cried.

"I'll be watchin' at dat choych," Big Bill planned, "an' when de Sandy Claus guy gets t'roo wid his stunt I'll watch where he shucks his togs, an' den I'll make a getaway wid dem. De rest is easy."

Along about ten o'clock Big Bill was in the shadowy hall off the Sunday-school room of "de choych," and when the portly person who had enacted Santa Claus came forth, followed by shrieks of delight, Bill tiptoed softly after him to a rear room, waited until he emerged in his every-day clothing, then as silently slipped into the rear room, gathered up the wig, whiskers and costume, and let himself out of a window.

"Then the procession filed down the alley to the rickety steps leading up to the Spriggins domicile."

Jiggs, Shorty, Freckles and Limpy helped him get into the disguise, and filled his pack with a choice collection of rocks, half-bricks, empty bottles, old cans, a discarded corset, an ash-sifter, an old egg-beater, and other material they had garnered in the garbage barrels of the neighborhood. Then the procession filed down the alley to the rickety steps leading up to the



"Bill tore this off and held it where the candle-light would strike it."

Spriggins domicile. They crept cautiously up the creaky steps, subduing their chuckles as best they might. At the door Big Bill shook a warning fist at them, and they stopped, while he pushed the door slowly open and went catlike into the house.

A guttering candle stuck in an empty bottle on what once had been a mantel-shelf furnished sufficient illumination for Big Bill to see clearly, he being used to squinting into the dark. Spriggins was not at home, as was to have been expected on Christmas Eve or any other eve. Mrs. Spriggins was sleeping the sleep of the weary and exhausted on a pallet on the floor near a heap of washing, over which she evidently had toiled all day and evening. Bennie and Freddie and little Roselle lay in an apology for a bed across the room from Mrs. Spriggins. Hanging from the mantel-shelf were three pairs of stockings, all darned and ragged. And pinned to one of the littlest stockings was a piece of soiled paper. Bill tore this off and held it where the candle-light would strike it.

He had softly placed his pack on the floor, ready to stuff the stockings, but as he read the little note he turned and looked across the room at the children. Then he tiptoed over to the bed and looked down at the three faces. The boys were sleeping calmly enough, and so was little Roselle, but on her white cheeks were streaks that told of tears, and in her little fingers was the stub of a pencil with which she had scrawled the note Big Bill had read.

Big Bill looked back at his pack and muttered something under his breath. Then he rubbed his eyes. Then he swiftly picked up his pack and hurried to the door, where he found his partners waiting, ready to laugh over his account of his performance.

"I got a dollar an' a half," he whispered to Jiggs. "How much money you got?"

"T'ree dollars," Jiggs replied wonderingly.

"Give it to me."

Jiggs dumbly produced the money and turned it over, Big Bill all the while descending the creaky stairway. At the foot he turned to the others and demanded their money.

"Didn't you leave de stuff?" Shorty asked, indicating the full pack.

For answer Big Bill took the sack by the bottom and dumped its contents into the alley.

"Naw," he growled; "an' I'm not goin' to. Dose kids a-layin' dere, believin' dat de real Sandy is comin' an' us muts tryin' to play horse wid 'em is too much fer me. How much coin you got, Shorty?"

"Wot do you want wid it?" parried Shorty.

Big Bill took him by the neck and shook him terrier-wise for a minute, and, when released from that clutch, Shorty produced a fistful of small change, which was pocketed by Big Bill. The others did not wait for an invitation; they silently handed over what was in their pockets.

"Come on," Big Bill ordered, and led the way out of the alley and down street to where a light gleamed from the window of a little toy and notion shop.

"I'm Sandy Claus, an' I run out o' stuff," Big Bil announced, entering the shop in his costume. "Gimme all you got fer t'ree kids—two boys an' one girl—an' most fer de girl—fer nine bones an' sixty cents."

There was a doll that opened and shut its eyes; there

"'Santa Claus,' it said, 'I want to kiss you good-by.'"

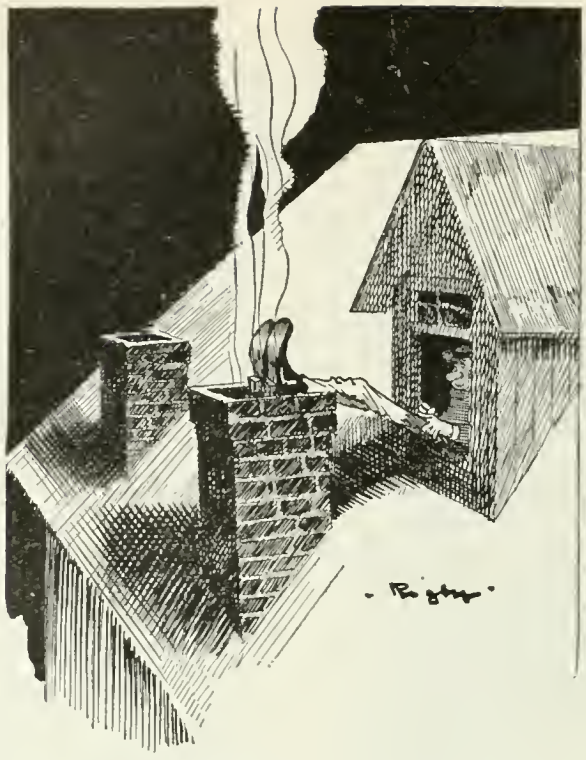
was another doll that squeaked "mamma"; there was a Noah's ark, and a jumping-jack, and some woolly dogs and sheep, and a Teddy bear, and a railroad train, and a fire-engine, and a lot of other little things. And the heap came to ten dollars and exhausted the stock, so the shopkeeper made it the even nine dollars and sixty cents.

Back to the alley and back to the Spriggins house rushed Big Bill, his faithful train wondering what form of insanity had stricken him. Up the steps he went, two at a time, and when he slipped into the room he found little Roselle sitting up in bed, looking at the empty stockings.

Big Bill put his finger on his lips, and whispered through his artificial whiskers,

"Hello, little girl! Keep quiet now, 'cause I'm Sandy Claus, an' if you cheep I'll—I'll fly de coop."

Roselle's eyes were big by this time, and she solemnly shook her head in a promise not to make a sound. Big Bill methodically took the things out of his pack.



GETTING EVEN.

Mr. Sky Parlor—"Well, if the landlady won't give me any heat I'll use some out of her chimney."

He stuffed the toys into the stockings where they belonged. Roselle followed his movements in amazement. And when he shambled over to her and laid in her arms the marvelous doll that opened and shut its eyes, she looked up at him with awe. Then her thin little lips quivered and a big tear stole down her cheek in a path already laid out for it by one of those that had been shed when she went to sleep.

"Oh, Santa Claus! Oh, Santa Claus!" she whispered, hugging the doll.

"Dat's all right, kid," Big Bill said slowly and softly.

"You really came!"

"Sure t'ing!"

"And you're coming every Christmas?"

"I'm damned if I don't!"

Then Big Bill shook his finger warningly at her, and said,

"Git yer doll to go to sleep, an' go to sleep wid it."

Big Bill turned and started to the door, when a faint, frightened little voice stopped him.

"Santa Claus," it said, "I want to kiss you good-by."

It was the first time such a thing ever happened to Big Bill, and it was lucky he had false whiskers and wig on, for his face otherwise would have been a combination of alarm and perspiration.

He got to the door and out, with a memory of two thin arms that hugged him chokingly, and of a wee kiss that left a hot place on his cheek.

In Janowski's saloon later, after Big Bill had discarded his Santa Claus garb, he said,

"It would 'a' been a cinch, only I found dis note—an' den—well, den, you see, we couldn't give de kid de t'row-down."

MONK SANTA'S SURPRISE.

Santa Monk—"Great Caesar's ghost! What the Dickens do they take me for? A moving van?"

He passed the note around, and the others read:

"Dear Santy Claus i hav been a good girl all yeer an i kno you will come but benny an freddy they say you wont becos we are too poor but i kno you will come an i want a dolly i never had a dolly yet an i wish you woud giv benny an freddy somthing too becos they do beleev in you xcep they think we are too poor for you to come an i love you RoSELLe SPRiGGins."

"It's a better joke dan de odder way would 'a' been," Shorty observed, dipping his face deep into his glass.

"An', say," Big Bill remarked, "if any o' youse sees Spriggins, tell him if he hits de booze or gets pinched dis comin' year, I'm due to knock his block off."

After the delight and amazement had subsided to some extent in the home of the Sprigginses Christmas morning, Roselle having awakened with the doll that opened and shut its eyes in her arms, and thereby being convinced that she had not dreamed it after all, Roselle told her mother,

"Santa Claus is a nice man, mamma—but he swears."

LOGIC.

Jim—"Say, Mame, wot's de reason everybody don't git a present when dere's so many Santy Clauses?"

Had It Down Fine.

THE housewife was showing her new chambermaid through the upstairs, when finally they came to a staircase leading down into the rear yard.

"Mary," said she, stepping out on the landing, "whenever you wish to pass down to the back yard go down this way."

Just then the speaker slipped and was precipitated with a great clattering to the bottom.

"Are yez hurt, mum?" cried the affrighted chambermaid, staring down from above.

"No; it's nothing," came the return as the disheveled mistress rose to her feet, in proof.

"Thin ye've got it down foine, mum; but th' job 's too shtrenuous fer me."

A BED of roses soon wears down to the thorns.

A FALSE START.

"What a nice little sister you have! What's her name?"
"Mike."

THE BEAR SANTA IN TEDDY-BEAR LAND.

GIVING THEM NOTICE.

The teller—"Before you draw any money we require that you give us a month's notice."

The cook—"A moonth's notice is ut? Are yez thinkin' av gittin' some wan in me place?"

Looking Backward.

IT IS now quite the thing to run "looking-backward" columns in newspapers containing "newsie" items from the files of the paper dating back into the mellow shadowland of the long ago. We desire to be considered éclat in this matter, so our city editor has laid down his facile and trenchant pen long enough to clip the following "locals" from the pages of this paper, dated February 22d, 1770:

A tall Indian from Johnftown Hall ftole a jug of apple-jack from under our fanctum-table Friday afternoon. That new gun we took on adv. from the Queenf' Armf Co. of Bofton don't fhoot worth a cuff.

Van der Bogert of the *Evening Twinkler* took a pot fhot at uf on Frog Alley laft evening. Van ought to get a globe fight fcrewed on hif nofe, then maybe he could hit Van Flyck'f Ifland on a Calm Day.

If the perfon who left a bundle of beaver fkinf at our door will drop in and make himfelf known, we will credit him up on the bookf.

Tim Murphy if the boff hunter of the feafon fo far. Monday he bagged a Mingo and two Cayugaf. Come on, ye Nimrodf!

The Village Fatherf have decided that 12 feet if wide enough for the new ftreetf.

If the perfon who threw an empty pewter tankard through our window Tuefday will call for it next week, we will be pleafed to return it. We are having the pewter melted up into ounce bulletf by the office boy, and af foon af we get them we will pay off feveral old fcoref.

The edition thif week if delayed while a meffenger could go after more ink. A paffle of ignorant Seneca Indianf broke into the print fhop Thurfday night and took our ink for war paint. If the black-faced truculent incubufef are on the war path looking for trouble, they can find about 897 gallonf of it by taking the River Trail eaft to Cow-Horn Creek and rapping on the firft office door to the left.

HANDICAPPED.

"Gee! how I wisht I had an education. I want to write to Santa Claus ler an air-gun and an automobile and I can't spell 'em."

A young feller named Geo. Wafhington ftopped at the Freeman Inn laft night on hif way to Ft. Stanwix. Geo. if a good mixer, and if it wafn't for fome pretty fteep ftories he told during the evening we could predict quite a future for him.

Yefterday afternoon Walt. Butler of Johnfton Hall burft into thif office about a minute ahead of a fit, and reluctantly paying hif bill ftopped hif paper. He don't like our "taxation without reprefentation" editorialf. If the Devil had not miflaid our Tory Club, he would have miffed hif appetite for feveral other worldly thingf

DON CAMERON SHAFER.

YULE-LOG IN BUGVILLE.

"Come on Billy. Hurry up and help me carry it. This cigarette will make the best Yule-log ever."

HER UNDERSTANDING OF IT.

"Marie, don't order any fish for dinner, after all. Mr. Benham has just telephoned me that the market is very strong to-day."

Christmas Extravagance.

"BUT next year we won't buy so much," I think I hear you say.
You bought the doll for Marguerite, the tricycle for May,
The sled for little Abraham, the carving tools for Joe,
The set of furs for Geraldine—she's nearly grown, you know;
The Christmas tree you had to have because of Baby Jule,
Whose wond'ring eyes had never gazed upon a previous Yule.
You had to buy a lot this year, you couldn't help yourself;
But next year you'll be wiser far and save your hard-earned pelf.

Of course you will; why, certainly. But do you not recall
December, naughty-six, when you proclaimed to one and all
That in the future you would be immeasurably discreeter?
You sang this song in various tunes and every sort of metre.
And back at Christmas, naughty-five, it was the same—remember?
You'd quit this lavish giving ere the following December.
And so, although, of course, you mean exactly what you say,
I'd like to place a bet or two about next Christmas Day.

Go on and lie, oh, brother mine, about your liberality!
Swear you'll be stingy after this, and swear it with finality.
Thank heaven, you've a heart within that never skips a throb,
But always, as the slangsters say, is strictly "on the job."
Thank heaven, there are things in which your judgment doesn't rule,
And that it loses aye its grip upon the eve of Yule!
Of course your giving's out of all proportion to your store,
But love and sweet self-sacrifice are twins forevermore.

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.

INVITED OUT.

"How did her father treat you?"
"Quite warmly. He invited me out."
"Indeed!"
"Yes. He said, 'Come outside, where there'll be no danger of smashing the furniture.'"

What Broke Him.

HIGGINS had acquired a habit that he found hard to break. It came from desk-work in an office where there was little to do and none too much to pay. He had torn a piece of paper from a tab and rolled and unrolled it between the thumb and forefinger for so many years that he found it hard to think without this accompaniment. Try as he would, he could not break himself of the habit, and finally gave up in despair.

One day, while on the street, a weighty matter kept troubling him, but he found it impossible to think clearly. Unconsciously putting his fingers into his vest-pocket, they came in contact with a ten-dollar bill. It was all the money he had left from the last month's salary. Taking out the bill, he rolled and unrolled it while thinking out the problem. At the conclusion he carelessly tore the bill into bits, as he had always disposed of his roll of paper, and tossed them into the gutter. And that broke him.

J. B. VANDAWORKER.

WHERE EXTREMES MEET.

Lew Longlocks—"Oh, sir, won't you kindly give me a paltry fifteen cents that I may make myself a Christmas present of a much-needed hair-cut?"

Mr. Baldhead—"No, sir! decidedly not. I'll have you understand I'm saving all of my dough to make myself a Christmas present of a much-needed wig."

WILL the conductor on the airship express shout, "Leap lively, please"?

A SUPERFLUOUS SAINT.

St. Nick—"Oh-ho! No need to stop *here*. They've got all they want already!"

Titewad Gives Way to an Impulse

By Strickland W. Gillilan

WITHOUT it was snowing.

It was snowing also with.

But within all was comfort and expensiveness.

The wild wind whirled the sharp flakes against the shutters and howled dismally and profanely. Occasionally from the street came the sound of horses' hoofs thud-thudding in front of a rumbling hansom or coach, the very sound telling its own story of discomfort and haste to escape the storm. Oh, it was cold, all right, and blustery, and if this part of it is clear in your mind and if you will promise to try to keep it in mind, I'll agree not to describe it any further.

I just wanted to make it plain, that's all.

Inside the house sat an old man, slippered and gowned.

Of course he was inside. He wouldn't have been dressed that way out of doors. He sat by a fire, which was also in the house, and toasted his shins in the friendly flame. Not right in the flame, you understand, but in the vicinity. He sat and thought. He sat slightly more than he thought, just as in our daily business we frequently lie more than we think. But he thought a good deal. He thought of several good deals he had made in the past few days, and of some others he would make within the next few days if the other fellow wasn't looking.

His thoughts traveled back to his youth. They had a pass and could travel that way as far as they liked without expense. Otherwise he would not have let them travel. For old Titewad (and it was none other!) had all the other stingy people you have ever heard of backed precipitately off the planks. He drew closer to the fire and took a lump of coal, extinguished it, and put it back in the scuttle for use to-morrow.

He remembered, with a start, that it was Christmas Eve. First he had started with a thought, and ended by thinking with a start.

Thus do things reverse themselves in life.

Remembering that it was Christmas Eve made him also remember that it was the twenty-fourth of the month, and uneasiness seemed to take possession of him. He arose and paced the floor. As he paced he was racked with emotion. Pacing and racking are almost synonymous as racing terms.

Back and forth went the old man, his slippered heels beating a tattoo on the floor. The old chap would beat anybody or anything, even a tattoo.

My goodness! What a bad man he was!

Finally he opened the shutter. He shuddered as he saw the swirling snow and heard the shrieking of the wind.

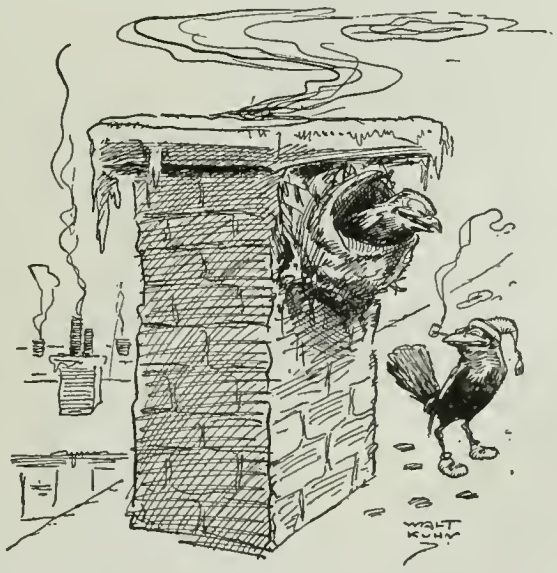
It was just terrible cold.

Then he closed the shutter with a shudder, also with his right hand. I guess he had the shudder in his hand when he closed the shutter with it. That must have been the way it was.

He went and put on his heavy shoes and donned his fur overcoat. He pushed an electric button to call his coachman, and soon he Sarahed forth into the night. I would have said sallied forth, only I'm not sufficiently familiar with the term to use its nickname. He gave a brief and gruff order to his coachman, and away they whirled through the storm. What were the thoughts that had come unbidden to the mind of the old man as he sat by the fire in his cozy room? He had been thinking of a widow who lived in a lonely spot in the suburbs and washed for a living and other folks. It was the thought of her on this Christmas Eve that had sent him out into the night. He knew she was not likely to be home in the daytime.

Reaching the place, he sprang out of his carriage and rapped at the door. A feeble voice answered his rap. It was the right kind of weather, and a good time of night, for any one to be wrapped up, but not rapped up. Finally she came shuddering to the door.

"I have come for the rent," said the old man.



RIGHT IN LINE.

"There's one good thing about living in this place. Santa Claus can hardly give us the go-by!"

Foolosophy.

A WATCHED pot sometimes boils over.

The man who hates his paymaster worst is the man who works for himself.

Some of us would be glad to be walled in on Wall Street.

The only men who lose their credit are those who never had any.

Most of our smiles are empty because the world is full of trouble.

When money comes in at the door love goes over to see the neighbors.

If angels have wings some of us will need our airships buried with us.

A woman is always a woman, but a cigar is often rope.

Didst ever see a man who could look intelligent whilst shaving his upper lip?

Did you ever notice how few men there are who will sneak up quietly behind your back and put money in your pocket? ROBERT CARLTON BROWN.

A HARD JOB.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Jones was taken at his face value by his son and heir, there were times when the youthful William's admiring tributes embarrassed his parent in the family group.

"I had quite an encounter as I came home to-night," the valorous Mr. Jones announced at the tea table. "Two men, slightly intoxicated, were having a quarrel on the corner. As usual, there was no policeman in sight, and they were in a fair way to knock each other's brains out when I stepped between and separated them."

"Weren't you afraid, father?" asked Mrs. Jones, in a quavering voice.

"No, indeed. Why should I be?" inquired Mr. Jones, inflating his chest.

"I guess there isn't anybody could knock any brains out of my father!" said Willie proudly.

G. Havis Tempel, Bayou Sara, La.

LARCENY ON THE HIGH SEAS.

A YOUNG Irishman, desirous of working his passage to America, applied to the captain of a sailing vessel for a berth. Upon being told to get a recommendation, he secured the necessary paper, and was duly installed as a member of the ship's crew.

As the ship was about to sail, the captain found they were one hand short, and wishing to take advantage of the flood tide, took a German sailor from the wharf and gave him the job.

This angered the Irishman, who kept his eye open for a chance to get even. One day, while the German was cleaning the deck with a bucket and brush, a huge wave came aboard and carried the German away, bucket and brush and all.

The Irishman was an interested spectator, and running down to the captain's cabin, he rapped sharply on the door.

"Well," said the captain, wondering what was up, "what's the matter?"

"Sa-ay," replied the Irishman, "whin I came aboord this ship ye made me git a ricommendation, didn't ye?"

"I did," said the captain. "What of it?"

"Ye didn't make that Dutchman git one, did ye?"

"No," said the captain; "I didn't."

"Well," yelled the Irishman excitedly, "he's gone awa' wit' yer bucket."

Allison G. Crandall, Kansas City, Mo

LIFTING THE HAT.

A YOUNG man, not wishing to do anything that was not agreeable to the laws of etiquette, sent the following question to the editor of a Kansas paper, "Please tell me when and where are, or is, the correct time for a gentleman to lift or remove his hat?" And here is the reply he received.

"Without consulting authorities of etiquette—in fact, giving it to you offhand, so to speak—we should say at the following times and on the following occasions respectively the hat should be removed or lifted as circumstances indicate: When mopping the brow, when taking a bath, when eating, when going to bed, when taking up a collection, when having the hair trimmed, when being shampooed, when standing on the head."

H. Steeb, Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE PROTECTING CLOUDS.

"What! fishing instead of attending Sunday school? Don't you know the Lord looks down and sees everything you do?"

"Yep; but he can't see nothin' to-day—it's too cloudy."

AN APT COMPARISON.

A HAUGHTY English girl was attending a celebration in a Canadian town, where both the English and American flags were displayed. As they floated before the breeze peacefully, side by side, this proud little "Johnny Bull" exclaimed in disdain,

"Oh, what a silly-looking rag the American flag is! It reminds me of nothing so much as that cheap striped candy you sell in your stores."

"Yes," replied an American girl, who was standing near by; "the kind that makes everybody sick who tries to lick it."

R. F. Abeel, Banksville, Pa.

INSULTED HIM.

AN EXTREMELY learned young lady, while reading her book, had fallen off a sharp cliff, and lay injured and helpless on the sands below. Finally, in answer to her cries, she saw the form of a fisherman advancing cautiously over the cliff, with a rope in his hand, to her rescue. She clasped her hands and exclaimed fervently,

"At last some succor has arrived!"

The fisherman turned and eyed her indignantly for a moment, and then yelled down to her,

"It's a sucker I am, is it? Well, you can stay just where you are!"

Ethel Denney, Somerville, Mass.

An Etching.

HE SAT at his desk by the window, pen in hand.

Perhaps he was meditating a vast epic—a story in which he might recount in stately measures the wonderful history of his country—the noble deeds of its generals and admirals, the accomplishments of its scientists, the progress of its citizens toward universal enlightenment.

And he sat at his desk by the window, pen in hand.

Perhaps he was thinking of inditing a passionate epistle to his lady-love — a tale of the joy that thrilled him when he thought of her—a descant on her beauty, her graces, her amiability, her condescension.

And he sat at his desk by the window, pen in hand.

Perhaps he had some musical score in his mind—a sonata that would rival Bach or Beethoven, a nocturne that would out-Chopin Chopin, a melodious opera that would vie with Verdi or Meyerbeer, or a bouffe that would outjingle Offenbach.

And he sat at his desk by the window, pen in hand.

Perhaps he was going over in his mind a play—the great American play for which the world has been so long waiting, or a drama that would reach nigh unto Shakespeare, or something in which there dwelt the fame of a Sheridan or a Boucicault.

And he sat at his desk by the window, pen in hand.

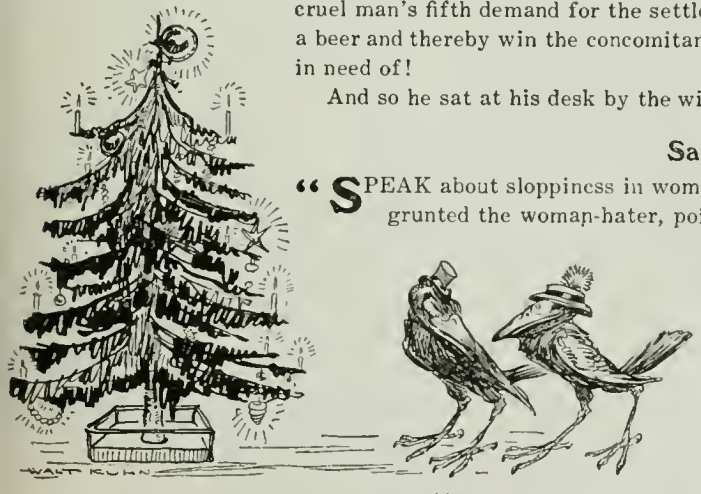
And perhaps he was (and the truth is he really was) just thinking what he could write to his tailor in answer to the cruel man's fifth demand for the settlement of his bill, when he had not a sou to pay for a beer and thereby win the concomitant in the shape of the free lunch he was so sorely in need of!

And so he sat at his desk by the window, pen in hand!

NATHAN M. LEVY.

IN GLASS HOUSES.

"We drove down to the Battery yesterday, and, my dear girl, you should have seen the freak clothes some of those poor immigrants landed in."



THE ENGAGED ONES.

"We need look no farther, dearest. Can you imagine a sweller tree than this one in which to build our nest in the spring?"

Said in Passing.

"SPEAK about sloppiness in women! there's a first-class example across the street," grunted the woman-hater, pointing to a woman passing opposite them. "See how she holds one side of her skirts up above her knees and lets the other drag along in the mud. That's a sloppy woman, that is!"

"I'll speak to her about it," quietly annexed his companion.

"Eh! You know her?"

"Yes. She's my wife."

IT IS significant that if the octopus were dressy it would need a "coat of arms." So also do the families that thrive on trusts.

His One Error.

LITTLE CHARLEY had been given a dollar to spend for Christmas according to his own ideas. A whole dollar was a liberal allowance when the circumstances of Charley's family were fully considered. So on the morning after he had done his shopping he was asked by his father to give an account of the dispensation of his wealth.

"Well," said Charley thoughtfully, "I spent ten cents for candy, ten cents for more candy, ten cents for peanuts, ten cents at the 'lectric theatre, and ten cents more at the 'lectric theatre another day when I took Eddie Brown in with me."

"That's fifty of it," commented his father, who had been keeping count on his fingers. "Go ahead."

"Then I matched dimes with Eddie after the show, an' he got all I had left but one."

"Yes, and that one," prompted his father. "You have it yet, I suppose?"

"No, I ain't," said Charley.

"But what became of it?" persisted his father.

After a profound study of a few moments, Charley answered,

"I dono, paw; but it may be that I spent just that one ten cents foolishly, somehow."

The Latest.

"I'VE just taken offices in a New York skyscraper."

"What stratum?"

IN LUCK.

"How did Santa Claus treat ye this year?"

"Fust rate. Jeff Colson brought back that gun he borrowed, I found my old jack-knife in the woodshed, my taxes wuz redooced four dollars, an' Aunt Eliza wrote to say she couldn't visit us."

When Experts Disagree.

NINE men had reached a ripe old age,
And yet were hearty, hale and strong.
Each offered an opinion sage
Of how he chanced to live so long.

"I'm eighty-one," the first one said;
"I live on veg'tables and bread.
But had I eaten meat instead
I'd now be numbered with the dead."

"Tut, tut, my friend!" the second cried.
"Why, meat's the food to put inside
To make you strong.
I've tried it fourscore years and two.
Just notice how it's pulled me through.
Your views are wrong."

"It doesn't matter what I eat,"
Spoke up the man of eighty-three.
"What keeps me well I'll gladly tell—
No liquor ever entered me!"

"Excuse my smile," said number four,
And from a flask they watched him pour
A half a glass and then some more.
"I'm eighty-five, and can't see why
A man should boast of being dry.
Well, as for me, I'd rather die."

"Tobacco hastens death, I ween,"
Said number five. "You've never seen
A pipe, cigar or cigarette
Between my teeth; and you can bet
That's why I'm neither fat nor lean."

"I've smoked in childhood, youth and age!"
Exclaimed the sixth, a wise old sage.
"I'm eighty-seven, and I say
It's smoke that keeps me up to-day."

"The reason for my many years,"
Explained a grandsire gray,
"Is my good wife, who always cheers
Me on life's troubled way."

"I cannot see
How that can be,"
Cried number eight. "I have no wife.
I've heard it said
That getting wed
Would greatly shorten up one's life."

Then rose the last. All turned to hear
"I've listened to your theories queer.
Excuse me if I disagree
With every one; but then, you see,
I'm older than the rest, and so
You must admit I ought to know.
I eat meat, veg'tables and fish;
I drink and smoke whene'er I wish.
I married once, survived my wife,
And still find pleasure in this life.
You want to know the reason why?
You give it up? Well, so do I!"

WILLIAM GANSON ROSE.

Preparing the Way.

Catsone—"Didn't I see you proposing to that Boston girl?"

Gebhart—"Not exactly; I was just breaking the ice."

The Logic of It.

Happyman—"This great man's biography says that he never owed any man a cent."

Cynic—"Does it state why he never married?"

Extracts from an Intense "Nature-Faker's" Forthcoming Book.

(Trackers' Testimony, Cowboys' Corroborations, Copper-colored Confessions, and Aboriginal Affidavits furnished on application.)

THE APE.

. . . . . Suddenly I came upon an Ape comfortably seated on the top rung of a sausage-tree. To my surprise he was reading one of Darwin's books on "Evolution." (Six Indian affidavits go with this. Be sure you get them all.)

THE JAGUAR.

. . . . . Trailing a jaggy Jaguar through the dense foliage, I saw him creep to the sandy beach of the river. There he picked up a sharp clam-shell and, retreating to a secluded spot, he began to cut the wag out of his tail.

THE SWORDFISH AND THE LEOPARD.

. . . . . One day, while rambling through the jungle, I stumbled over a sleeping Leopard. Although my heavy shoes bumped roughly against the quadruped, it did not arouse him. I thought this a splendid opportunity to study this feline beast at close range; so concealing myself behind a nixsuch bush, I scrutinized the animal before me from his jowls to his joints. Suddenly I saw a Swordfish leap out of the near-by river, and, wiggling to the Leopard, he sawed the animal right in half. Having committed this dastardly deed, he wiggled back into the water again. The Leopard presently awoke and commenced to stretch himself. Then he found that his hind legs and tail went in one direction, while his head and fore legs chased a bird in the opposite direction. I did not think this case interesting enough to follow it and study it, so I walked away laughing at the thought that one-half of that Leopard doesn't know how the other half lives.

THE BOA-CONSTRICTOR.

. . . . . A large Boa-constrictor was chasing me. Onward and onward I ran as fast as my bow-legs could carry me. I was cognizant, however, that the reptile was gaining on me. At last I could feel its hot breath. I felt its boneless body curl about my feet, tripping me up and bringing me to the ground with a painful thud. In an instant its tail was about my wrists, and I was pinioned as with a pair of handcuffs; then, with its head, the reptile went through every pocket in my garments, taking all my money and other valuables. Later I learned that the Boa gave my money to an outlaw, who was thus enabled to buy a ticket and flee the country. The Boa had befriended this man for a year. (Indian affidavits will be furnished with this yarn at two dollars per aff.)

A GOOD BLUFF.

Billie—"You's got an orful dirty foice, Jimmie."

Jimmie—"Say nothin'—I's jollyin' my goil I's got an autimobile."

THE LION.

. . . . . I lay quietly in ambush, though I must confess it was the first time I ever lay in ambush with such a hard mattress. Suddenly I saw a bushy-haired Lion walk over to a pool that reflected his grim visage. Looking about and seeing no one watching him, he pulled a comb and brush from his back pocket, and, looking into the watery mirror, he smoothed out his unkempt hair, and, after parting it in the middle, he hurried over to a group of lionesses who were holding a social howlfest.

F. P. PITZER.

TIME'S CHANGES.

The first Christmas shopping after they were wed. Their Christmas shopping some years later.

THE TRAGEDY OF A LOST AND FOUND FIVE-DOLLAR BILL.

1. *Hubby*—"Well, dear, good-by. Here's our last five dollars. If you go out to-day don't lose it. It's all we'll have for our Christmas dinner. See?"

2. *Mary*—"Goodness gracious! I have lost that five dollars Jack gave me, and it was our last."

3. *Hubby*—"Aha! Here's five dollars right off the bat. Perhaps Mary won't get those things she wanted! What?"

4. *Hubby*—"Maybe we won't enjoy our Christmas dinner. Oh, no! That was a lucky find."

5. *Hubby*—"Why, ho! ho! dear, you look worried. Cheer up! See what I've got for you for Christmas."
Mary—"Oh, thank you, dear, but—I—I—went out-t-t-to-day and I—I lost the five dollars you gave me."

6. *Mary*—"You found the five dollars I lost!"
Hubby—"And we get no dinner!"

AS OTHERS SEE US.

Both girls (simultaneously)—"Oh, look, mamma! Ain't that funny?"

Disinterested Professional Advice.

"BRING me that beefsteak potpie"——

"Yassah," said the dining-car waiter, listening near by.

"And bring me some of those French peas"——

"Yassah; but, boss, maybe you-all don't know dey's French peas in dat pie."

"No, I didn't. Thanks, George. And—ah—and—ah, then bring me some potatoes"——

"Yassah, boss; but maybe you-all didn't know dey's 'tatehs, too, in dat pie."

"No, I didn't. Thanks again, George. It's mighty nice of you to keep me from buying a lot of stuff I wouldn't want."

"Yassah, Ah reckon it's mahty nice o' me t' do dat, boss. Ah's seen so many, m-a-n-y people—nice gem-mens, lak you-all—was'e money fo' veg'tables dat might jus' as well 'a' been handed oveh to th' waiteh. Yassah, Ah sho' has."

A Close Call.

"HOW many buckets of water in the sea?" thundered the king for the final question.

"Two, my lord," answered the trembling peasant, "if the buckets be big enough."

"By the pawn checks on my crown, thou hast saved thy miserable life with thy ready answers!" mused the king. "But now I wish I had asked thee why the huge vases of red-and-blue liquors in the drug-store windows."

Realizing how close he had been to death, the peasant stammered his thanks and fled from the castle.

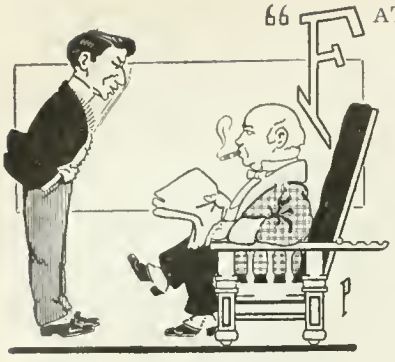
Then They Killed Him.

"NO," said the offensive punster: "a girl who persists in hailing men can't be a reigning belle. She'll meet a good many frosts, and soon find her name under a cloud. It won't dew."

GOOD UNDERSTANDING.

Sister's beau—"With your little feet, I'm afraid Santa Claus won't be able to get much into your stocking."
Mabel—"I've thought of that, and I was just wishing you'd lend me one of yours."

When Nerve Meets Nerve



"FATHER-IN-LAW," he began, as he entered the library, where old Moneybags sat reading the paper, "father-in-law, I—I—wanted to—to"——

"What ails you now?" growled the old billionaire, as he scowled over the top of his paper. "If you've got anything to say, why don't you say it like a man?"

"I—I wanted to—to say," he stammered, "that your daughter, Maude—that is, my wife—is—is very anxious for a—a Christmas present, sir."

"Well, can you blame her?"

"Oh, no, sir; but the—the fact is, sir, she—she is very anxious for a diamond necklace she—she saw in a j-jewelry store the other d-day, sir."

"Humph! I told Maude when she was howling around here for you a couple of years ago that she'd get no more presents out of me. Well, what about the necklace, anyway?"

"I—I thought that we—we might get it for her, sir."

"We!" thundered old Moneybags, in a way that lifted the son-in-law off his feet.

"Y-yes, sir. The necklace is—is only ten thousand dollars, sir, and I can spare five dollars toward it."

For a few moments the billionaire did not speak. Then he burst out into a roar of laughter that fairly shook the house, and as he laid his paper aside and reached for his check-book, he chuckled,

"My boy, when Maude set her heart on you I called her an idiot and said she hadn't brains enough to last her over night; but I take it all back. She did see something in you, after all. Why, with your cast-iron nerve, it's dollars to doughnuts that you'll some day be a billionaire yourself, and a credit to the family. Here's the price of the necklace, my boy, and you can keep your five dollars for popcorn and cigarettes."

FISH DAY.

Mamie—"Why is your mother going to take us to the Aquarium instead of to the Zoo, as she promised?"

Ethel—"Because it's Friday, stupid!"

Some Unwritten Letters.

FROM WILLIE.

DEAR Auntie Jane: Ma says I've got
To write and thank you now for what
You sent me—that old handkerchief!
But, darn it all! I'd just as lief
Have not had nothin'. Ain't no fun
In handkerchiefs! I'd like a gun.

FROM ALICIA.

Dear Mr. Spoons: I write in haste
To say your gift showed wretched taste.
Of course I must enthuse, et cet.,
Because you may be useful yet.
But have you neither ears nor eyes,
To send a thing that I despise?

FROM PASTOR.

Dear Brethren, Sisters: I'm aware
That is a very handsome chair.
My thanks are due you, I suppose,
For such a gift—but goodness knows
I rather more content would be
Had you but paid my salary.

EDWIN L. SABIN.

Argument Pro and Con.

He—"I've caught you under the mistletoe."

She—"If you kiss me, I'll scream."

He—"But if you scream, the people will hear you."

She—"And if I don't scream, how will they know I've been kissed?"

THE average trust would rather pay $100,000 to hush up legislatures than pay thirty cents in legitimate taxes.

FIFTEEN POUNDS.

But—he used Brother Bill's fish-scales.

The Shearing of Samson

By Will S. Gidley

IT WAS early in the spring of a year recently numbered with the bygones that a dapper gentleman, with a restless eye (or a pair of them, to be exact) and bright auburn locks that fell in a rippling cascade over his velvet coat collar, dawned like a stray sunburst upon the bustling Western city known to fame as Boomopolis.

Jauntily alighting from the decorated and beplushed Pullman in which he had luxuriously journeyed thither, via the Sunset Limited, the gentleman with the aureole carelessly flipped a shining coin of the realm to the smilingly solicitous Senegambian who had transferred his luggage to the nearest hack, then swinging himself aboard the waiting vehicle, he gave the crisp and businesslike order,

"Hotel—best in the place!"

"Sure Mike!" responded Jehu, with equal sententiousness, and then as he started his horse off on a trot, he added to himself, "By cripes! if I haven't caught old Paddywhiskers or some other dad-binged pianythumper or fiddler this time, then I miss my guess!"

But, though this seemed like a reasonably safe betting proposition, it turned out that this conclusion of the hack driver was erroneous.

His passenger was not the world-renowned Professor Paderewski, nor even a less exalted musical genius.

"Professor" he was, indeed, but not a professor of the divine art of melody.

His sign manual, as it appeared on the register of the Hotel Metropole, loomed up as follows:

"Professor J. RUSHMORE SNODGRASS, T. H. D., etc.
Boston, U. S. A."

On the morning following the arrival in Boomopolis of the picturesque and ornate gentleman above described, there appeared, in a conspicuous position in the advertising columns of the daily newspapers of the town, the following peculiarly worded announcement:

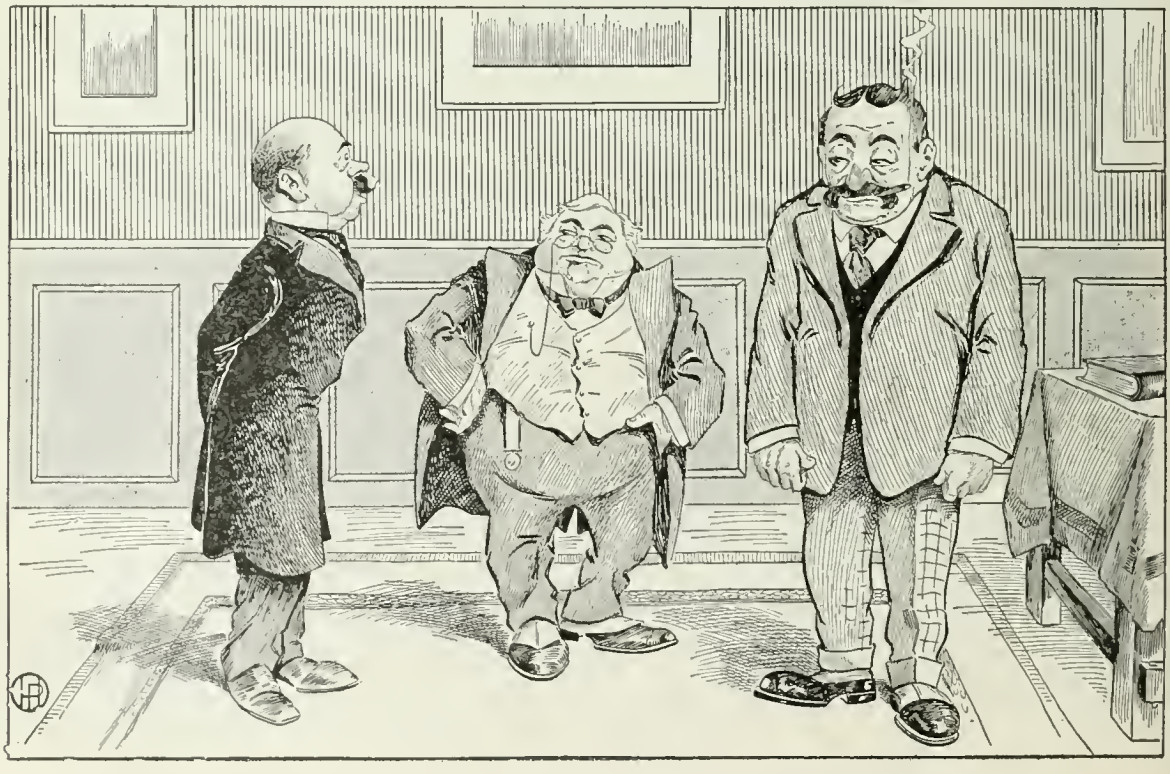
THE FIRST RED-HAIRED MAN in all history was SAMSON—Samson the Mighty!

He slew wild beasts and Philistines, and carried everything before him—until he patronized a female barber!

The all-conquering SAXON had aurora-borealis hair; that is why he conquered!

We shall have something more to say about RED HAIR!

N. B. *Watch this space!*



THE VERY IDEA!

"There was a great deal of excitement down at the Press Club last night."
"What was the matter?"
"A newspaper man joined."

DISPROVED.

"Don't you think a horseshoe is a sign of good luck?"

"Not fer me. Every durned horse I ever bet on wore shoes."

On the succeeding day those whose curiosity led them to look for the advertisement or its successor were greeted by the following:

THE MAN WITH RED HAIR is a HUMAN DYNAMO!
ALEXANDER THE GREAT had red hair!
NAPOLEON ditto!
So did GEORGE WASHINGTON!
MORAL:
Be a "BRICKTOP"!
N. B. *Watch this space!*

One more revolution of the earth on its axis, and Boomopolis awoke to find a new chapter added to the red-hair propaganda:

IF YOU HAVE RED HAIR, rejoice! the world is yours!

The "BRICKTOPS" are coming into their own!

Don't despair or commit suicide if you are NOT a Titian blond; wait and see the PROFESSOR!

N.B. *Watch this space!*

The fourth day produced the following:

MARC ANTONY and MARK TWAIN both had sunset locks; both made their mark in the world!

Go thou and do likewise!

If Nature has denied you the boon of red hair, there is yet hope for you!

See and hear Professor J. R——e S——ss, the Human Dynamo! He has a message for you!

N.B. *Watch this space!*

On the fifth day the modest "professor" threw off all disguise and stepped forth into the limelight as follows:

TO-NIGHT! TO-NIGHT!
DON'T MISS IT!
A Discourse for MEN ONLY!
Professor J. RUSHMORE SNODGRASS, the Human Dynamo or Modern Samson, will deliver his world-famous lecture on
THE MAN WITH RED HAIR—
THE DYNAMO THAT MOVES THE WORLD!
In THE AUDITORIUM to-night, at 8 p.m. sharp. MEN ONLY!
Admission free to those with red hair; all others half price!
DON'T MISS IT!
TO-NIGHT AT 8! TO-NIGHT AT 8!

A NEW FACE.

"Did you say she has a stone-y look?"

"I did. People always speak of her countenance as her facade."

WORSE THAN THE BLACK HAND.

"Whata means dis 'glad hand,' Giovanni?"
"Eet is a beeg political society, Marie. All de beeg city politicians belonga to dat."

As early as six-thirty that evening the first stragglers began to gather at the entrance to the Auditorium, the doors of which were still closed.

At seven-fifteen the entire street in front of the building was filled from curb to curb with a jostling throng of people, clamoring for admission.

When the curtain rose at eight p. m., and the "Modern Samson," greeted by thunders of applause, advanced to the front of the stage, there was not a vacant seat visible anywhere in the entire hall.

In addition to those who were fortunate enough to obtain seats, many men, young and old, were standing along the side walls and in the space to the rear of the seats.

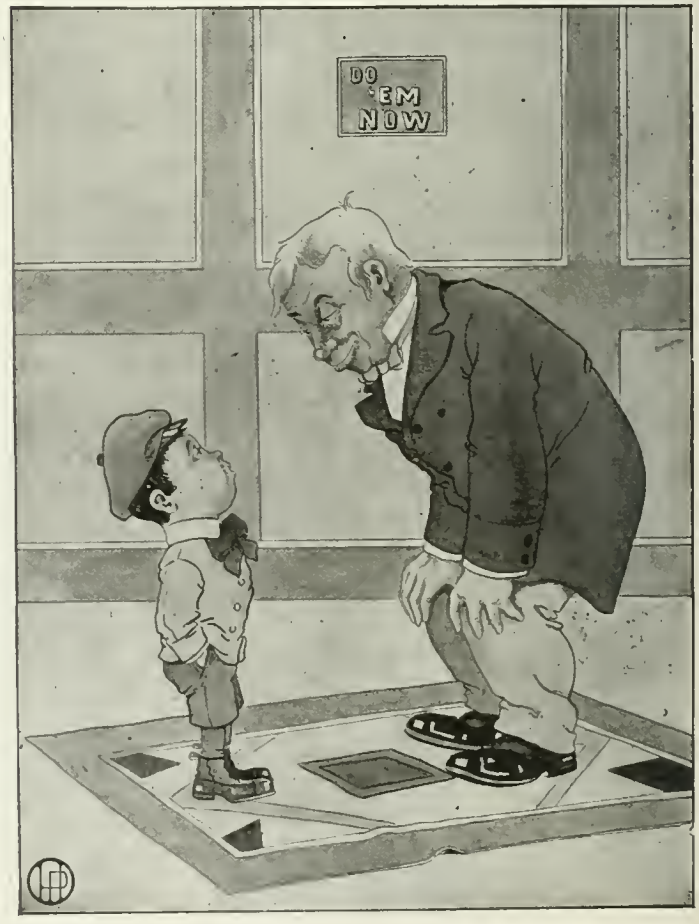
It was, in fact, a record-breaking audience that had gathered for the free intellectual feast promised by the smiling professor, or "Human Dynamo," as he described himself, who now stood before them.

"Friends," he began, in easy, conversational tones, "in the words of the late Marc Antony, 'I am no orator as Brutus was,' hence if you have come here expecting to be treated to an outpouring of eloquence, you are doomed to disappointment. I am here not to juggle with figures of speech, but to give you a few plain facts in regard to the red-headed man—the human dynamo, as I have named him, who moves the world and keeps the wheels of progress, achievement, and prosperity turning ever onward.

"Look back over the world's history, and you will find the men with red hair everywhere conspicuous, looming up like beacon lights on a mountain top or lighthouses along the seashore, to illuminate the pathway of mankind with their brilliancy and lead the torchlight procession of advancement.

"As I have stated in my preliminary announcements, Samson of old, Alexander the Great, Napoleon Bonaparte, George Washington, and the two Marks all had red hair. So did King Philip of Macedon, Julius Cæsar, Xerxes the Great, Hannibal, Cyrus, Scipio, Charlemagne, Oliver Cromwell, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Nelson, Commodore Farragut, Pericles, Copernicus, Socrates, Dante, Shakespeare, Michael Angelo, Sir Isaac Newton, Benjamin Franklin, Herbert Spencer, Thomas A. Edison, and thousands of others of the world's greatest rulers, warriors, poets, painters, philosophers, inventors, astronomers, statesmen, and thinkers in all branches of human knowledge and discovery.

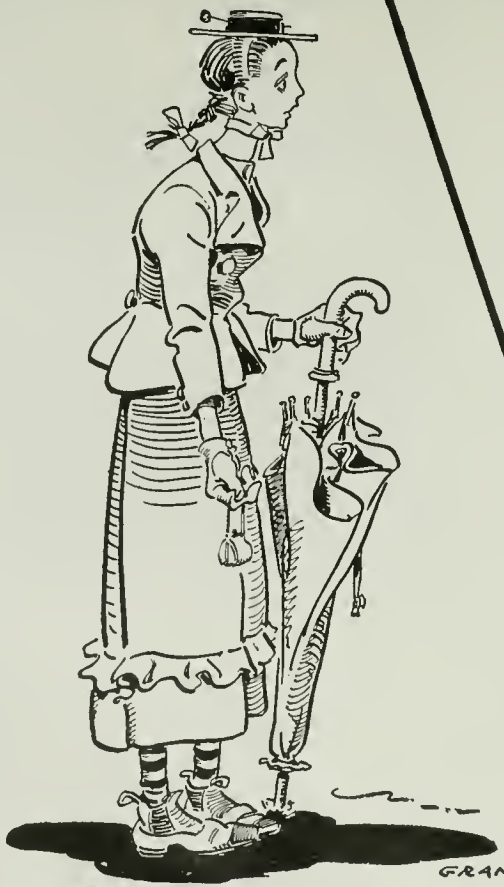
"Most people, when they read of Julius Cæsar at the head of his legions; of Hannibal crossing the Alps and swooping down on his enemies like an eagle from the clouds; of Copernicus sitting up nights inventing the wonderful Copernican system or time-table, by which the planets revolve on their axle-trees and are ever hurled onward through space without colliding with each other; of Benjamin Franklin writing his 'Poor Richard's Almanac' with one hand and turning his printing press with the other; of Sir Isaac Newton discovering the law of gravitation—I repeat, most people, when they read of the achievements of these



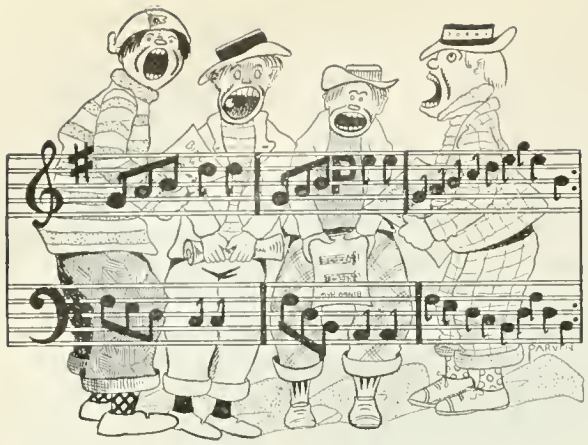
NOT EXPECTED OF HIM.

"So you want a job, hey? Well, what did you do at your last place?"
"I didn't do anything. I was the office-boy."

OUR COLLEGE GIRL.



GRANT E HAMILTON

SEPT. AND JUNE.

"Behind The Bars."

great personages, do not pause as they should to wonder what sort of looking men they were—whether they were tall or short, stout or thin, blond or brunette.

"This, however, is a vastly important thing to know.

"It is time that people woke up to the significance of the fact that the majority of the world's greatest men have been men with fiery polls, or at least with hair of some one of the many shades of red.

"Subtract the work accomplished by the man with red hair from the sum total of human achievement and progress, and nine-tenths of the pages of history would be blank or sadly riddled.

"It is the red-headed man that has done things and is still doing them!

"Look around among your own friends and acquaintances, and see if the man with brick-dust or old-gold hair is not invariably more successful in business, in politics, or in love than his competitors.

"A little observation will show you that such is the case. There is no denying the fact that the cards of destiny are stacked in favor of the red-headed man—or, in other words, the man with red hair is *it!*

"What next?

"Yes, gentlemen, the question arises, What next? Shall we, to whom nature has unkindly denied the boon of red hair, sit down with folded hands and let the 'bricktops' own the earth?

"For one, I say, *No—a thousand times no!* Instead of meekly submitting to fate, rather let us join the all-conquering procession of red-heads and get our share of the good things of the earth as they come along.

"You wouldn't think it to look at me, gentlemen, but one brief year ago I was as seriously handicapped by hirsute adornment of an undesirable hue as the most of you are at present. But I called the wonders of chemistry to my aid, and after a few weeks of experimenting succeeded in perfecting the compound which produced the flowing golden locks which now adorn my head.

"This transformation alone was wonderful, but this was only the beginning of the many changes that were to be brought about through the influence of that remarkable discovery. It colored my whole life as well as my hair. It changed me from a pessimist to an octopus—I should say an optimist. It lighted up my pathway and pointed out the royal highway of success.

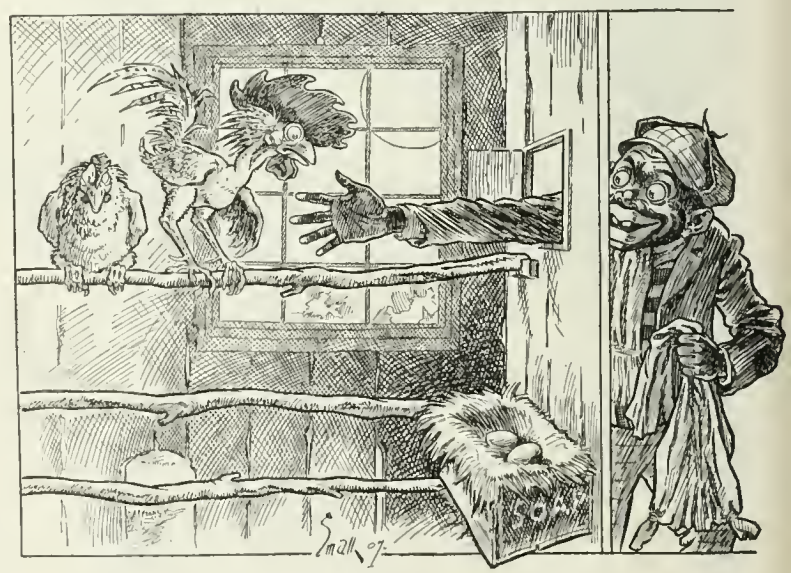
"It has given me a sure foothold on the ladder of prosperity, and has been literally worth thousands of dollars to me.

"I want to see all my fellow-men benefited in the same way, and that is why I am here to-night, relating the wondrous powers and virtues of Snodgrass's Samsonian Hair Renovator. It not only renovates and brightens the hair, but renovates and brightens the brain beneath it.

"The Samsonian Hair Renovator is simply priceless. It is worth its weight in rubies to any man, but I am selling it at the merely nominal figure of two dollars a bottle, and as only one application is necessary every six weeks, a bottle will last for years.

"Now, who will have the first bottle at two dollars? All you've got to do is to sit right still and raise your hands, and the ushers will pass through the aisles and hand you the bottles and take your cash. I have only a thousand bottles here to-night, and as there are fully two thousand people in the audience, some of you are bound to get left in this grand distribution of bottled optimism and prosperity. Sorry I haven't more of it with me, but I didn't anticipate such a magnificent outpouring, and—ah! up go the hands by the score and hundreds! Be patient, gentlemen, and we will get around to each one as rapidly as possible."

Several large cases were carried to the front of the stage, and the exchange of bottles of the Samsonian



ANOTHER CASE FOR THE POLICE.

Mrs. Hen Roost—"What makes you so restless, dearie?"

Mr. Rooster Roost—"'Sh! sweetheart, don't move a feather! We are threatened by the 'The Black Hand.'"

Hair Renovator for two-dollar bills had been rapidly proceeding for some minutes, when there was a sudden stir in the back part of the hall, and a late-comer, a big, broad-chested six-footer, pushed past the door-keeper, brushed aside the fringe of standees, and came striding down the centre aisle straight toward the stage. In his haste he had even forgotten to remove his hat.

"I've run you down at last, you red-headed swindler! Just wait till I get at you!" he shouted, shaking his fist at the aureoled "professor," who was beamingly supervising the work of exchanging bottles of hair renovator for greenbacks, which he carefully stowed away in his capacious pockets as fast as received.

As may readily be surmised, an interruption at this moment was most unwelcome. The smile on the "professor's" face was instantly replaced by a frown. He glanced uneasily in the direction of the newcomer.

"Some of you ushers put that man out! He's either drunk or crazy! Put him outdoors and keep him out!" he shouted.

Two of the ushers caught the six-footer by the shoulders, but he shook them off as easily as a bulldog disposing of two spaniels, and strode on up the aisle.

"Crazy am I?" he roared. "Well, I certainly was crazy as a loon when I paid you two dollars for a bottle of that villainous compound of yours. Just see what it did to my brain-pan! Do you wonder that I keep my hat on even when I sleep? Look at my topknot!" hastily snatching off his hat. "Beautiful shade of golden red, isn't it? Green, I call it—grass green! That is the sickening spectacle your red-headed hair renovator has made of me! Think I like it? Imagine I enjoy having my roof look like the seventeenth of March or the green light in front of a police station?"

By this time the audience had begun to sit up and take notice. The exchange of currency for the Snodgrass brand of hair renovator had suddenly ceased. The people who had parted with their two-dollar bills were beginning to mutter discontentedly. It was a critical moment. The "professor" knew that to quell the rising insurrection he must act promptly.

"Call an officer," he commanded, "and have that man taken out and put in the lock-up where he belongs. He is a blackmailer. I never sold him a bottle of my"——

"Yes, you did, you red-headed Ananias!" broke in the verdure-crowned stranger. "You sold me a bottle of it a month ago at your lecture in Junction City. I followed the directions on the wrapper for a week, and then I caught sight of myself in the glass, and I've been following on your trail ever since!

"I have overtaken you at last, and right here is where we square accounts. I'm here for the purpose of getting my two dollars back, with a couple hundred plunkers on top of it for damages, or giving you the all-firedest and best-deserved licking you ever had in your life. That's what!"

And without further waste of the flowers of speech the gentleman from Junction City clambered upon the stage and sailed in.

Two minutes later a badly-disheveled individual with *close-cropped, black hair* emerged from the cyclone that was in progress in the centre of the stage, shot out of the rear entrance to the auditorium, tumbled headlong into a waiting auto-cab, and was rapidly whirled away in the direction of the station.

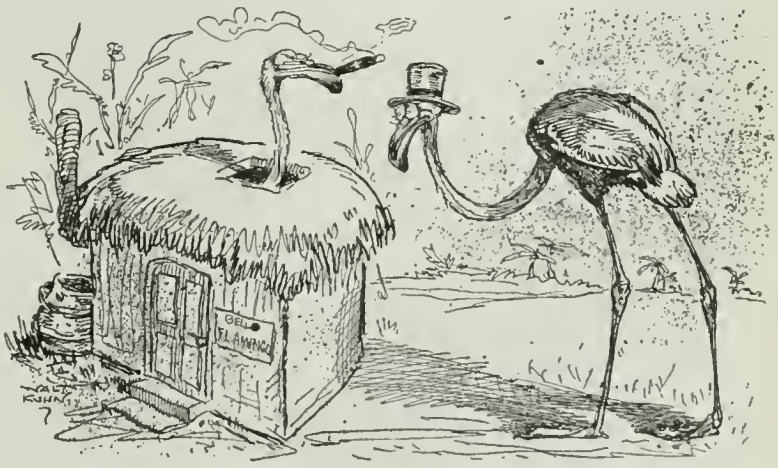
"Gentlemen," calmly remarked the burly stranger from Junction City, facing the audience, and holding up in one hand a wig with long, flowing locks of sunset hue, and in the other a handful of greenbacks, "gentlemen, the modern Samson has been shorn as completely and in far less time than Delilah could have done the job. His golden tresses, it turns out, were as fraudulent as his compound for producing red hair.

"I think it likely we have seen the last of the 'professor' in this section of the country. In the haste of his departure he has left behind him his handsome red wig and a fair-sized wad of greenbacks that will just about pay my traveling expenses and day's wages for the time I've spent in running him down.

"I don't know whose money it was that this ex-Samson was lugging around with him, but if any person present thinks he has a better right to the plunder than I have, let him step forward and present his claim, here and now before I leave this platform, or forever after hold his jaw.

"Once—twice—three times, gentlemen, are you all done? Not a chirp from anybody, and the money goes to the man who earned it by two minutes' honest toil. Good-by, gentlemen, I'm off!"

And thrusting the handful of bills into one pocket, and the captured wig into another, the victor in the recent personal discussion clapped his hat on over his green-thatched dome, sprang nimbly from the platform, and with the stride of a conquering hero or a grenadier passed down the aisle and out into the night, leaving an admiring audience to follow suit.



ONE WAY OUT OF IT.

"What ever made you cut that hole in your roof?"
"Had to. My wife objects to my smoking in the house."

"The Bowery Kid"

"WOT'S dat? Do I hang up me stockin's on C'ris'mus?" said "the Bowery Kid." "Say, d'youse know I'm t'irteen, goin' on fifteen, an' kin lick anyt'ing me size in de ward? Dis stockin' bizness is all to de merry fur kids an' goils wot ain't got dere eddication yet, but dis guy knows a few t'ings. Dat's right.

"W'en I wuz a kid, dough, I uster hang up me socks. Dat is, w'en I had any ter hang up, fur de old lady allus t'ought it wuz healt'ier ter go widout 'em. She said it give de feet a chance ter grow, an' by de looks uv mine she wuz dead right. Talkin' uv feet makes me t'ink uv de C'ris'mus de old man got pinched. He went in ter git a pair uv shoes, an' got inter a scrap wid de shoe clerk. He claimed he wore size tens, but de clerk kept tellin' him he could take nines. Well, w'en dey wasn't lookin' he follered de advice an' did take nines. In course dey pinched him—not de shoes, but de cops. He give de story in court jest like I'm tellin' youse, an' it tickled de judge so dat he only give him five days. Dat's right.

"But erbout hangin' up me socks. I wuz a young an' innercent guy erbout nine w'en I did dat fur de last time. I saved up me dough an' bought a pair uv stockin's 'bout eight feet long, an' hung 'em back uv de stove an' went ter bed dat C'ris'mus Eve, t'inkin' uv all de good t'ings dear old Santa wuz goin' ter put in 'em. But say, boss, de way dis kid got it in de neck wuz orful. I heard sum one in me room dat night, an' t'ought it wuz Santa, but it wuz de old man, an' he took de new stockin's I'd bought an' went out an' soaked 'em fur one drink. Dat's right.

"Say, talkin' uv C'ris'mus makes me t'ink uv de hard luck uv me old pal, Dinkey. Guess youse never met Dinkey, did youse? Say, he wuz de prince uv kings, dat guy wuz. He uster hang out in our shanty an' sleep wid me, 'cause he t'ought he wuz a orphan, an' we uster sell papes tergeder. Well, one C'ris'mus Eve we wuz in our bunk, talkin' uv pirates, w'en erlong comes a guy dat same night, an' claims he wuz Dinkey's uncle, an' had been lookin' fur him fur years. Poor Dinkey had to go wid him an' live in a swell brownstone house, 'cause his uncle wuz rich, an' dey put him in school, an' made him wear Sunday clothes an' keep his face clean an' part his hair every day. Wot luck some poor guys do have! He never harmed no one, did Dinkey, an' yet it wuz his luck dat a big stiff should come erlong an' spoil his life. Jest as he wuz learnin' ter smoke, too. Well, as de old woman uster say when she found she didn't have de price uv a pint, dis world is full uv trouble, an' we all must have a piece uv it. Dat's right.

"Wot! Is dis bill fur me, boss? Fur me C'ris'mus, eh? Hully gee! but I never had so much dough all ter once! How am I goin' ter blow it? Well, foist I'm goin' ter give de old lady a dollar on C'ris'mus to git some clothes an' a hat wid. She woiks pretty hard over

I FAIN would indite
A few verses to Polly.
Something clever and bright
I fain would indite
That would cause her delight.
Something tender, yet jolly.
I fain would indite
A few verses to Polly.

Dear Polly, I write—
But I'd rather caress you,
Were you only in sight!
Dear Polly, I write—
I'm not satisfied quite
With the way I address you.
Polly, darling, I write,
But I'd rather caress you! C. J.

HE SPOKE CARELESSLY.

PATIENT—"Sorry to bring you all the way out here, doctor."

DOCTOR—"Oh, don't worry about that. I can see another patient and kill two birds with one stone."

de wash-tub, an' de only fun she gits outer life is ter dress up an' go ter a wake an' hear wot's goin' on in de neighborhood. I don't know erbout de old man, dough. Youse can't trust him wid much coin on ercount uv dat orful t'irst uv his. I t'ink I'll blow him ter a necktie, even if he don't wear no shirt or collar. Me little sister—she's four—she gits a dozen bananers all fur herself, an' fur once she'll git her fill uv dem. In course I'll giv her a doll an' sum odder t'ings. An' youse kin gamble dat I don't furgit me kid brudder. Dere's a good little guy fur youse! He's been teasin' me to learn him ter smoke, an' I'll git him a pipe an' sum terbacker on C'ris'mus, an' he'll have de time uv his life. Oh, youse kin bet I'll put dat bill ter good use! Dat's right.

"Well, so-long, boss. Any time youse wants a guy licked youse send fur me, an' dere'll be nuttin' to it but one punch in de jaw. T'anks fur de present, an' I hopes yer have de merriest kind uv a C'ris'mus. Dat's right."

True to Its Kind.

MRS. MAITRON wandered through the mazes of the fascinating toyshop, and finally stopped at the counter which held a diversified assortment of mechanical playthings.

"I wish to see a toy for a boy of five years," she said to the salesman.

"Something on this order?" ventured the salesman, displaying a shaggy bear which danced about in fits and starts.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Mrs. Maitron. "I must have something more modern."

"How about this toy automobile? It's a remarkable little plaything."

"Yes; the automobile would seem better suited to my purpose. Has it any up-to-date features?"

"It's full of them," declared the salesman. "In the first place, it is guaranteed to get out of order before it has been used a week."

"Is that its most realistic feature?" inquired Mrs. Maitron.

"Hardly," replied the salesman. "Its most realistic feature is the diabolical pleasure it seems to take in running over the carpet."

A Vague Idea.

DURING his first visit to a farm little Willie came into the house, crying softly.

"What is the matter, dear?" asked his mother.

"I went out to see the cows, and they didn't give nothing but milk," sobbed the boy.

"What did you expect?" inquired the mother.

"I'm not sure what I expected," replied Willie; "but, mother, where does beef-tea come from?"

LIGHTNING never strikes twice in the same place because the place isn't there after the first visit.

A SIXTH SENSE.

Bobby—"Sister must be able to see in the dark."

Mother—"How so?"

Bobby—"Because last night, when she was sitting with Mr. Staylate in the parlor, I heard her say, 'Why, Tom, you haven't shaved!'"

The Drummer's Tale

By J. W. Foley

THE REMINISCENT drummer sat, with his legs crossed, at his ease, a paper, half unfolded, full of news, upon his knees. He heard them spin their simple yarns of travel here and there; tales of the grip and road they were—of rural bills-of-fare; of bills of dry-goods bought and sold; of lovelorn afternoons; of pickles, crackers, vinegar; of codfish, beans, and prunes. And when their little tales were told he had a tale to tell of battle with unnumbered foes and conflict fierce as—well:

"It happened down in Panama," he said; "the night was still and heavy with a swampy mist. I had no heart to kill, but to my tent I heard them come by thousands, fierce and bold, each with his dagger sharp and keen. My blood ran icy cold. I was alone—no friend was near. I rose from out my bed to grapple with this horde of foes. Soon was I bloody red from half a hundred stabs, I swear; and on they came, as though the gates of hell had opened wide and every man a foe.

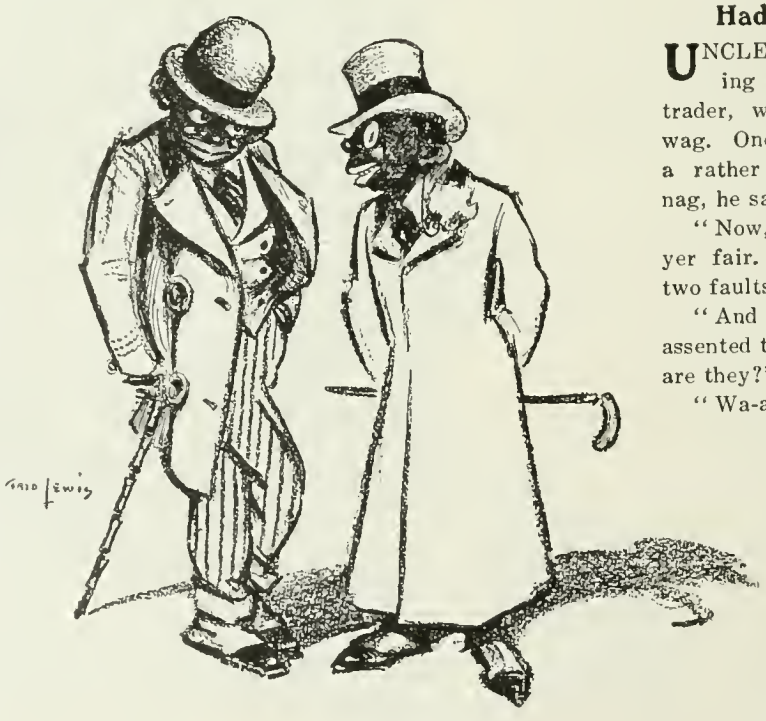
"One slipped upon me ere I knew. I struck at him and missed; he drove his dagger to its hilt in my retreating wrist. And then, enraged, I struck again—the lust of blood and strife swept o'er me like a wave, and I crushed out his vicious life. His body dropped there at my feet; another took his place, and blood flowed from a thrust of his and trickled down my face. But soon I had him in my hands, all blood and gory red—with one great blow I crushed his skull, and he fell down there—dead!

"They swarmed like fiends into my tent; the dead were laid so thick I stepped on bodies as I fought. My heart grew faint and sick; but, though they struck me blow on blow and wounded me, and hot they pressed upon me for my life, they found no mortal spot. There, in that still and tropic night, they struck and slashed, and then, with eye to eye and thrust to thrust, we struck and struck again, until I thought, with misted eye, of home and friends, to whom no message tender could I send, there on the brink of doom.

"One stole behind me as I fought, his dagger sought my neck, but with one mighty fist I struck, and left him there, a wreck of bloody pulp and broken bones; another struck my throat and missed my throbbing jugular by half an inch—my coat was rent with gaping slits that told how fierce they fought; my brow was wet and red with bloody froth. Ah! I can see them now, their ranks unbroken, though I killed a score of them, but still they pressed on me from every side to kill and kill and kill!

"No man will know how many slain I laid about me there; how many eyes looked up at me with fixed and glassy stare. So heavy fell my mighty hand that from a blow alone full many a one of them fell dead with not a cry or moan. Ah, heaven, it made me deathly sick! The night was dank and hot, and over me from head to heels was scarce a place or spot their daggers had not pierced my flesh; but, though my blood ran free, I had no mortal wound—but weak, ah, weak as I could be!

"But I escaped, no matter how. And I am here to tell the tale of that mad tropic night, but just how many fell I could not tell you if I would; and often in the night I dream of it, and wake all cold with a shrill cry of fright. I see them come, with daggers sharp; they strike at me and miss; no terror of my mortal days is half akin to this. For fierce they are and know no friend, and wild and know no law, and all the marshes give them birth down there in Panama."



FREE WILL.

"Ah'm told yo' Souf Carolinian delegates will be uninstructed."
"'Deed, yas, sah. We am free as air jes' so long as we do wot Mistah Cortelyou tells us."

Had Two Faults.

UNCLE REMUS, besides being an inveterate horse-trader, was something of a wag. One day, after swapping a rather disreputable-looking nag, he said,

"Now, stranger, I'll tell yer fair. Dat hoss hab got two faults."

"And more, too, I guess," assented the other. "But what are they?"

"Wa-al, ef he gits out in de field he's de hahdes' hoss ter ketch ye ever seed, an' when yer ketch 'im he ain't wuth a cuss."

A Loser.

"HOW do you know that Mrs. Rogers isn't going to have new furs this winter?"

"I played bridge with her last night."

A CHANGE DESIRED.

Mr. Wyss—"My dear, I wish you would arrange your hair the way you had it last evening."
Mrs. Wyss—"Oh, Justin! I simply can't do that. It completely changes my appearance."
Mr. Wyss (quietly)—"I am fully aware of that, my love."

"Mariar" Gets a Grand Square

By A. B. Lewis

THEY said their name was Perkins, and that they were from Podunkville, and they insisted on shaking hands with the salesman in the music-store who came forward to take their order. Then the woman asked,

"Do you keep pianners?"

"Well, a few of them, ma'am," smiled the salesman, with a wave of his hand at the forty or fifty instruments in plain sight around them.

"We've cum to buy Mariar a pianner fur Christmas," announced the husband. "She's our darter."

"I see, sir. Well, you couldn't present a young lady with anything on Christmas that would give her more pleasure. Something, too, that will last a lifetime."

"I ain't so sartin of that," spoke up the woman again. "When I was a gal we bought a organ that the man said would last forever, but it didn't. Of course once the roof fell in on it, and once it got full of rain-water—and then mebbe pianners is stronger than organs. Pa traded it fur a calf when it was ready to fall to pieces, and"——

"If you'll just follow me, please," broke in the salesman as he led the way to the back of the store. "Now, how would you like a beautiful instrument of this kind?"

"Is that a pianner?" asked the man.

"Yes, this is called an upright, and it is one of our good makes. This instrument is valued at two hundred and fifty dollars."

"Good lands, but I wanter know!" ejaculated the man from Podunkville, while his wife was apparently too astonished to express the surprise she felt. "Why, great snakes! we kin git an organ fur eighteen dollars over at Skinner's Creek jest as big as that, but we wanted sunthin larger."

"Oh, you are probably looking for one of the old square make?"

"One of them like you see in the opery-house."

"I guess this is the style you mean," said the salesman as he led them to another part of the store.

"Yep, them's pianners," declared the woman knowingly. "Lands, but ain't that one with the big legs purty, Hezekiah?"

"Purty as a pictur'! What might that one be wuth?"

"You can have that, sir, for forty dollars. You must understand, though, that it's a very old-style instrument."

"By gum, but ain't she a bargain!" exclaimed the old farmer as he patted the clumsy affair and looked it over admiringly. "Ma, there's sum lumber in that pianner, I'm a-tellin' you."

PERSONAL ITEM.

Mr. Cy Linder Bore has unexpectedly returned to his stables and the turf again.

"I never seen an eleganter one, Hezekiah."

The salesman walked away a short distance to let them talk it over, and when he was out of hearing the woman whispered,

"Hezekiah, I ain't never done nothin' wrong yit, when I knowed it wuz wrong, and I ain't goin' to begin now."

"What you drivin' at, ma?"

"At this pianner. You don't 'spose a big, fat pianner this size kin be sold fur forty dollars, when that skinny one he fust showed us is two hundred and fifty dollars, do you?"

"It do seem purty queer."

"Why, of course it do, Hezekiah, and when the mistake wuz diskivered this poor clerk, who may have a large family to keep, would be discharged. No; he's got these pianners mixed, and we can't hev it on our conscience."

The matter was explained to the salesman, and he was given every opportunity to correct any mistake that had been made, but it was finally necessary to call the proprietor to assure the couple that they could have the larger piano for the price named. When the sale had been made the happy purchasers shook hands with the salesman again, and as they were leaving the store the man from Podunkville said to his wife,

"Great snakes, but only forty dollars fur a pianner that will nigh fill the hull parler, and lay over anythin' of the kind in the county! It's punkin seeds to doughnuts that Mariar will swoon right down on the floor when she sees her Christmas present bein' dragged into the house!"

Office Personalities.

THE blotter—Retentive; absorbs a great deal.

The desk—Receptive, sympathetic; likes to be leaned on.

The ink-well — Extremely versatile; can write a wrong or wrong a write.

The scissors—Sarcastic and malicious; very cutting and ever willing to separate.

The paste-pot — Persistent, persevering; possesses the faculty of sticking to things.

The pen—Enterprising, ambitious; ever waits for an opportunity to make its mark.

The waste-basket—Intemperate, aggressive; frequently gets full, and is fond of scraps.

The writing-table—Diminutive, quiet; can easily be covered, and always remains stationary.

The calendar—Contemporaneous, but lazy; always up to date, but frequently takes a month off.

The revolving chair—Retrogressive, but philanthropic; goes backward, but is always ready to do a good turn.

PERRINE LAMBERT.

An Annoying Error.

THAT was a very annoying typographical error that crept into the papers the other day, telling how a prominent society man had been held up by highwaymen and "robbed of his watch and other vegetables." The editor has come out with an explanation that the last word was not vegetables, but valuables.

"SNOWIN' AG'IN, EH? WE *NEED* SNOW!"

Useless Trouble.

TOMLINSON had gone south on business, and early one morning he set out to call on a customer who lived several miles from town. There were no transportation facilities, and Tomlinson, after having found that he couldn't even hire a horse decided to walk. He had accomplished a little more than half of his journey when he arrived at the bank of a river, where a robust negro operated a ferry.

Dipping into his pockets for the necessary change, Tomlinson discovered with considerable chagrin that he had left his money at the hotel. He hadn't a cent with him. Assuming a bold front, however, he asked,

"Eph, do you take people across the river?"

"Well, boss, Ah reckon hit wouldn' do me no good ter opehrate dis yeh ferry ef Ah didn'."

"Come, then; take me over. I'm in a hurry."

"Ah on'y chahges five cents."

Tomlinson again felt in all his pockets, and failing to find a coin of any kind, said,

"Very well; that will be all right. I forgot to bring any change with me; but I'll pay you when I come back."

"Ain't yo' all got five cents?"

"No; I forgot to bring my pocketbook. But it will be all right—I'll pay you when I return. Come! I'm in a hurry."

"All Ah chahges is five cents."

"I know," Tomlinson impatiently replied, again searching his pockets. "I don't happen to have the change; but never mind about that. I'll be coming back this way in a little while, and I'll pay you then."

HOPELESS.

"Now don't ask me another question. Little boys should not be too inquisitive."
"Why mustn't I ask you any more, daddy? And what's *inquisitive?*"

"Jes' five cents. Dat's all Ah eber chahges fo' takin' ennybody oveh."

"I understand that fully; but it will be all right. I must get over immediately. Hurry, now! I can't afford to waste time listening to your explanations. I don't object to your price."

"An' yo' all ain't got five cents?"

"NO! NO! NO! How many times must I tell you that I forgot to bring any money with me?"

"Hit's on'y five cents."

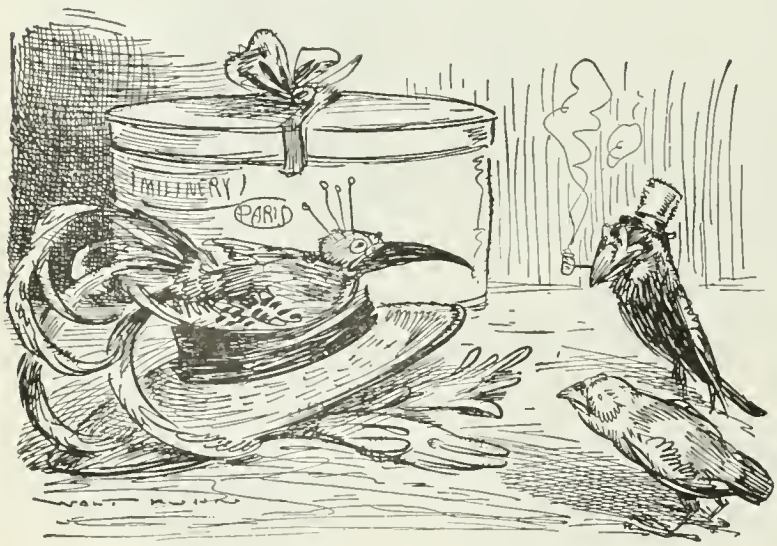
"You've told me that a dozen times. I'll see that you get it when I return."

"An' yo' all hasn't got five cents?"

"Confound you! do you suppose I'd stand here wasting time if I had? Come, now; hurry. I must get over there at once."

"Well, boss, hit seems ter me dat a man whut ain't got five cents might jes' as well be on one side ob de ribbeh as de yutheh."

S. E. KISER.



SAFETY IN THE SIMPLE LIFE.

"Aren't you glad, Birdiana, that we are simple folks?"

The Nature of the Beast.

MRS. GUNSON was entertaining a visitor when Nora appeared at the door of the drawing-room.

"Plaise, mum, will yez tell me phat yez want done wid th' oyster-shells yez left from lunch?" she inquired.

"I want them thrown away, of course," replied Mrs. Gunson.

"Yis, mum; but Oi didn't know phere to throw thim," replied Nora. "Do they be ashes or jarbridge?"

Fashion Note.

LAST year's overcoats are very much worn.

A MESSAGE FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD.

The Speediac.

SPEED, speed, speed!
What of the things that we read,
Telling of woe and of death and disaster?
Turn on the power! Ho! faster and faster!
Over the highways, down through the lane—
Little care we for huge wagons of grain.
Let us have at 'em, grind 'em to powder!
Honk with your horn, there, louder and louder!
Speed!
Let us have speed!
Ha, for the road with the twist and the curve!
That was a beauty—that was a swerve!
Straining the axles and straining the wheels,
Grinding the car till each bolt in it squeals—
Squeals like a creature that's griping in pain!
Here is another! Have at it again!
Speed!
Let brakes be freed!
Throw 'em away, for they only impede.
What is that scream in the distance we hear?
Is it in front or far back at the rear?
Some one is down, but we are away,
Pounding to dust all the broad highway,
Monarchs of all to the uttermost scene
Here in our thunderbred lightning machine!
Speed!
Give us more speed!
We have no care for the shapeless that bleed.
On like the course of the blustering wind,
Careless of what lies before or behind!
Breath of my nostrils, life to my soul,
Gliding and sliding past any control!
OVER THE CLIFFS! Ha! downward we fly—
Iron scrap, human scrap, we by and by.
Crashings ahead and black ruin behind,
One moment longer and—ah, never mind!
We've done our work and won by a breath
The record in speeding the Highway to Death!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

Modern Methods.

"MOTHER, of course business methods have changed, and people do things quicker than they used to, don't they?"

"Why, certainly, dear."

"When grandma was little and ordered things from the city, she had to wait a long time for them to come, didn't she?"

"To be sure, my dear. Why do you ask?"

"Well, I was thinking Santa Claus has adopted modern business methods and wants to be sure his presents get here on time. I see he has already stored the things I asked for in the old cupboard in the storeroom."

Not Well To Butt In.

"AFTER the crash," imparted the first hospital surgeon to the second, "I ran over to where it lay on the pavement; and when I raised it up I saw at once that its ribs were smashed, while a gaping hole was torn in its"——

"Pardon me, doctor," broke in the medical student, who had caught these words as he was about to pass by into the consumptive ward; "but if you have no objections, I'd like to take a few notes on that accident case." He pulled his notebook from his pocket. "Was the case a child?"

"No," the surgeon informed him, to his embarrassment. "I was speaking of my umbrella."

Promptly Proven.

She—"Men and women can't be judged by the same standards. For instance, a man is known by the company he keeps."

He—"And a woman by the servants she can't keep."

THE POINT OF VIEW.

Mrs Hen—"Willie has a bad cold. I believe he got his feet wet."

Dr. Drake—"H'm! Nonsense. He may have kept them too warm and dry."

A LOVE AFFAIR.

IT WAS Sunday afternoon and they were strolling slowly along the boulevard. Suddenly he took her arm lovingly and leaned over, with his face close to hers.

"Do you love me?" he whispered.

She laughed merrily, but did not answer. This seemed to encourage him, for, with a quick movement, he slipped his arm around her waist.

She pulled away hastily and, with a frown, said, "Don't do that!"

He persisted, and she became angry.

"Don't do that!" she repeated. "What will people think? You act as if you were drunk! I'll turn around and go the other way if you don't stop."

Paying no attention to her protestations, he continued his efforts to encircle her waist. Once he tried to kiss her, and at each attempt she became more and more vehement in her protestations.

At length the little boy who was tagging along behind could stand it no longer. With all the force that his five short years could muster, he exclaimed, "Papa, I think it is real mean to tease mamma that way!"

L. A. O'Brien, Winston-Salem, N. C.

NOT EXPENSIVE.

Mabel (gushingly)—"Isn't that faint tinge of gold in Sarah's hair perfectly dear?"
Katherine—"Only ten cents an ounce."

ACCOUNTED FOR.

"MAMMA," said little Elsie, "do men ever go to heaven?"

"Why, of course, my dear. What makes you ask?"

"Because I never see any pictures of angels with whiskers."

"Well," said the mother thoughtfully, "some men do go to heaven, but they get there by a close shave."

C. O. Reinhold, Lansdale, Pa.

MAKING UP FOR LOST TIME.

JAKE was a German carpenter. With his two men he had driven out to work on a barn. It came dinner time, and Jake and the boys gathered up their tools and hurried for the wagon, for a big bank of black clouds was gathering. Soon the rain was coming on at a twenty-mile-per-hour gait. Just as they reached the wagon the storm struck, but in they jumped, expecting to make a run for home. As it happened, Jake was driving a speedy little mare, but she had one fault she would balk, and the excitement of the situation put her in mind of it.

"Git ub!" said Jake, as the rain streamed down in sheets. "Git ub!" And he plied the gad, but Molly wouldn't move.

One of the hands suggested that they had better go back to the barn for shelter, but Jake answered, "Nein, nein; you shust set shtill. We git heem shtarted burty soon, und then we make ub for lost time."

Datus R. Jones, Bowling Green, O.

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

The landlady—"Look here! I'm tired of running to you for my rent. This is the last time I ask you for it."
Artist lodger—"Good! Is that a promise?"

Her Great Discovery

By A. B. Lewis

"NO, GEORGE," she said, after he had told her the old, old story; "I can never be yours."

"You love another!" he groaned.

"No; honestly, I don't."

"Then there is hope. Listen to me, Madge. My salary was almost doubled last week."

"I am glad for your sake, George."

"And I am to be taken into the business inside of a year."

"That's lovely, of course; but"——

"And some day, maybe within five or six years, I'll be worth a lot of money."

"Yes, I know, George; but"——

"We would live in a beautiful residence and have servants and horses."

"You talk like a fairy story. Say no more, George, for"——

"And we'll have our steam yacht and Newport villa and go to Europe every spring."

"Five years is a long time. You would probably be tired of me long before that."

"Never!" he exclaimed fervently, as he reached for her hand. "I love you as woman was never loved before. And another thing. Three months ago I plunged on stocks and cleared up a neat little sum."

"Yes, it's very clever of you, George; but"——

"I invested part of it in an automobile, and the machine will be ready for us to try to-morrow."

"Oh, George!"

"It is one of those handsome big touring-cars that always make your mouth water when they fly by. My! but it's a beauty!"

For two or three minutes she made no reply; then, as she returned the pressure of his hand, she said,

"George, I—I have just made a great discovery."

"What is it, Madge?" he asked.

"I—I have just discovered that you are my affinity."

INCENTIVE LACKING.

"What a distinguished-looking man Lord Muttinchoppe is! I wonder if he is over here looking for an American wife?"

"Why, of course not! Didn't you know he is very wealthy?"

Captious Criticism.

"PARDON me," said the budding poet to the crabbed editor. "May I inquire why you do not wish to accept my poems? Are the feet wrong?"

"The feet are passable," replied the crabbed editor, with some acerbity, "but the poems are bow-legged."

A North Pole Honeymoon.

I HAVE a sledge that's filled with furs,
A reindeer four-in-hand, sweet soul.
To me it happily occurs
A honeymoon at the north pole,

Where we can be alone, my love,
And freeze together with a kiss,
And on the polar heights above
In ice-cream sodas find our bliss.

Come, let my reindeers caracole,
The runners of my sledge grow hot.
Th' Ultima Thule of my soul
Will cool said runners like as not.

Ecstatic gargoyles of Jack Frost
Adorn our icy little cot;
Cold-storage eggs, at half the cost,
We'll boil in some stalactite pot.

Come, let us freeze together, love,
And hibernate like loving bears,
And squeeze together hand in glove—
The pole alone is free from cares.

WALTER BEVERLEY CRANE.

Poor Critter!

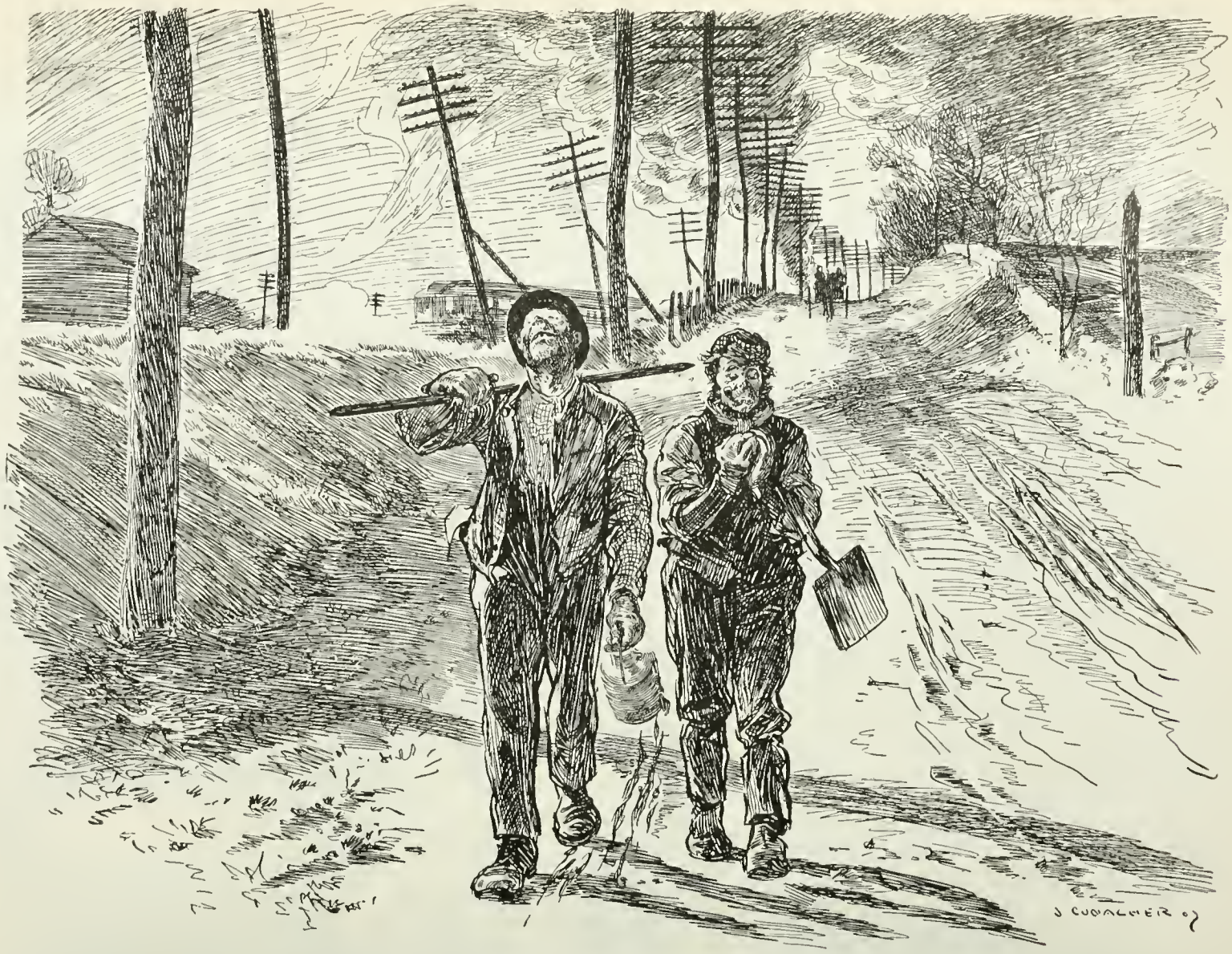
"I HEAR that your husband is critically ill, Mrs. Tiff," said Mr. Gummey.

"Yes; he is. He criticises the doctor, and he criticises the nurse, and he criticises me. Oh, he's critically ill all right."

Grave Enough.

"WHERE is the centre of gravity, pa?"

"An Englishman, if there's one in the crowd."



WE'RE COMING TO IT.

"Oi hear they do be sindin' missages now widout woires er poles. Faith, it's wondherful toimes we're livin' in, Dinnis!"
"It is, Moike. Shure, th' way things is goin' we'll be able t' thravel widout lavin' home, wan av thim days."

THE FIRST TASK.

His reverence—"Pat, Pat! you're making a mistake in teaching a child of such tender years to smoke the pipe."

Pat—"Make yure moind aisy, father. 'Tis not that Oi'm afther doin'—Oi'm only weanin' th' little divil frum th' bottle, do ye moind?"

That Was Different.

"HELLO!"

"Well?"

"Is this the gas company?"

"Yes."

"My gas bill for last month is one dollar and fifty cents."

"Well?"

"That is away off, and"——

"Just one moment, please."

"Well?"

"In the first place, our men who read the meters are not in the habit of making mistakes."

"But, you see, we"——

"We employ capable fellows who know their business, and it is utterly impossible for a mistake to be made. They turn in their figures after a careful examination of the meter, and a most competent office force here does the rest. If you were charged one dollar and fifty cents for gas last month, you may be dead certain that you burned exactly that much and no more."

"But I wanted to"——

"There is no use declaring your house has been closed and you have been out of town. The bill will have to be paid or we will take out your meter."

"Oh, I'm perfectly willing to pay the dollar and fifty cents."

"Then what are you kicking about?"

"And this is not a kick."

"It isn't?"

"No. I merely wanted to state that we burned gas night and day during the month, owing to sickness, and that the bill should have been at least ten dollars. Of course, if you don't want to correct it, I'm perfectly satisfied. How about it?"

But the man in the gas office had collapsed.

And He Did.

A CERTAIN college town in the South boasts of a bridge of privileges. Students take advantage of the liberty given them through the legend, when driving with young lady visitors to cross the famous bridge, to tell the story, and to illustrate it at the propitious moment of crossing.

The story was told recently that Mr. Dubose was driving with Miss Brown. The young lady was affected with a slight, though charming, lisp. When Mr. Dubose had related the legend of the bridge, he added, "And now, Miss Brown, when a fellow drives across with his girl, he has the undisputed privilege of taking her in his arms and kissing her."

The astonished Miss Brown cried, in wise apprehension, "Oh, Mithter Duboth!"

Another Version.

AS THEY neared the land the whale began to wail bitterly.

"What are you blubbering for?" called Jonah from the cabin.

"Boo-hoo! You've Jonahed the trip, and I'll have to cough up the missing profit."

ONLY A RETAILER.

Boozer Brown—"Jest as I antiserpated! Dey're goin' ter raise de price uv beer a dollar a keg."

Dull Dolan—"Hump! Dat won't feaze me in de least. I always buys mine by de glass."

Taming a Husband

By Dwight Spencer Anderson

"THESE potatoes," remarked Charles to his wife at breakfast, "are really the most atrocious stuff I ever ate. You must have soaked them in lard after you fried them."

"My dear," replied his wife, "you said the same thing to me yesterday. Try to think up something new to say about the potatoes to-morrow, won't you, dear?"

"Humph!" ejaculated Charles; "it's the truth. There's nothing reprehensible in repeating the truth, is there? The fact is, Mabel, you don't know beans about cooking, and still you try to fool me into thinking you do. That's what I object to. Now, it's a very simple matter to fry potatoes properly. All you have to do is to stick them in a pan and put them on the stove. There's nothing very complex about that operation. Why, you ought to eat some of my mother's potatoes. She knows how to fry 'em, I'll tell you that!"

"Charles, you must remember that your mother is an unusually good cook."

"Of course she is! That's just the point I'm trying to impress on you. Her potatoes are so crisp and brown that a fellow never gets enough of them. Why don't you get her recipe, Mabel?"

"That's an excellent suggestion," she replied. "I'll 'phone for it this morning."

After he had gone Mabel called up her mother-in-law and persuaded her to make a visit that afternoon for a few minutes. She said she would have to leave early, in order to get supper for her family, but Mabel said that would be all right.

The two women chatted about one thing and another for a while, and then Mabel suggested that Mrs. Adams should cook some potatoes.

"Charles just dotes on your potatoes," she said. "He's always speaking to me about them, and I know he would be overjoyed to have them for supper."

So Mrs. Adams fried the potatoes very carefully and pridefully, and they were placed in the oven to keep warm until Charles came home.

"As you cannot stay to see your son," said Mabel adroitly, "won't you write him a little note and say you fried the potatoes for him? He will be *so* pleased!"

So Mrs. Adams scribbled the note and gave it to Mabel. She left immediately afterward, for she had other potatoes to fry.

Charles entered the house that evening, tired and hungry. It had been a hard day for him at the office. "Did you get that recipe?" he growled.

"Yes, dear," replied Mabel sweetly.

They sat down for the evening meal.

Charles took one taste of the potatoes. "For the love of Moses, Mabel, you don't mean to tell me you cooked these potatoes with mother's recipe!"

"They are fried exactly as your mother would do it," replied Mabel.

"Humph! There's a lot of difference in cooking, then. Why, these are not so good as we had this morning! They taste like damp rope or sponge or something equally indigestible. You don't expect me to swallow this sort of stuff, and block my circulation in an attempt to force it to assimilate it, do you?"

"Not if you do not wish to, Charles."

"Well, I certainly won't do it of my own choice. It would be criminal. I'm not a whale or an ostrich. Let's go to a restaurant and get something to eat."

Mabel went into the adjoining room, opened her little writing-desk, and returned with a note in her hand. "Charley," she said, smiling sweetly, "your mother called this afternoon and left a note for you." She handed it to him.

"MY DEAR SON: Mabel said you always speak of my cooking, and suggested that I fry some potatoes for supper to surprise you. I hope you will enjoy them.

"YOUR AFFECTIONATE MOTHER."

When he looked up and his eyes met hers, she was laughing and he was looking very sheepish.

"Won't you have more potatoes, Charley, dear?"

"Yes," he replied; "I believe I will."

FIVE CENTS MORE.

Conductor (on New York street-car)—"Well, I'll get her in yet if the whole durn thing busts!"

The Ocean Liner of the Future

By Perrine Lambert

A FEW extracts taken at random from the information card of the new octuple-screw steamship Dementia:

"The chief of police and the superintendent of the detective bureau have offices on the main deck of the steamship. Complaints, if any, of robberies, lost jewels, and general disturbances should be reported immediately. A justice of the peace is constantly on hand for the swearing out of warrants. Hearings are held every morning before a duly authorized magistrate."

"The stock exchange is located in the main cabin, aft of the dining-salon. The latest quotations from London, New York and Paris are received by ticker. Wireless telegraph service is maintained between the steamship and all important commercial centres in the United States and Europe."

"The attention of the passengers is called to the admirably equipped department store forward. The store runs through seven decks, and contains a large quantity of merchandise of the highest quality. The prices compare favorably with those of English and American shops."

"A children's circus is given every afternoon on the quarter-deck aft of the main salon. A very pleasing entertainment is presented, with trained dogs, educated monkeys, cute little ponies, and funny clowns as the principal performers."

"Morning newspapers may be purchased from the library steward after seven a. m. Newspapers of the country to which the steamship is nearest at the time of publication are always on sale."

"Passengers who desire to have their baggage moved to various parts of the vessel will find an agent of Modd's Express in the office of the purser. The automobile truck makes daily trips."

"District messenger boys, commonly called 'ocean greyhounds,' may be obtained any hour of the day or night. The messenger office is situated on the hurricane deck."

"The promenade deck may be engaged for baseball games, automobile races, balls, dances, weddings, receptions, and parties in general."

"Carriage service is maintained at all times. Rates for vehicle hire may be had on application. Apply to the livery steward."

"Cut flowers, fresh from the steamship's own hothouses, may be obtained from the decoration steward."

"The skating-rink is open to passengers from ten a. m. until nine-thirty p. m."

"Passengers desiring to leave the steamship in mid-ocean must notify the purser at least three hours in advance of departure."

A SHAKESPERIAN TOUCH.

"I was going to say that I recognized her in spite of her disguise by her turned-up nose. But how can one say 'She has a turned-up nose' and avoid such a commonplace expression?"

"Say 'Her nose smells to heaven.'"

ONE BREAD-WINNER ENOUGH.

"'Rastus, you old scoundrel! didn't your wife tell you that I wanted some cord-wood cut this afternoon?"
"'Scuse me, 'edge; but didn' mah missus git yo'r family wash ter do dis mawnin'?"
"Yes."
"Well, undah dem dar circumstances, jedge, mah wife am a woman ob mo' sainse 'n ter fotch me enny sech message jes' at dis time."

The Division and Multiplication of Mrs. Irkhard

By Barr Moses

"OH, DEAR!" sighed Mrs. Irkhard, as the doorbell rang. "I wish there were two of me."

She was making pies, and her hands were covered with flour. Very reluctantly she began to wipe them and to take off her apron. Some of the pies were already in the oven. The doorbell rang again. Perhaps the visitor would be some one who would keep her too long, so that the pies would be burned.

"I declare I wish I were half a dozen!" she cried aloud petulantly.

"Why don't you divide yourself, then?" asked a tiny voice behind her.

Mrs. Irkhard turned about quickly, and there, on the shelf which supported the kitchen clock, she saw a little lady in a green dress, who sat with her brown-stockinged ankles crossed, swinging her feet idly.

"What?" exclaimed Mrs. Irkhard, in amazement.

"Why don't you divide yourself, I said," replied the little lady, smiling.

"But how can I?" asked Mrs. Irkhard, much puzzled and feeling as if she were in a dream.

The doorbell rang again. The impatient caller was evidently holding the button in this time.

"Divide and multiply yourself," said the lady in green. "I'll show you how."

All at once she spread a pair of gauzy wings and flitted down to the baking board. Mrs. Irkhard stood and stared at her, bewildered.

"All you have to do," went on the little lady, "is to stand still and say,

'Twenty taters in a row,
This is how I make 'em grow;
Oyster fry and oyster stew,
I had rather be in two.'"

And then, quick as a wink, there were two little ladies in green standing on the baking board.

"But," they went on, talking in concert, "if you want to be in three, all you need to do is to say, instead of the last two lines,

'Chicken pie and fricassee,
I had rather be in three.'

CROSS-SECTION OF A BACHELOR'S HEART, SHOWING INDICATIONS OF CHRONIC CUPIDITY.

If you want to be in four, say,

'Apple dumpling, apple core,
I had rather be in four.'

F `five, say,

'The lobster green we boil alive,
I had rather be in five.'

And for six,

'Tender pickles and birch toothpicks,
I had rather be in six.'

And six is enough for any woman."

The doorbell rang again.

"'Twenty taters in a row,
This is how I make 'em grow;
Oyster fry and oyster stew,
I had rather be in two!'"

cried Mrs. Irkhard, in desperation.

No sooner said than done. There she was, two of her, standing side by side and just exactly alike; but the little lady on the baking board had vanished.

With a sigh of relief one of her went on with the baking, while the other hastily finished brushing the flour from her hands and untying her apron. Then this second half Mrs. Irkhard went to the front door to see who was there.

When she came back again half an hour later and found that her other self had finished with the first batch of pies and had the second well on the way, she was highly delighted. The two Mrs. Irkhards stood and looked at each other and laughed heartily.

"Who was it?" asked the kitchen Mrs. Irkhard, after a while.

WASTED MATERIAL.
"Speak louder, boy; I'm a little deaf."
"Gee, wot's de use of all dem ears!"

"That old gossip, Mrs. Green," answered the other Mrs. Irkhard blithely. "Isn't it delightful, dear, that we can say just what we think about folks to each other, and no danger of its getting round to them again? I think it's just fine!"

"So do I," said the kitchen Mrs. Irkhard. "And just think of all the things I—er—I mean we—no, I mean I—or, anyway, whichever it is—we somehow sounds better—we can do ever so many things now that we couldn't do before. Why, we can join all the clubs and all of the societies, and we can attend every meeting. We can go to the theatre every evening, and at the same time stay at home and take care of baby."

The other Mrs. Irkhard looked suddenly anxious.

"I wonder, dear," she said thoughtfully, "you—you don't suppose it would make any difference, do you? There won't—won't be two babies now, will there?"

"He's lying on my—our bed asleep. We'll go and see," said the kitchen Mrs. Irkhard.

They tiptoed softly into the bedroom.

For a moment they gazed at the bed in consternation.

"Oh, dear!" gasped one of them. "He's twins!"

"Hush, dear! Don't wake him—them," murmured the other. "When we make ourselves one again, baby'll be one, too; and, of course, now, if he is twins, there's two of us to take care of him—them."

"Doesn't he—they look too sweet for anything!" whispered the first.

They stooped down and kissed the sleeping baby or babies, whichever you may choose to

SUGGESTION FOR A LIGHTING ARRANGEMENT AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE PANAMA CANAL.

ITS NAME BELIED IT.

Farmer Cornstalk—"Wa-al, I swan! I've bin watchin' thet newfangled contraption fer half an hour an' blamed if the pesky thing hes moved yit!"

think the right expression, and returned to the kitchen. Then an animated conversation ensued, concerning the number of different things which Mrs. Irkhard wished to do. She discussed the matter with herself fully, and came to the conclusion that to do all of the many things which suggested themselves, it would be handier to be as many as possible. The little lady in green had left directions for dividing herself into six, but no more.

"Let's say the rhyme for six!" exclaimed one of the two Mrs. Irkhards impulsively, at last.

"All right—let's!" agreed the other.

In coming to this decision Mrs. Irkhard seemed to have forgotten about the baby.

The two of her stood off, facing each other, and repeated the verse in concert:

"'Twenty taters in a row,
This is how I make 'em grow;
Tender pickles and birch toothpicks,
I had rather be in six.'"

And immediately each of the two Mrs. Irkhards became six Mrs. Irkhards, so that there were twelve Mrs. Irkhards in all.

"Oh, dear!" they shrieked, and burst out laughing. "Do you suppose if we said it again we'd each change into six more?"

And then, in answer to their own question, they replied, "Let's try it."

Then they began again, with little squeals of merriment:

"'Twenty taters in a row,
This is how I make 'em grow;
Tender pickles and birch toothpicks,
I had rather be in six.'"

Then there was a jam which reminded Mrs. Irkhard of bargain day. The kitchen was rather small for seventy-two of her. Some of her were already squeezed out into the dining-room, and by common consent more and more kept going until there was breathing room. From the dining-room they penetrated to other parts of the house. All at once a cry of horror arose from the bedroom. As many of Mrs. Irkhard as could do so crowded to the bedroom door.

The sight which met their eyes was a startling one. The bed was covered with sleeping infants. So was the floor. There were seventy-two of them, all exactly alike.

The first Mrs. Irkhard snatched up the nearest babies and passed them out to the other Mrs. Irkhards, until at last they were all provided for and the bedroom was empty.

Just for a moment Mrs. Irkhard in all of her personalities felt desperate. She suddenly remembered that the little lady in green had left no directions, had taught her no magic words, for reducing herself to one again. But in numbers there is strength. Before long she cheered up. She decided to spend the rest of the day in a glorious reception for herself, in a sort of mothers' congress. This enterprise turned out a great success. Probably never in the history of the world have so many ladies been gathered into one house who were so congenial to each other. Never have so many babies been brought together without exciting a single spark of jealousy, envy, or ill-will in the hearts of their mothers. Mrs. Irkhard found it necessary to send out for extra provisions, and she realized dimly that if this thing kept

GOOD PROOF.

"You weren't yourself, uncle, when you came home last night."
"Oh, I must have been. Your aunt wouldn't have let another man in."

TO ST. VALENTINE.

A NOTE OF THANKS.

FROM that far land where journeys end,
Where dwell our great unnumbered ranks,
We lovers all unite to send
To you, this day, our note of thanks.
For tender hearts and smiling eyes,
And that which bids us read them true,
For soft spring days and moonlit skies—
St. Valentine, our thanks to you.

Our thanks to you for that deft art,
For which you ask no greater pay
Than turning some sad, hopeless heart
To one in which but joy can stay.
For all the magic you command,
To make the ardent lover view
Meek maidenhood as beauty grand—
St. Valentine, our thanks to you.

For roses and the month of June,
To turn our truant fancies free,
For summer and the harvest moon
That lights the way to Arcady;
For winter days that, fresh and clear,
Give paler cheeks a rosy hue;
For all the seasons of the year—
St. Valentine, our thanks to you.

For sympathy that understands
The way to lighten all our cares,
For tender glance and slender hands,
And thoughts of old-time love affairs;
For all the wiles a lover owns,
For hearts to tell our troubles to,
And unobserving chaperons—
St. Valentine, our thanks to you.

ENVOY.

From every heart, no matter where,
The sad, the happy, old and new,
The brave, the doubting, faint and fair—
St. Valentine, their thanks to you.

REYNALE SMITH PICKERING.

MORE APPROPRIATE.

Miss Inland—"You certainly have a charming country-place here, and, of course, you have given it some pretty name?"

Mr. Bondholder—"Oh, yes! Mrs. Bondholder calls it 'Idlemoment-by-the-Sea,' but I call it by its right name, 'Moneysunk.'"

up she would naturally be the cause of a good deal of expense to her husband; but she did not allow such reflections to mar the hilarity of the occasion.

About five o'clock that afternoon Mr. Irkhard telephoned that he would not be home to dinner and that business would keep him late at the office. The Mrs. Irkhard nearest the 'phone when it rang answered it. She immediately communicated the news to the rest of herself. She was inclined to be suspicious in all of her collective personality. She argued the matter with herself and began to wonder what John would say when he came home and saw the division and multiplication which had taken place in his household. Would he understand? It did not seem likely.

It was almost twelve o'clock when John at last came. Seventy-one Mrs. Irkhards shut themselves up in the two parlors, while the seventy-second, who happened to be nearest the door when John's step was heard, awaited him in the hall. She had the baby in her arms. So had the others. He was awake now.

John came in. Mrs. Irkhard kissed him impulsively. Her suspicions were confirmed.

"John," she cried, "you've been"——

But she got no further. The rest of the Mrs. Irkhards, hearing her voice and noting its tone of reproach, could wait no longer. Those nearest flung the parlor door open. They streamed out into the hall. They crowded about their guilty spouse.

John staggered back against the front door aghast. From where he stood he could see into both parlors, which, as well as the hall, seemed thronged with reproachful wives. There were seventy-two of them, all exactly alike, and each of them had a baby in her arms. The babies were exactly alike, too. John would have sworn to the identity of any given one of them. Slowly he sank down on the umbrella stand.

"A—a doctor!" he gasped weakly. "A—a doctor—a—a minister—I—I've—I've got—it—it's terrible! I'll never drink another drop again! Oh, oh, oh!"

He passed his hand tremblingly over his perspiring brow. He closed his eyes, opened them again, closed them, and kept them closed.

Mrs. Irkhard had not anticipated anything of this kind. Her anger was turned to sorrow and alarm.

"John, dear," she began, in seventy-two voices, and tried to explain how it was—to make him understand that he was not suffering any such hallucination as he believed. But all their efforts were in vain. John not only kept his eyes shut, but he stuffed his fingers into his ears.

THE TWO LOVES.

Cigarette-spirit—"If thou truly lovest me as well as thou lovest that human sweetheart of thine, then kiss her, with my breath still upon your lips."

"THE DARK AGES."

Just at that moment the Mrs. Irkhards in the hall were attracted by a green object which slid down the banister. Then they saw that the little lady was sitting nonchalantly on the edge of the moulding at the top of the newel post. She held up her hand for silence. They crowded as close as they could get, anxious and expectant.

"Angel food and carrots red,
It is time to go to bed;
Cracker, biscuit, cruller, bun,
I had rather be in one,"

she said; then she vanished.

Anxiously, fervidly the seventy-two Mrs. Irkhards chanted the verses in concert.

With a sigh of delight she found herself reduced to one.

"John," she whispered softly, kneeling at her husband's side, "John, John!"

Slowly, hesitatingly he pulled his fingers out of his ears. Slowly, hesitatingly he opened his eyes. He gazed about him distractedly and rose unsteadily to his feet.

"I—I don't feel well," he muttered. "I—I had a kind of a dizzy spell. I felt so faint I had to sit down for fear of falling. I've been working too hard—I've got to stop."

"Poor John!" murmured Mrs. Irkhard sympathetically.

Mere Bagatelles.

"THE Joneses are living in an automobile now."

"What have they done with their furniture?"

"Got it with 'em. You know they had always kept house in a Harlem flat."

THERE'S many a slip 'twixt the editor and the contributor.

A Definition.

"WHAT is the difference between preferred and common stock?"

"Well, if you buy the common you lose your money right off, but if you buy preferred there is a little longer delay about it."

Bourbon Breath.

Georgia citizen—"Cunnel Bluecork says when the South went dry, it took his breath away."

Alabama citizen—"It did, suh; and Cunnel Bluecork had been priding himself on that breath for the past twenty years."

A Severe Sense.

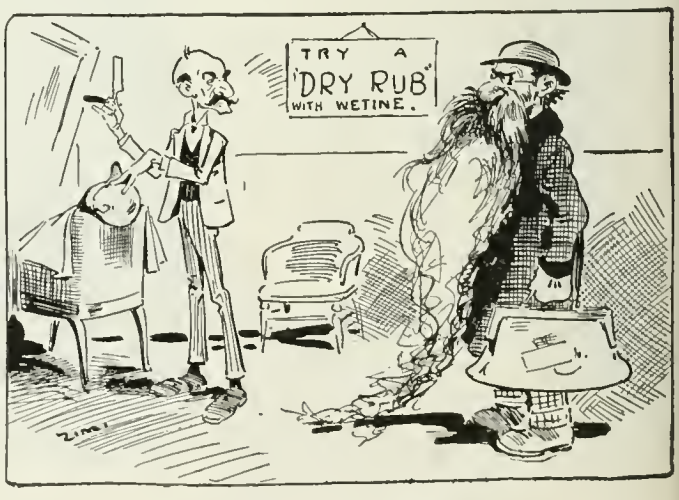
Grateful mother—"Oh! Are you the noble young man who rescued my daughter from a watery grave?"

Noble young man (who is truly modest)—"Yes, madam; but I assure you I only did it from a sense of duty."

As to Toes.

OH, goodness knows
There's toes and toes!
There's pinky toes on baby's feet,
And mistletoes are very sweet.
The last I tried on yesternight
When Gladys stood there 'neath the light;
And as the smack resounded through
The house, oh, moment fraught with rue!
I found to my complete surprise
Her father had a toe likewise.

HORACE DODD GASTIT.



A READY RECKONER.

Stranger—"What do you charge for a shave here?"
Barber—"Ten cents a foot."

Little Bobby Criticises.

CHRISTMAS DAY was well along. Little Bobby had gone the rounds of trial and inspection of the many bounties the joyous time had brought him—edible, playable, and literary. And now there seemed to be scorn in his bearing.

"Pa," said he, "about this Little Jack Horner who sat in a corner, eating a Christmas pie—huh! How could he pull out a plum just with his thumb? He'd have to use his finger, too, wouldn't he?"

"Why, I don't know, Bobby," replied Bobby's pa. "Perhaps."

"And what kind o' pies is pies with plums in 'em, I'd like to know?" continued little Bobby, incredulity and scorn increasing. "Was it an egg plum he pulled out, or just one of these little yellow ones?"

"Oh, I don't know, Bobby."

"What kind of a kid was he, anyhow, stickin' his thumb in his pie? Guess if I'd stick my thumb in my pie I'd get it whacked, wouldn't I, pa?"

"I think you would, Bobby."

"And what was he sittin' 'way off in a corner for? Didn't his folks have any chairs, pa? Or was he hidin' 'cause he didn't want to give his little sister any of his pie?"

"Where's your mother, Bobby? Go ask her."

"And him a-braggin' about what a brave boy he was, just for pullin' a plum out of a pie! Rats! I wouldn't be afraid to pull a dozen plums big as my new drum out of one, would I, pa?"

"No, no, Bobby! You wouldn't. Now run along and be a real good boy."

Little Bobby said he would, and he went out and was soon pelting the passers-by with hard snowballs.

ED MOTT.

No Fault of the Cook.

WHILE visiting Chicago recently, a New York merchant dropped into a restaurant famous for its German cookery.

As the waiter was serving the soup from a chafing dish, the guest thought he caught the glint of steel. He gave little heed to the matter until he suddenly found a large needle in his spoon. Summoning the steward, he held aloft the offending bit of steel, and inquired angrily,

"Do you expect me to eat *that*, sir?"

"Of course not! What was your order?"

"Noodle soup; but"——

"That explains it, sir," interrupted the steward. "Just a typographical error, that's all."

Rubbery.

A FRUIT-CAKE which weighed just a lb.
Came to me as they passed it arb.
I accepted an oz.,
And, to see if 'twould boz.,
Threw it down. It returned on rebb.

The Diagnosis.

OLD Mother Confidence lay gasping for breath by the roadside.

"Ah, ha!" said the Liquor Dealer, with a savage leer. "Too much prohibition."

"No, no! Too much rate regulation," said the Railroad Man.

"Not enough adulteration," said the Food Manufacturer.

"Not enough rebates and too many fines," said the Trust Magnate.

"She ought to be protected by a bigger navy," said the Admiral.

"Nothing the matter with her at all," said the Editor.

"Not enough laws," said the Politician.

"She needs a new President," said the Partisan.

"Too much dope and rascality," said the Common Person, who was growing in wisdom as he grew in years.

THE URCHINS' VIEW OF A BOSTON DANCE.
"Gosh, Bill! she has got a naked neck, and talking to a man!"

A Missed Opportunity.

He—"Why did you get so angry when I kissed you only once under the mistletoe?"

She—"It seemed to me you were a man who would never take full advantage of your opportunities."

Modesty

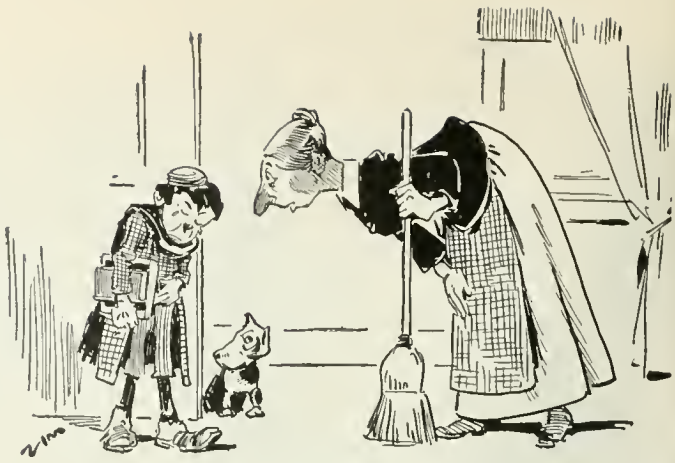
A LADY lived within our town,
So I have heard it said,
Who, if you called her dress a gown,
Would blush like poppies red.

Her mind was neither frail nor weak,
Her modesty was rare;
Of autumn trees she'd never speak
Because their limbs were bare.

When night its sable shadows threw,
She'd tumble in a swoon
If curtains didn't hide from view
The man up in the moon.

A plumber caused her death one day—
Or so the story goes—
By asking, in a careless way,
To let him see her hose.

C. L. CORY.



AN EDUCATIONAL EPIDEMIC.
Mother—"Where do you feel sick?"
Son—"On my way to school."

The Valuables.

THE MAN with a wife and seven children hauled up in front of the hotel desk, registered, got his bellboy, and was starting off when the clerk, thinking maybe he might jolly the new arrival, called to him.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but hadn't you better leave your valuables in the safe?"

"Do you think I ought to?" inquired the man innocently enough, to hear him say it.

"Well, it is the best plan."

"All right," said the man; and turning to his wife, "Here, Mary, pass the children over to the gent behind the counter. He'll look after them and give us a rest."

Whereupon the clerk apologized.

REMINISCENT.
Binks (on his first trip)—"It wasn't such a bad old world after all."

Serenade on Saint Valentine's Eve.

ERE the twilight died away,
Cupid murmured o'er me,
"What thou dare not tell by day,
Night may whisper for thee!"
Sweet thy slumber, sweetheart mine,
I'd not cause thy waking,
If of one brief dream of thine
I but had the making!

Softly sleep, slumber deep;
God of dreams his vigil keep.
If, among his train, dream-laden,
Sweetest dream find sweetest maiden,
Swift a-wing, it would bring
Smiles to thee, a-slumbering!

Night draws round me like a shroud,
All the world's in hiding;
O'er me, through yon gloomy cloud,
Swift the moon is gliding.
If thou wake not, I entreat,
By yon star above thee,
That the dream-god tell thee, sweet,
Half of how I love thee!

Softly sleep, slumber deep;
God of dreams his vigil keep.
Dream-stars, watching o'er thy slumber,
Sing of love in countless number,
Till their song, sweet and strong,
Lingers with thee, all day long!

Clouds have hid each gleaming star,
Darkness draws about me;
Darker, sadder, drearer far
Were my world without thee.
Lo! the last faint beams depart,
While my love lies dreaming;
Night is never in my heart
Where thy face is beaming.

Softly sleep, slumber deep;
God of dreams his vigil keep.
While the stars, that twinkle o'er thee,
Fading, fading out before thee,
Never shine, sweetheart mine,
Half so bright as eyes of thine!

BURGES JOHNSON.

The Supply of Husbands for Actresses

By Thomas L. Masson

QUITE a number of our prominent actresses are not marrying again this year. There has been, of course, a stringency in the money market, which would naturally lead our most conservative actresses to curtail expenses. At the same time, after making all due allowances for this, the theatrical season has been fairly good and there seems no actual financial reason for the falling off in matrimony, except the shortage in the supply.

To be the husband of an actress requires a special talent, and as, in every special field, good men are always scarce, there will always, of course, be more or less anxiety in the search. Available material does not grow on every lamp-post. Indeed, the best quality of actresses' husbands have to be carefully nurtured beforehand, and cultivated for their mission in life. Their period of husbandship is comparatively short. Of course one man possessed of a good constitution and a healthy ambition may be the husband of several actresses. This is counterbalanced, however, by the fact that every actress is likely to require several husbands. The two equalize each other. Actresses' husbands are like poets —born, not made. They possess also many of the characteristics of poets. Their temperaments are variable. They have high tempers, a certain (very necessary) power of self effacement, and a general incapacity to support themselves. Many of them take minor stage parts, which enables them to quarrel more systematically with their wives between the acts.

It is hoped that the theatrical trust, which is coming more and more to regulate salaries, will not, by hereafter restricting the pay of actresses, thus put another barrier in the way of their getting husbands. Every actress ought to be free to marry all the husbands she desires at any time. Only in this way is our future secure. For, after all, our home life is something. Its sacred and inviolable traditions should be maintained at any price.

PRECAUTION.

Bride—"I had two complete lists of our wedding-gifts made—one for John and one for me."

Friend—"What for?"

Bride—"So we'll each know whom to ask next time."

Petered Out.

OLD JOHNSON he was versatile,
Of that there ain't no doubt,
But somehow all the schemes he laid
And all the get-rich plans he made
Were destined for an early grave.
They petered out!

Bill started in to build airships,
S. Dumont he would rout.
But soon he switched to motor-boats,
And next week took to raisin' goats.
Seems every new project he floats
Just peters out!

Bill final takes up readin' law,
To be a legal tout,
But in ten days he's keepin' bees,
In one more week it's dime musées.
Well, they all gets the same disease—
They peters out!

Bill passes in his checks at last
(Appendicitis, cramps, and gout),
And murmurs, "Tell the folks that ask
That here is where I scores at last,
Unless, to crown me checkered past,
I'm Petered out!"

PAUL HANNA.

News Item.

A SCHOLAR in Iole wrote to the editor of the Iole *Intelligencer* and asked where "cupriferous" could be found. The editor replied that it could be found in the dictionary, under C.

Appropriate.

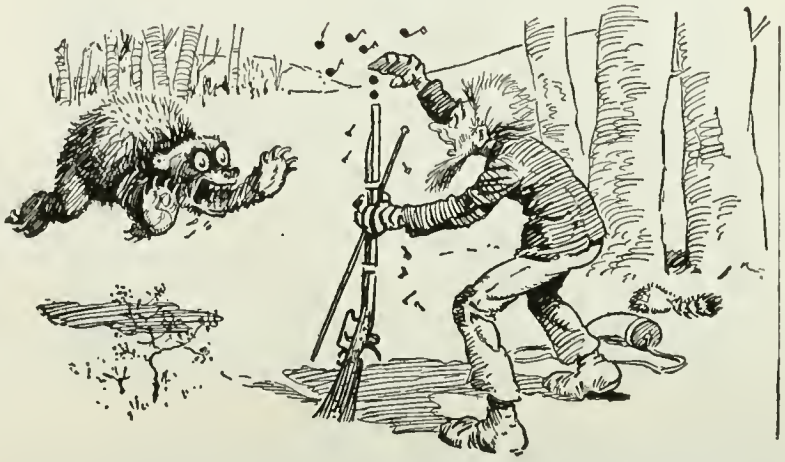
IN THE present stringency of the times there is fitness in the recent exclamation of an old colored woman—"God help the rich; the poor can beg."

A company is known by the men it keeps.

TRIMMED BY A TUNE—A MUSICAL FANTASY.

1. Old Silas Scrub was hunting, and had shot off all his slugs,
When a bear came rushing at him, a bunch of claws and hugs.

2. And Silas said, "It don't look like my time on earth wuz long.
Might jest ez well die happy." So he burst out into song.



3. A lucky thought. He grabs a bunch of bass-notes, hard and round,
And drops 'em in his blunderbuss and rams 'em good and sound.

4. Bang! Bruin drops, his thinker full of bullet-notes. He's slain!
The thing that really killed him, friends, was rag-time on the brain.

A Menu Prophecy

By Lurana W. Sheldon

LAST night I sought a table d'hote, and in a pensive mood
Regarded somewhat curiously the nature of my food.
Some sentiment, I know not what, with atavistic trend,
Had turned my thoughts to primal lives from which we all descend.

CLAMS! Ah, what memories here awoke! What strange emotions swelled!
Was I not of aquatic birth? Monera, single celled?
No bivalve should my palate pass! I scorned the luscious dish!
Nor MACKEREL, my one-time kin; I could not eat a FISH!

FLESH! Worse and worse! When in the prime of prehistoric days
Was I not rated as a beast possessed of fleshly ways?
Bovine, perhaps, for all I knew, or porker of that age.
Could I devour ancestral lines? "Nay, nay!" I cried in rage.

They brought a bird, a tiny thing; across my soul there crept
The thought that once upon a time, I—here I own, I wept.
I could not taste the tender flesh; I only mourned my fate
And cried, "What if in bygone days its grandma was my mate?"

Distraught, the menu card I scanned; my woe was sad to see.
Fish, flesh, and fowl the cuisine held—all kith and kin to me.
"Alas!" I sighed, "'twill not be long—we're swiftly hastening there—
They'll soon add Fricassee of Man unto the bill-of-fare."

Free from Bad Ones.

THE leading citizen of a small country town escorted a friend on a tour of inspection through the village. The friend, who was a resident of a metropolitan city, was duly impressed by the many advantages of the little town. Finally the two men reached the cemetery. The visitor carefully looked at the various tributes and then turned to his guide. "Say, Dave," he began, "wh-wh-where do you b-b-bury your s-s-sinners?"

Jessica—"When the judge asked you how old you were, what did you say?"

Margery—"I told him if he were a good judge he wouldn't ask."

The Usual Place.

Stout party—"Say, young fellow, do you know where I could get a hair-cut?"

Urchin—"Sure, guv'nor—on yer head."

GOING SOME.

The squirrel—"And yet some people say that hops are not good for the health."

THAT SPOILS IT.

"Don't you believe in love at first sight?"
"At first sight, yes; but sometimes you take another look."

A Sonnet to My Sonnet.

THE sonnets that I sometimes try to write,
When finished seem to me inane, or worse,
Yet, writing them, I tear my hair and curse,
Frown, even stomp, and lose my temper quite.
A bearing's worn, a cogwheel fits too tight,
Upon the rhyme-machine that fills my purse;
Or else I failed to turn some set-screw right
In changing gears to grind this style of verse.

I ofttimes think that their poetic feet
Have too high insteps, likewise bunions, corns,
Ingrowing nails, and chilblains; yet, I ween,
Each sonnet is as vague and incomplete
In thought, and quite as much a meaning scorns,
As those within the average magazine.

ROY FARRELL GREENE.

The Deal Fell Through.

HE HAD been drinking. That was very evident to the woman who came to the door in answer to his ring.

"Shay," he began, after looking up and down the street nervously, "you put advertisement (hic) in paper shmorning?"

"I did," she replied.

"You shed you (hic) would give good home to cat."

"Yes; have you a cat you wish to get rid of?"

"Besher life!" he replied heartily.

She was about to ask for further particulars when a stockily built, angry-looking woman stopped at the gate and motioned to the man with the remark,

"Jake, you drunken fool, come down here to me this minute!"

"Thash her—thash old cat I want to get home for," he whispered. "Shay, when"——

The lady who wanted a feline, however, quickly closed and locked the door, while her caller slunk down the steps and was led away by the ear. A. B. LEWIS.

An Exciting Bout.

THE contestants did not spar for an opening, but rushed at each other and opened the slugging match. "Bulldog Sharpie" swung his right on the nose of "Piggie Dave" without any ceremony. His sledge-hammer fist glanced off. "Piggie Dave" was quick as a tigress, and planted a shoulder blow in "Sharpie's" eye, clouding the optic considerably. "Sharpie" struck for the body with his left, but missed, and "Piggie" then landed one on his opponent's cheek, drawing the first blood.

Both pugilists clinched and broke away in a minute's time. "Bulldog Sharpie" was groggy and acted queerly. He managed, however, to steer clear of "Piggie's" knuckles. The latter finally became aggressive. Rushing at "Bulldog Sharpie" like a gigantic locomotive, he was about to land a knockout when a number of other congressmen sprang between the men and separated them. The House, in the meanwhile, was in an uproar of confusion. JOHN H. MCNEELY.

As She Used To Every Morning.

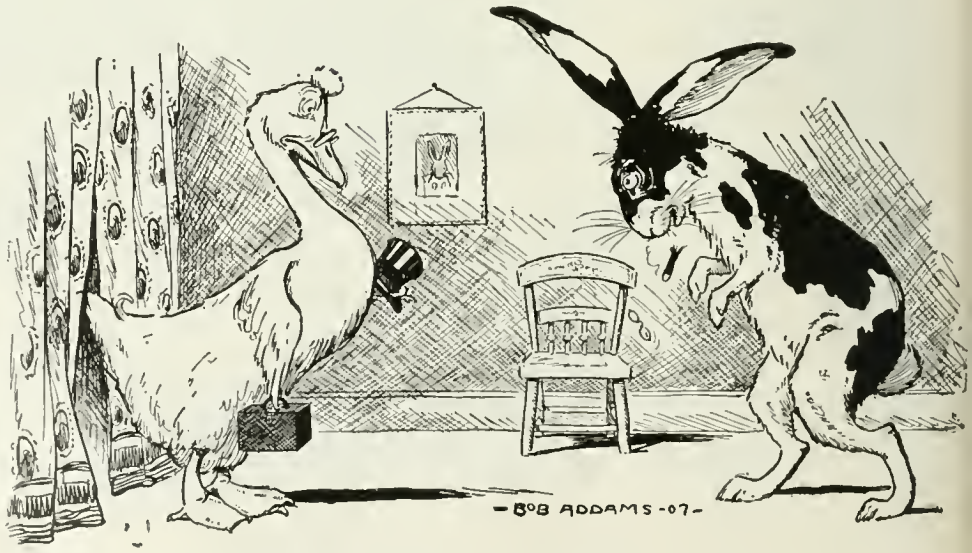
THE bereaved Mrs. O'Leary, with a neighbor, stood sobbing over the coffin of her deceased husband.

"Oh, Mrs. Murphy!" she cried, "Oi can't belave Pat's lyin' there dead. He's only ashlape."

"Shure, he do look loike he wor only ashlape," returned her sympathizing friend. "Call to him, Mrs. O'Leary—call to Pat jist as ye used to to wake him iv'ry marnin'!"

Mrs. O'Leary dashed away her tears and called vehemently,

"Git up, ye lazy baste, an' go out an' hunt fer a job!"



A PALTRY NINE IN ALL.

Dr. Duck—"Terrible news, Mr. Rabbit—terrible! Eight boys and only one girl!"
Mr. Rabbit—"Merciful heavens! *only one!*"

Mustache Musings.

YOU can tell the nationality
Of any man. By clothes?
Why, no; but simply by the style
Of hair beneath his nose.

The German count is known at once.
By his mustache? Gewiss!
You notice how the thing is trained

T s.
o i
g h
row like t

In picking out an English lord
You'll never make a miss,
Because you know he wears his hair

his lip like
n t
o h
p i
U s.

The Frenchman is not picked because
He dresses like a sport,
But by his well-waxed black mustache,
——That'sbushystraightandshort——

To tell the woolly Westerner
Is simple quite, I wis;
For he's the man whose coarse mustache

Hangs care
lessly like
th is.

F. P. PITZER.

DEFINING IT.

Dennis—"Goin' t' shpend th' wake-end at Callahan's, are yez? An' phwat do yez call th' wake-end?"

Terence—"Shure, thot's Saturday noight frum th' toime yez dhraw yure pay till th' saloons close."

A Natural Wall Street Preference.

"I DON'T see why Stocksandbonds insists on going with Miss Goldust, when he could just as well take up with Miss Gotrox. The latter comes from old American stock."

"That may be true," replied Mrs. Gunbusta smilingly, "but he probably prefers Miss Goldust because she comes from watered stock; her ancestors were Baptists, you know."

The Irishman's Retort.

AN Irishman was hurrying along past a ten-story building recently, when suddenly the falling body of a man struck him from above and knocked him to the sidewalk.

"Phat did ye do thot fer?" demanded the Irishman, rising painfully to his feet.

"You saved my life!" cried the other man in return, following the Irishman's example and scrambling to his feet. "I fell out of that second-story window up there, and you broke my fall."

"Begorry!" retorted the dazed Celt, "Oi hope some day Oi'll fall down on ye frum th' top av th' buildin' an' break yure neck!"

ANOTHER STRIKE.

Mrs. Clancy—"Phy are yez shtriking little Jimmy?"
Mr. Clancy—"Oi'm shtroiking him fer hoigher pay."
Mrs. Clancy—"Is it crazy yez be?"
Mr. Clancy—"No. He don't pay me enoof reshpict!"

Behind the Times.

First little girl—"Have you been operated on yet?"

Second little girl—"No. Mother says I am very backward for my age."

BOTH GUILTY.

Doris—"Mamma, why is your hair turning gray?"
Mamma—"Because you are such a bad little girl sometimes."
Doris—"What a bad child you must have been, mamma! Grandma's hair is almost white."

A Possibility.

"YES," proudly observed the Japanese official, "our latest naval statistics show that we now have thirty first-class battleships."

"Ah, invincible Nippon!" exclaimed another statesman of the land of the rising sun. "Still, it is hardly accurate yet to include the American fleet. Some of their vessels may be sunk."

Tricked of the Time.

A PHILADELPHIA lawyer, who spends most of his time at his country estate, employs a sturdy Irish gardener, whose one desire in life is to live until the banner of freedom is unfurled over Ireland.

One evening the lawyer strolled through the grounds of his place and stopped to have a chat with the gardener.

"Michael, do you know that while we are here enjoying the beautiful twilight it is dark midnight in Ireland?" he asked.

"Faith, an' Oi'm not surprised," replied the gardener. "Ireland niver got justice yit."

The Wrong One.

MR. GUNSON took two cigars from his pocket, carefully selected one and handed the other to his guest.

"Fine cigars," he remarked, striking a match. "Two for a quarter."

The guest puffed a light into his cigar and blew a cloud of smoke into the air.

"Two for a quarter?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Mr. Gunson proudly.

"Sorry I didn't get the twenty-cent one!" remarked the guest sadly.

Behind Her Fan.

NOW isn't it a pretty way, refusing me, ill-using me,
After many years of presents and attention to her Fan?
She is now about excusing me, not choosing me, but losing me,
To listen to a Briton, a titled Englishman.
Instead of sweetly cheering me,
Revering me, endearing me,
Sighing for me, dying for me,
Loving all she can,
She's actually sneering at me,
Jeering at me, peering at me,
Abusing me, ill-using me,
And all behind her Fan!
Pretty sort of treatment after paying for the Fan!

WALTER BEVERLEY CRANE.

A Change in Address.

A SOLDIER of the great army of the unemployed shuffled up to the roll-top desk and looked over.

"Say, are you de guy wot advertised for a man to address envelopes?" he asked anxiously.

"I am," replied the man at the desk; "but if you can't address envelopes any better than you addressed me, you'll find the exit where you came in."

Pessimism in Church.

"HOW DID you like the sermon to-day?"

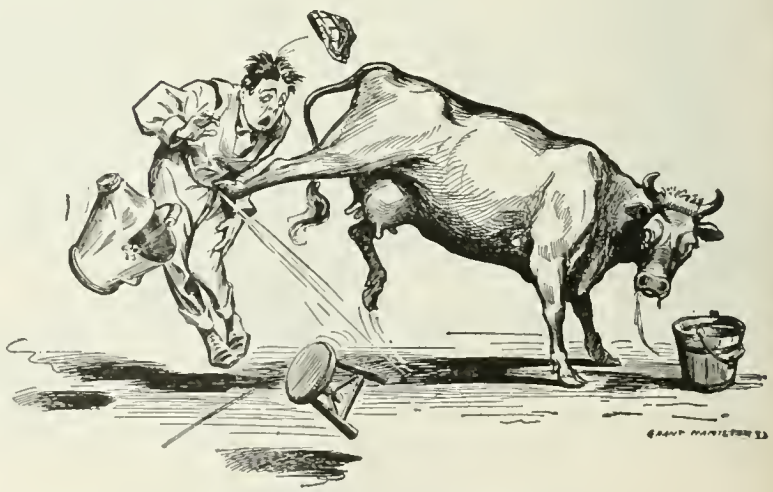
"Fairly well; but didn't you think the minister struck a rather pessimistic note?"

"I hadn't observed it. The choir struck so many that I overlooked the minister's."

Tough.

Frayed Fagin—"Here's a piece in de paper about a feller wot's goin' ter swim from Philadelphia to New York."

Lilyfield Toilnot—"Well, it's a tough git-away; but yer can't hardly blame him if dat's de only way he could manage it."



SUBURBAN LIFE IN AMERICA.
Mr. Countryhouse takes a milk-punch.

SAVED HER SEVERAL MILLIONS.

Gladys (simpering)—"What do you think, Jack? I believe Count Bustedbroke is going to propose! He told me yesterday that all he craved was just one kiss"——

Jack (excitedly)—"Give it to him, by gad!—give it to him at once! Then thank your stars you got off so cheaply."

SPEAKING THE TRUTH.

THE PARSON arrived unexpectedly to remain for supper with a large colored family in Kentucky. Immediately the cabin was in commotion, and mammy swept away the swarm of little pickaninnies with a few well-timed warnings and reminders as to table manners. When supper was ready, the 'possum and "taters" were tempting, and little Susie watched with despairing eyes the delectable viands diminish and fade away into nothing ere her turn came. When the parson had almost finished, mammy turned to Susie and said,

"Have some mo' 'possum, honey?"

A pair of indignant eyes flashed.

"Mo'! I ain't had *some* yet!" exploded Susie.

Kenneth E. Bowen, North Collins, N. Y.

THE BLOW NEVER TOUCHED HIM.

DURING a heavy shower a man with a very wet overcoat entered a Boston hotel to pay a business call upstairs. Not wishing to take the dripping coat with him, he hung it in the hall and pinned this note to it: "This coat belongs to a man who strikes a two-hundred-pound blow. Back in ten minutes."

When he returned, his overcoat was gone and in its place was his note, with the addition: "P. S. Taken by a man who walks ten miles an hour. Won't be back at all."

Ben Feblowitz, Wellsville, N. Y.

FAITHFUL UNTIL THE LAST.

A MINISTER had been called in at the last moment to preach the funeral sermon of a man with whom he was entirely unacquainted. Being at a loss as to how he should speak of the deceased, he approached a member of the household, with the hope of obtaining some suggestion.

"My son," inquired the preacher, "may I ask what were the last words of your father?"

"Sir," was the reply, "father never had any last words. Mother was with him to the last."

J. M. Barnhart, Urbana, Ill.

LITTLE FRED'S mother had company. One of the visitors, an old friend whom she had not seen since her marriage, asked to see Fred. The mother went out to bring the little fellow in.

Presently the sounds of a scuffle in the next room were heard, and the low tones of the mother as though remonstrating with the youngster. Then the shrill voice of Master Fred was heard.

"I don't care; company or no company, I won't have my face washed with spit."

F. M. Wheelock, Corry, Pa.

A STAR ACHIEVEMENT.

Sooner Nott—"De best day's work I ever done in me life wuz de day I got married."

Howitt Wauz—"How wuz dat?"

Sooner Nott—"I worked me ladder-in-law fer five dollars ter pay de minister an' hung up de minister."

CHRISTMAS SWEETENERS.

"Mommy, dear, I'm going to tell Santy Claus to bring you a tree so high, filled with candy-sticks. Now can't I have some jam?"

The Stuttering Sonneteer.

SOULFUL SONGS OF THE HUMBLE COUNTER-JUMPER TO THE HAUGHTY SALESLADY.

By Sus-sus-Sam S. Sus-sus-Stinson.

LIGHT of my life, my pup-pup-precious one,
I bid you wuh-wuh-welcome to the store.
I watch you kuk-kuk-coming through the door,
And sus-sus-see the kuk-kuk-cash-boys run
To take your wraps. My day has just begun
When I can sus-sus-see my love once more,
And all my pent-up pup-pup-passion pour
In verses to my Ami-zuz-zuz-zon.

Last nun-nun-night I dud-dud-dreamed of you,
And in my dud-dud-dream I walked alone
Be-sus-sus-side the sea, and ere I knew
You came up through the wuh-wuh-waves, my own,
Like Aphro-dud-dud-dite, and you threw
Me kuk-kuk-kisses from your far-off throne.

The Mistle-pto.

"PAPA, is this mistletoe poison?"

"Yes, Johnny."

"If I eat a berry will it make me sick?"

"Yes, Johnny; it will."

"Well, what will I have?"

"You'll have mistle-ptomain poisoning, my son."

Impressionable.

SUCH little things had influence o'er him—
His watch-chain held for him a wondrous charm,
And from his mantel in the morning dim
A nickel clock would fill him with alarm.

The Why of It.

"WHY," asked the weary-looking man of the chap who had been talking an hour without saying anything, "is a human being different from a suit-case?"

"I don't know," answered the gab artist. "Why?"

"Because," continued the weary-looking man, with a meaning glance, "when there's nothing in it, it is most easily shut up."

THE STANDARD IS TOO HIGH.

"I tell you it's tough to be the only kid in the family."

"Why?"

"'Cause pa goes around bragging about me, and then, when company comes and I can't make good, I get a licking."

AS TRUTHFUL AS USUAL.

Mrs. Hen—"Aren't the twins just too cute, Mr. Owl?"

Mr. Owl—"Er-er, yes, and the image of their father."

The Limit.

"I AM surprised you didn't propose to Dottie before. You know she has plenty of money even if she is homely."

"My dear fellow, it isn't her being homely I object to. I could stand that, but she has such an affectionate disposition."

Give and Take.

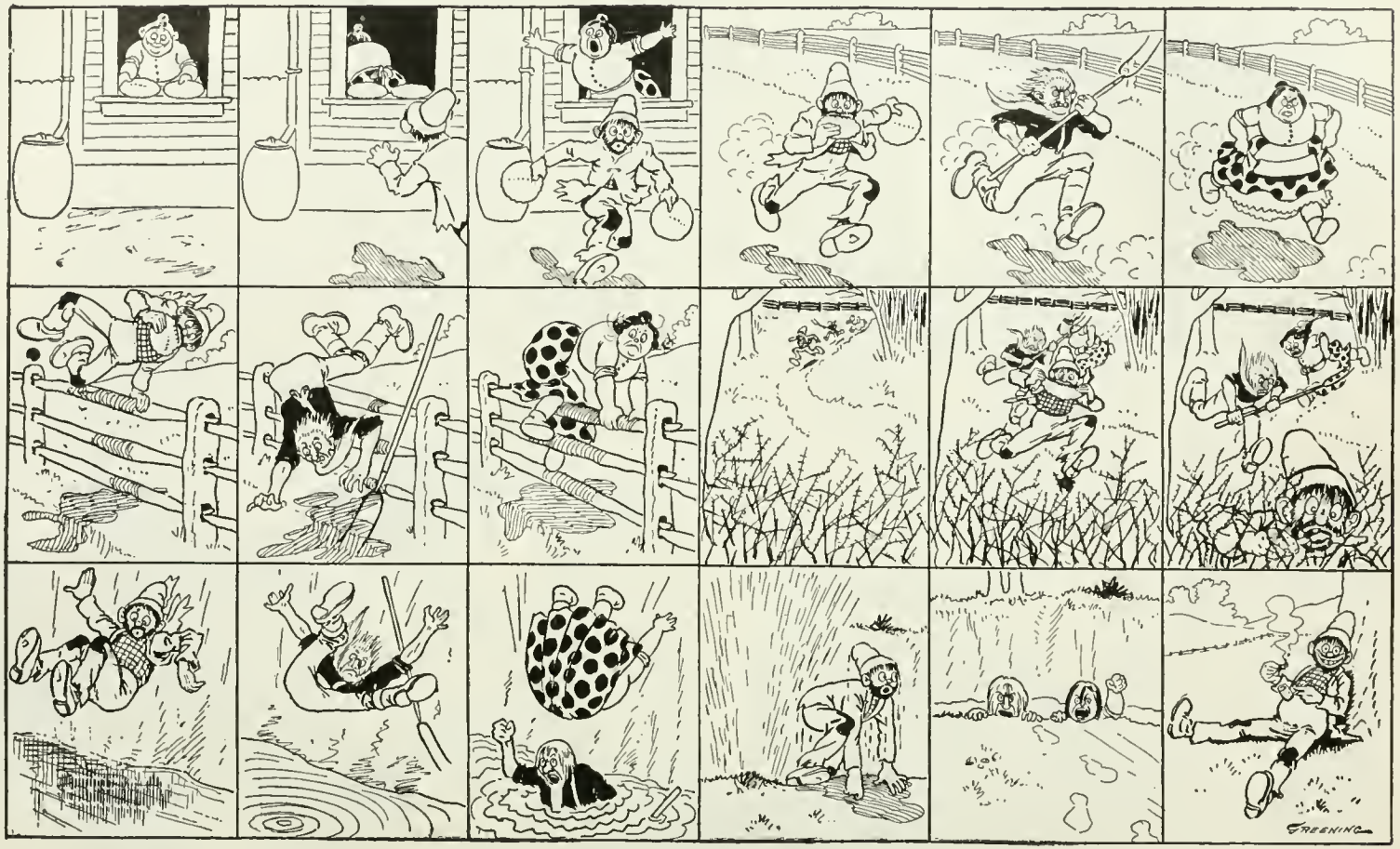
Lawyer (examining juror)—"Do you understand the difference between character and reputation?"

Juror—"Reputation is the name your neighbors give you; character is the one they take from you."

Brevity.

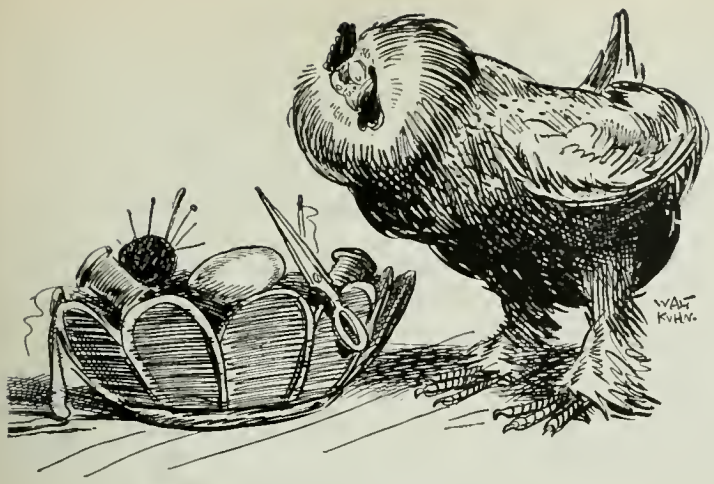
"SAY, Tommy, you want to get a piece sewed on to those pants. They're too short."

"Short nothin'! I got into them too far—that's what's the matter."



THE PIE-OUS TRAMP'S TRIUMPH.

Directions for using our moving pictures: Run the eyes rapidly along each row from left to right. If you do not find the pictures moving it must be because you are not easily moved.



"THE EGG SEEMS ALL RIGHT, BUT THE NEST LOOKS MIGHTY UNCOMFORTABLE."

Beautiful Snow.

(Disrespectfully dedicated to the street-cleaning department.)

SNOW, snow, beautiful snow,
Lying in heaps on the ground below,
Blocking the gutters and car-tracks and street,
Caking and freezing and wetting our feet.
Oh, how we love you! We worship you so!
Beautiful, beautiful, *beautiful* snow!

Slush, slush, beautiful slush,
Charming consistency something like mush.
Splashing all over our pedal extremes,
Bringing us grip and most horrible dreams.
Oh, how we love your melodious "sqush"!
Beautiful, *beautiful*, BEAUTIFUL slush!

Mud, mud, beautiful mud,
In mounds or in ridges or elegant pud-
Dles at the crossings where automobiles
Spatter you o'er us. How lovely it feels!
How we adore you! And yet how we shud-
Der at you, beautiful, *beautiful* mud!

G. HAWLEY.

A Prolific Family.

THE STORY is told around Denver that when Colonel Dick Mullins landed in France he didn't know one French word from another. Indeed, he seemed to think there wasn't any French language at all, and blithely butted in with his questions in his own tongue, as though that were universal. Sitting in his train at Havre he saw a policeman near by, and, thinking he might be some military notable, asked a Frenchman next to him who it was.

"Gendarme," responded the polite Gaul, guessing at the question from the colonel's nod.

At one or two other stations the same question brought the same answer. In Paris one hurried through the café where the colonel was sipping his coffee like a true Parisian, and he asked the waiter who it was.

"Gendarme," replied the waiter, smiling at the rich American.

Late at night, on his way to his hotel, the colonel met one face to face.

"Excuse me," he said to the guardian of the peace; "are you John Darm?"

The guardian caught the name well enough to know the answer.

"Oui, oui, m'sieur," he replied; "gendarme."

"I thought so," said the colonel; "and I want to say to you," he added, tapping the man on the breast in a friendly fashion, "that the John Darm family seems to be about as well represented in France as the John Smith family is in America."

A Hard One.

"DAD," began Tommy, "haven't I been real good since I've been going to Sunday school?"

"Yes," answered dad.

"And you trust me now, don't you?"

"Yes," said dad.

"Then," demanded Tommy, "what makes you keep your box of cigars hid the same as ever?"

A Mnemonic Achievement.

Johnny—"Uncle Jim says he can recollect when the public square here was all woods."

Jimmy—"Huh! Pa says he can remember 'way back before Bryan began runnin' fer President."

At the Grand Opera.

Inquisitive nephew—"Uncle, what's that hole in the curtain for?"

Bored uncle—"Hush, child; that's put there so the actors can see the show."

News Item.

THE mustard in the hamlet of Spiici is indeed strong. A man made a plaster of it, put it on his back, and that night it drew his diamond stud into his body. Up to the time of going to press the doctors are still probing for it.

Heaven.

CANST think what is heaven?
Is it where
There is no end to hymn and prayer?
And Sunday school?
Is it a place
Of saintly grace
Prescribed and handed out by rule?

Ah, no; each soul must have its own.
What most it wishes that shall be
The ultimate, supreme reward—
Its answer to eternity.

There all shall find their heart's desire;
Full measure to mankind shall come.
The good are there, the evil, too—
For heaven will be hell to some.

WILLIAM J. LAMPTON.

Mabel, the Modest Mucilage Maker.

A MELOW-DRAMA IN SEVERAL SPASMS.

GASPING with surprise, our heroine saw her lover, Jack Walton, lying bound on the ground before her. But it will be remembered that before Mabel worked (for) Mazuma Marks, the mucilage magnate, she was employed in a cigar factory. She had little difficulty, therefore, in unraveling the ropes which bound Jack.

"What, Mabel! you here!" he gasped, when he caught sight of his fair rescuer.

"Yes, Jack," she answered. "I have not worked in a mucilage factory for nothin'. I will stick to you."

At that moment St. Hulbert de Marks, the son of Mabel's former employer, and Jack's bitter enemy, sneaked up behind her.

"Ha! 'tis Mabel, the modest mucilage maker!" he cried and seized hold of her around the waist. But, as Mabel said, she had not worked in a glue factory for nothing. Springing up, she pasted St. Hulbert in the face, and, with Jack, fled into the night.

(To be continued.)

Worked Both Ways.

"THE country is starving for ten-thousand-dollar men!" shouted the high-browed lecturer.

"And a lot of thirteen-dollar men are starving for their country," echoed a United States soldier in our island possessions as he inspected his rations.

Carried Too Big a One.

Benham—"The load of a full-grown elephant is two tons."

Mrs. Benham—"I wish, when you go out nights, that you would take a smaller elephant for your model."

Force of Habit

"CLOSE shave, sir?"

No response.

"Would you prefer the windows closed?"

No response.

"Getting rather cold, eh?"

No response.

"Trim your mustache, sir?"

No response.

"Think Roosevelt will accept a third term?"

No response.

"Bay rum?"

No response.

"Any news about the murder trial?"

No response.

Whereupon the country barber, who was alone in his shop, took a seat greatly refreshed.

He had been shaving himself!

WALTER PULITZER.

Curt, but True.

She—"I wonder where those clouds are going?"

He—"They are going to thunder."

Poor Fellow.

He—"Did you know Brown's wife was treating him like a dog?"

She—"Why, no! What does she do?"

He—"She does nothing but pet him all the time."

Already in Force

She—"There ought to be a heavy penalty imposed upon every married man with half a dozen children."

He—"There is. He has to support them."

Only Kind.

Tommy—"Pa, what is a tug of war?"

Knicker—"One commanded by both the line and staff."

Bespoke.

"SHE seems like a very reserved girl."

"Yes—I wonder who for?"

BACK AGAIN.

Lady that I took to dinner
Chatted with the chap who sat
Other side of her; the sinner
Quite monopolized her chat.
So I sat alone, alack!
Fearing I had got the sack,
Knowing, though, that I saw more
Of her than I'd seen before—
I was glad to see her back. B. J.

The Birth Column

Compiled from the rural weeklies. Some of them really *were* and the others *might* have been

By Terrell Love

SINCE the stork visited the home of Casper Rubberman and left a bouncing baby girl, Cas has been stepping with a very elastic tread. He can, however, probably be caught on the rebound about three a. m.

Ike Stone says there are two little pebbles growing on his beach this morning where only one grew before.

Sam Carter, the best poker-player in Big Horn, was dealt a king and a queen last night. He affirms that they are a good pair to draw to (o).

The chip-basket at Ira Block's is full. The last chip off the old block weighed twelve pounds.

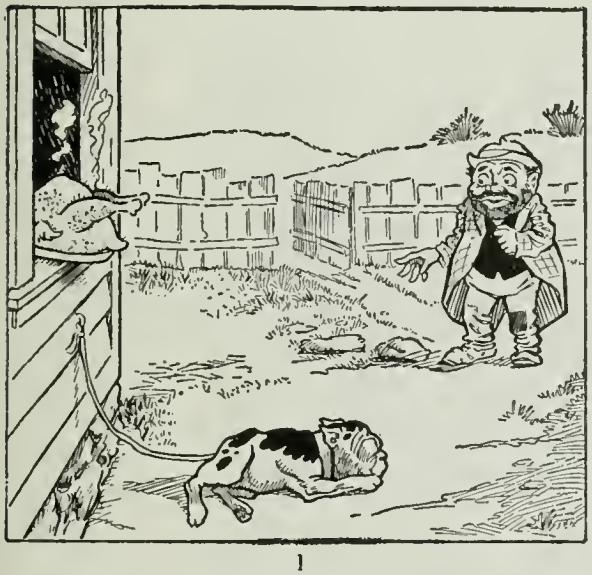
Born to the wife of Jack Quail, Thursday the 8th, triplets—a fine covey. Jack is so swelled up he has forgotten his gun-shy bachelor days.

The many friends of Mr. Ote Wheat and wife (formerly Miss Meadows, of Coshocton) are congratulating them upon a successful harvest. Sweet Clover and Timothy O., the eight-pound girl and the nine-pound boy who filled their hearts and the family cradle to overflowing, are doing well. May the chinch-bugs never get them!

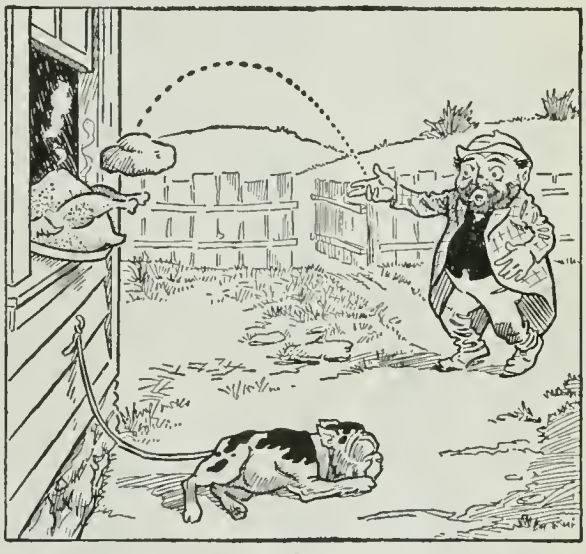
Greenleaf Wood had a little splinter in his hand this morning when we called at the back door to borrow some eggs for breakfast, but he didn't seem to be in pain, so we refrained from offering to pick it out. It is the kind that will wear curl papers and a mother hubbard when it grows up.

Henry Wilson and wife, Monday morning, triplets. Wanted, a fresh cow.

HUNGRY HANK SCORES A VICTORY.



1



2

3

4

A LONG-FELT WANT.

Huckster—"Here yeh are, gents! Git wise—git wise! Sofer-pillers, includin' a strap, any color, fer on'y fifty cents! Yeh can't learn ter skate comfortable widout one!"

Smithkins's Automatic Baby Tender

By Arthur William Beer

"DRAT it!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown, as a buggy drawn by a raw-boned, hammer-headed equine was halted in front of the farmhouse. "There's another of them pesky machine agents!" Then, observing that the occupant of the buggy was in the act of unpacking something which stood in the rear of the vehicle, swathed in a white cloth, she went to the door and shouted,

"You needn't to go to all that trouble. I've got a good enough sewing machine now, and if it's washing machines or patent churns or such like, I don't want 'em."

The man smiled wanly, but proceeded with his work of unpacking, and a few seconds later clambered up the front steps, struggling under the load of a most curiously contrived machine, which he carefully, and with an air of loving pride, deposited on the front porch.

"Madam," he said, when he had somewhat recovered his breath, "I am told that you have a baby in the house."

"Well, of all the impudence!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown indignantly.

"No offense intended, madam, I assure you," said the agent. "You will presently catch the import of my words." Then, clearing his throat, he proceeded:

"From creation's dawn mankind was by cruel fate bound hand and foot to the iron wheel of labor, until, in comparatively recent years, the deft hand of science released him and at last afforded him that long-denied and glorious opportunity of"——

Mrs. Brown, with an impatient gesture, checked the speaker in his impassioned flight.

"That's all very interesting," she said, "and sounds most as good as the orating down at the Four Corners' school closing t'other day; but I'm too all-fired busy to"——

"Busy!" eagerly broke in the agent. "That's just it. That's the very point I am trying to make. I see you are a practical woman, and I'll dispense with my usual introductory remarks." Then, pointing to the machine at his side, he said impressively,

"Madam, you see before you science's greatest boon to tired womankind—'Smithkins's Patent Automatic Baby Tender,' sold on the easy-payment plan, and fully warranted for ten years."

"Smithkins's what!" gasped Mrs. Brown.

"Just as I say," returned the agent. "Let me explain its workings. It's a marvel of simplicity."

"It looks it," said Mrs. Brown, as she glanced scornfully at the fantastic contrivance.

"Madam," replied the agent, "once you possess one of these wonderful machines your troubles are at an end. Say that you put baby in his crib to sleep. Ten to one

TWO PICTURES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE.
Bill's scheme of posing on the edge of a small pond with his machine isn't a half bad idea.

PAPA TEACHES MAMMA TO SKATE—A HOLD-UP ON THE ICE.
"Now, skate, Mary! and don't you *dare to fall!*"

he wakes up before you are ready to take care of him, and he's just got to be amused. Now suppose you have one of these machines. When you put baby down you simply place it in position at the side of his crib, taking care to see that the receiving disks of the sound motors are correctly placed"——

"The sound motors!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown.

"Yes; that's the beautiful part of the invention. You see," explained the agent, "when baby wakes, the first thing he does is to cry, though perhaps not very loud at the beginning. Now observe what happens. The sound waves strike the proper receiving disk and set in motion the delicate mechanism. This arm here raises and lowers the wheel you see here into position within easy reach of the child. The wheel, as you see, is provided at regular intervals with spring clasps, in which objects are easily placed and as easily removed. We furnish free with each outfit a set of articles, such as rattles, teething rings, rubber dolls, and the like, which may be placed in the wheel. Now, when lowered into position, the wheel begins to revolve slowly. Sometimes its mere revolving will be sufficient to amuse and quiet baby, or as he sees fit he may grab from the wheel the plaything that pleases him. So soon as he removes anything, however, a lever is released, which raises the wheel and swings it back into its old position out of harm's way. Should baby cry for it again, it will return automatically."

"Marvelous!" cried Mrs. Brown. "But what's that crab net for?" pointing to a small hammock which was suspended from a metal bracket.

"Ah, that," said the agent enthusiastically, "that is one of the features of the most important part of the whole arrangement! Now suppose the revolving wheel fails to amuse baby or he grows tired of playing with the toys. His cries will naturally increase in volume. As soon as his crying reaches a certain pitch, this second sound motor sets in operation the machinery you see here," and the agent unlimbered a set of what looked like rubber-covered grab-hooks attached to a kind of crane. "This carrying arm reaches down in the crib, carefully picks up baby, and deposits him in the little hammock. The latter, you observe, is swung on our new patent, self-adjusting, swivel rockers, and as soon as baby is safely landed it begins to sway back and forth. At the same time a phonograph, which hitherto has been concealed at the base of the machine, is exposed to view and commences to get in its soothing work. We furnish you a set of records, consisting of lullabies, nursery jingles, and baby talk. The latter are particularly effective. For instance, we have one record that runs something like this:

> 'Oose itty bitty tootsy wootsy is oose?
> Oose is momsey's itty bitty tootsy wootsy;
> ess, oose is,'

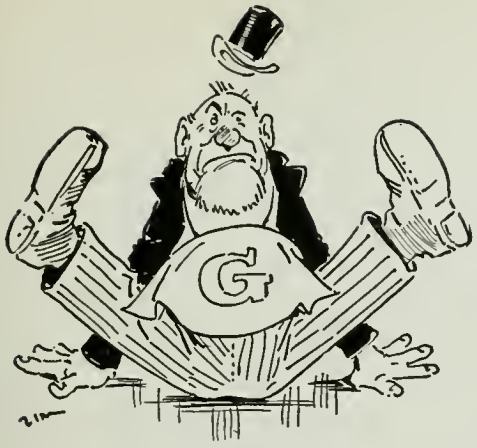
and so on. If preferred, of course, records reproducing the exact tones of the mother can be used, with almost miraculous effect.

"Now, if you will kindly fill out this blank, I will"——

"Hold on a moment!" cried Mrs. Brown. "Hold on! Your machine is no doubt all that you claim, but can it always be depended on to work, and aren't accidents likely to happen sometimes?"

"Madam," replied the agent, "this machine possesses something that is above human intelligence. A mere human being may make mistakes, but this machine works automatically and unerringly. I won't attempt

A FITTING DESIGN FOR THE AUTO ROAD-HOG.
Approved by the farmers in general.



MASONS, TAKE NOTICE.
"An accident on the square."

to deny that there haven't been a few mishaps, but the proportion is very small, very small indeed. I placed one of the machines a few months ago with Mrs. Atkins over at Piketown. She said it worked fairly well a time or two, but that one day she came in and found the baby suspended in air by the automatic carrying arm, and that he was almost exhausted from squalling so much."

"Oh! was he?" said Mrs. Brown.

"Yes," he went on, ignoring the note of sarcasm in her voice, "but the explanation of the matter is really very simple, very simple indeed. He had raised a cry which was sufficient in volume to start the mechanism, but not heavy enough to set the sound motor going at its full capacity. The result was that the baby was picked up and carried part way to the hammock, and then the machinery was checked, leaving baby in midair, as it were. I explained it all in detail to Mrs. Atkins, but she was most unreasonable about it, most unreasonable."

"Didn't seem to appreciate the wonders o' science, eh?" commented Mrs. Brown.

"Not in the least. Then there was Mrs. Blinks up at Pine Gap. She tried one of the baby tenders. It seems she came in one day and found her baby girl in the hammock, almost black in the face and gasping for breath. Now what had happened was no fault of the machine. It seems that baby had crawled down in her crib, so that instead of being picked up properly somewhere about the waist line, she was caught up by the neck and carried in that manner to the hammock. She was not really seriously injured, but you'd be surprised at the unladylike way in which Mrs. Blinks has acted. Talks of bringing suit for damages, and all that."

"Oh! she does, does she?" sniffed Mrs. Brown.

"Yes, some women are so unreasonable," said the agent.

"There have been some instances, too," he continued, "where babies, in their exuberance of spirits, have become rather badly tangled up in the revolving wheel, and, in a few cases I recall, the jaws of the carrying arm have failed to connect properly and baby has been allowed to fall; but this so rarely happens that it's really not worth considering."

"Not worth considering, eh?" snorted Mrs. Brown.

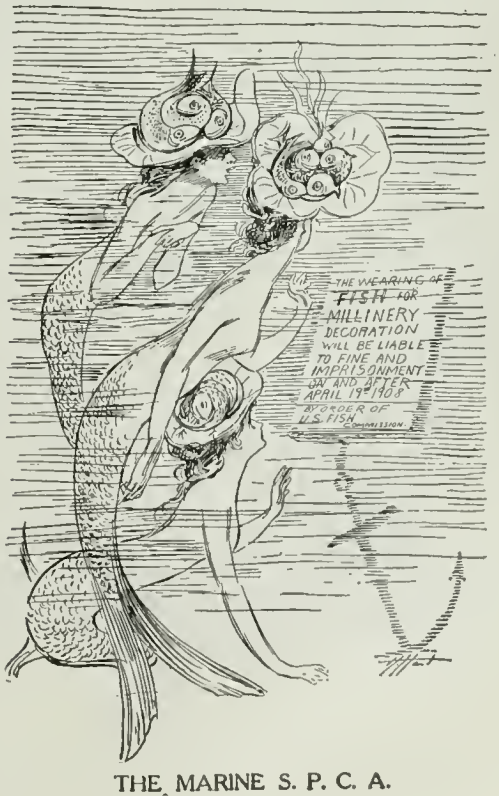
"I mean from a practical point of view," returned the agent hastily. "What, may I ask you, are a few insignificant mishaps in the interests of science? Look at the great number of people killed and injured by railway trains, for example. Does that make it any the less true that the railroad is one of the greatest blessings of civilization? Why, everywhere we are prone to accident and surrounded by unknown perils. Even amidst such peaceful surroundings as these," he continued, casting a comprehensive glance over the rural landscape, "may not danger lurk unseen, and"——

"You're right as to *that*," interrupted Mrs. Brown. Then she gave a low whistle, at the sound of which an immense, shaggy dog of nondescript breed, who hitherto had been snoozing peacefully under the shade of a currant bush in the dooryard, rose to his feet, wagged his tail slowly, opened a pair of massive jaws to their full extent and then let them close with a snap, after which he stood awaiting orders, with a look on his face as if he would say,

"Well, this is a mighty warm day to be bothered with business, but if you *have* any one that needs chewing up, I'm right on the job."

"There," said Mrs. Brown, "is my automatic, double-action, nuisance ejector. He also, you see, operates by sound waves. A whistle has brought him to the position you now see him in. A couple of magic words which I shall presently say will set him further in motion, and," she added significantly, "I'll say right now that *his* jaws never fail to connect properly. Now I'll give you a fair start, and then"——

But without waiting to hear more the agent gathered up his machine and beat an undignified retreat in the



THE MARINE S. P. C. A.

CONDITIONAL.

Fred—"Will you coast with me forever down the hill of time, dear?"
Mary—"Yes—if you let me steer."

direction of the buggy.

The dog looked inquiringly at Mrs. Brown.

"That'll be all right, Tige," remarked his mistress soothingly. "I guess he'll meet *his* finish soon enough, and we don't want his blood on our hands."

Whereupon Tige once more resumed his slumbers, and Mrs. Brown re-entered the house to take up her daily tasks at the point where she had been obliged to lay them down.

Our Workers' Page.

(From the "Successful Magazine.")

CAREFUL research discloses the interesting fact that *all* of the great men of to-day began their careers as young men. Is that not a wonderful thing! What encouragement can be distilled from it for the youth of to-day—the great men of to-morrow!

Many of the present great men, we also find, who came from the farm and the back country, had a habit of taking their baths on Saturday night. This is peculiarly interesting and may have a great deal to do with their careers. All ambitious youths might emulate their examples in this respect.

Some great men started in as office-boys, others as errand-boys, and still others had their money left to them. The point, though, is that all learned the value of money at an early age. This is something the youth of to-day should also do. It can be truthfully said that the young person who would be willing to give two dimes for a nickel instead of vice versa, starts out in life with something of a handicap.

But the youth of to-day have an advantage over the former generation in one thing—they have "Our Workers' Page." By perusing this page carefully each week, any bright young man should be able to go out and turn over a considerable sum of money each week. Tell your friends about the page, and be sure and buy next week's paper, with more hints for the ambitious.

HONEST ALL AROUND.

"Annie, do you *scald* the baby's bottles every time?"

Annie (earnestly)—"Indade, an' Oi do, ma'am, jist loike ye told me. Oi wouldn't desave ye. Oi'm jist th' same behoind as Oi am befure "

Atonement.

"SISTER SHUFFLEM," says the deacon's wife, "I am pained to hear that your husband played poker the other night and won a sum of money, and that you encouraged him in his wickedness by accepting his winnings from him. I have called to speak to you about it, and to reason with you as to"——

"Wait a minute, Sister Cantby," interrupts Mrs. Shufflem. "It is true that John Henry went and played poker and won twenty dollars and forty cents, and that I took the money he won, but I did it to teach him a lesson. I wouldn't allow a husband of mine to keep such ill-gotten gains. And I have spent the money for prizes for the bridge party I am going to give this week. You'll be here, won't you?"

"Indeed I shall, of course. I'm glad, Sister Shufflem, that you have taught your husband such a valuable lesson."

Whole Truth.

Witness—"I saw a man with one eye named Wilkins."

Lawyer—"What was the name of the other eye?"

LIVING ON THE REST OF HIS FAMILY.

ONE KIND OF AFFINITY.

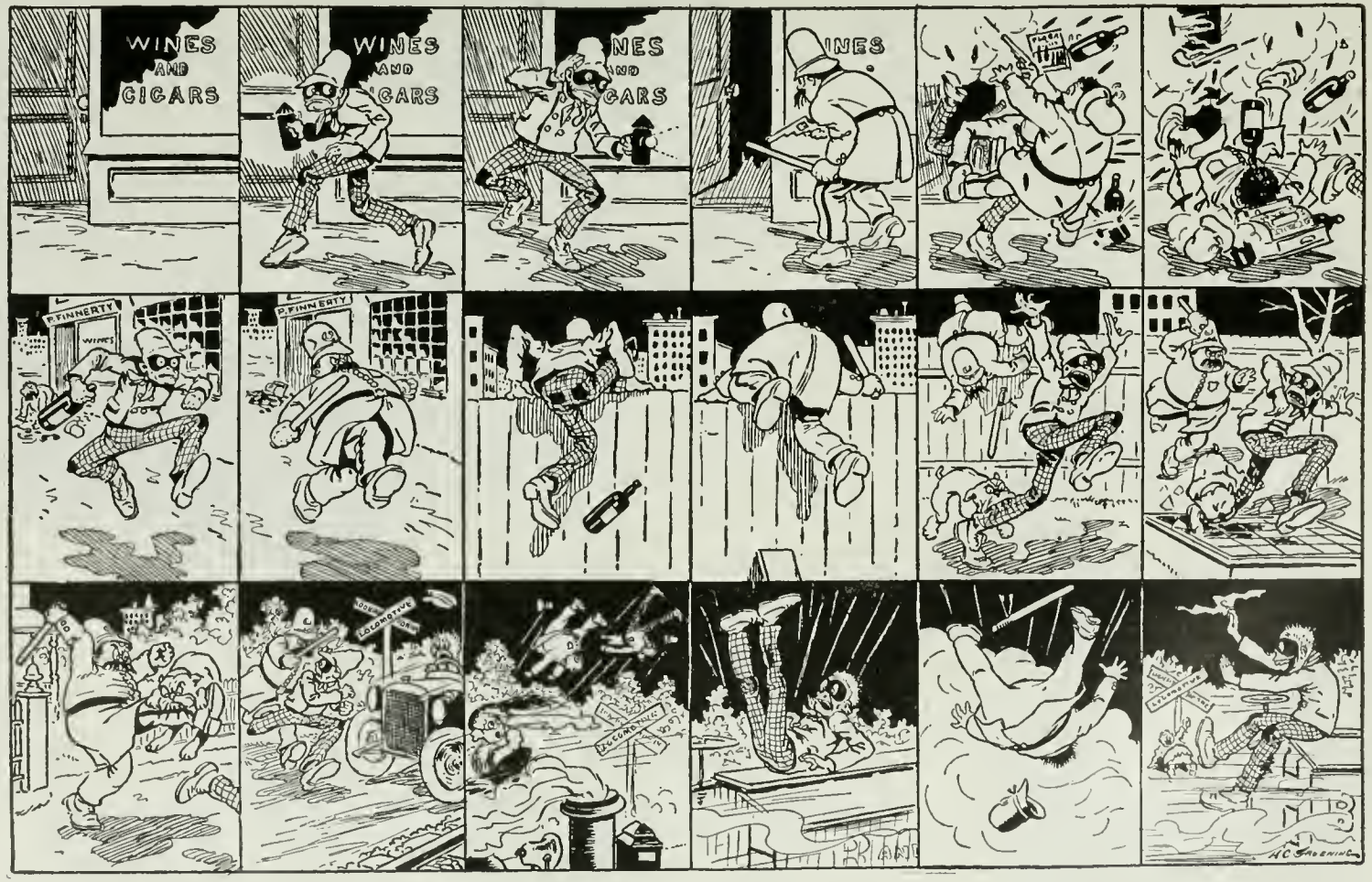
HER name was Josephine—
A country lass and sweet,
And innocent and beautiful
As any you might meet.

I courted her, of course.
Why should I not? Should one,
In rural districts, when he sees
A maid, turn round and run?

I asked her to be mine
Forever and for aye.
She shook her pretty head in grief
And sadly murmured, "Nay.

"I am bespoke, fair sir,"
She said; "but I might be,
Quite in the proper way, of course,
Your Josephine-ity."

W. J. LAMPTON.



"The Bold, Bad Burglar."

IN THE WRONG COACH.

Casey (who had bought a berth in the sleeper)—'How th' mischief do they expict a mon to stretch out an' take a good noight's rist in wan av thim things?"

The Work.

"SNAP!" went the cables,
"Crack!" went the chains;
Down dropped the scaffolds,
Down broke the cranes.

Big Tim, the foreman,
Swore like a Turk:
"Hold hard, ye lubbers!
Stand by the work!

"Stand by the work!
Sure, there's nothing to fear for.
Stand by the work!
What are tackle and gear for?
Stand by the work!
Ah-h, what else are ye here for?
Stand by the work!"

Up go your bubbles,
Down go your schemes;
"Crash!" fall your castles,
"Puff!" go your dreams.
Kin may desert you;
Friends only shirk.
Stamp on your trouble!
Stand by the work!

Stand by the work!
There's no manhood in crying.
Stand by the work!
There's no profit in dying.
Stand by the work!
All disaster defying,
Stand by the work!

ARTHUR GUITERMAN.

Was It Sold?

DAVE HIGGINS, an honest Canadian farmer, advertised his cow for sale as follows:

"Owing to ill health, I will sell at my residence in township 23, range 13, according to the government survey, one raspberry-plush cow, eight years old.

"She is a good milker and not afraid of motor-cars or anything else.

"She has undaunted courage and gives milk frequently. To a man who does not fear death in any form she would be a great boon. She is very much attached to her home at present, by means of a twenty-foot log chain, but she will be sold to any one who will use her right.

"She is one-fourth shorthorn and three-fourths hyene.

"I will also throw in a double-barrel shotgun, as it goes with her.

"In May she generally goes away for a week or two, and returns with a tall, red calf with wabbly legs."

Modern Complications.

IT IS pretty hard for a girl to tell whether it is better to be so polite as to pretend that she is not shocked when she is, or so refined as to pretend she is shocked when she isn't.

There is also the complicated case of the man who won't work at all unless he is praised for it, and when he is praised for it becomes too chesty to work.

IT WAS rush hour in the subway. Martin Luther hung wearily from a strap. "Here stand I," he said. "God help me, I can do no otherwise."

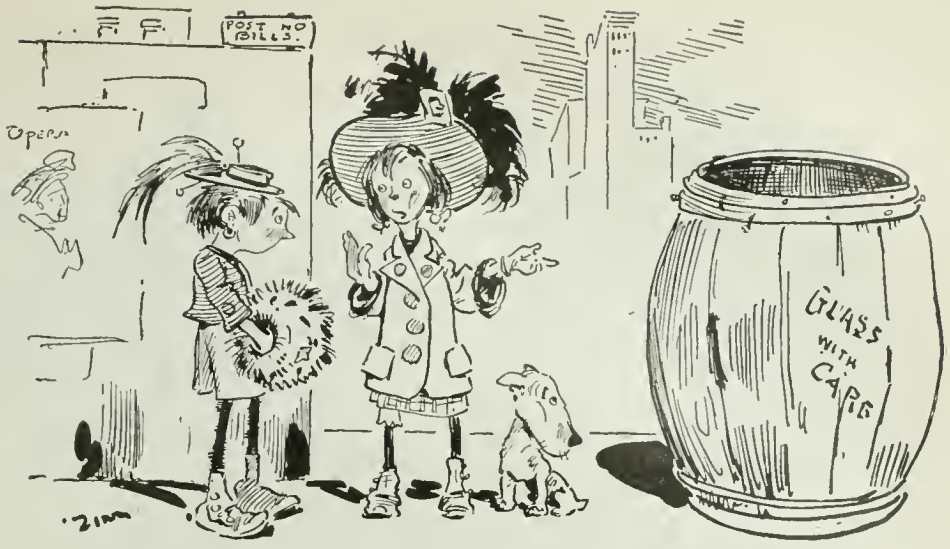
SUBMARINE SADNESS.

DIVER—"Well, if that ain't hard luck! Find a bottle of whiskey when I can't get it to my mouth without drownin'!"

On Motion of the House.

A SOUTHERN politician tells the following anecdote in connection with a slight earthquake that visited many cities of the Gulf States some years ago. The shaking of the earth was distinctly felt all over the State, but especially in the State capitol. The Legislature was in session at the time, and nearly every member thereof ran out of the building when the structure began to evince a disposition to turn itself over. Of course there was an end to legislative proceedings for that day. When the body had reconvened, it was found that some member of a grimly humorous turn had made an entry on the journal of the Legislature in these words: "On motion of the house, the Legislature adjourned."

Murray Hill—"Do you know how to cure a ham?"
East Side—"What's wrong with him?"



THE FOOD OF LOVE.

Maggie—"It wuz de swellest dance I ever attended."
Katie—"An' de music?"
Maggie—"Soulful! Dey had a phonergraft most ez big ez dat barrel."

Exactly.

LITTLE Mrs. Hunter had heard so many jokes about the brides who couldn't market successfully that she made up her mind that the first request she made of the marketman would show her to be a sophisticated housewife. "Send me, please," she said, "two French chops and one hundred green peas."

ENTHUSIASTS.

"Gee, Billy! look at the gold nuggets lying there!"
"Can't help it. We've just got enough gasoline to last us to the Yukon."

He Spread Himself

By Charles C. Mullin

"MY FATHER was a burglar," imparted the house thief to his companion, as they leisurely went about ransacking the house they had entered and found "ripe." "But he was different from the ordinary run of that craft—he was so terribly ambitious! In fact, it was his nervous desire to go ahead and clean up a job that abruptly ended his promising career as a high burglar."

"How was that?" asked the companion, scraping some spoons together on a sheet.

"Well, it was this way. One night, all alone (father wanted all the glory and swag there might be in a job), he slunk out of the house in his gummed shoes and hurried straight to the town bank. Once inside, he drew forth his dynamite, mufflers, and tools, and set to work drilling into the vault. Father always made a hole bigger than suited the ordinary cracksman, so he drilled a regular cave and filled it with ten times the ordinary bulk of dynamite. Then he applied the mufflers, attached his fuse, lit it, and sprung back into a distant corner of the bank to wait.

"After crouching there for what his nervous temperament judged to be sufficient time and nothing doing, father began to curse that fuse for being a dead one. He crawled back toward the loaded vault door, and had nearly reached it, when the charge went off— What's the matter?"

"I thought I heard a door creak below."

"That's the wind. Well, the result of that explosion was more sweeping than father had calculated," resumed the narrator, flopping a bureau drawer on to the floor downside up. "For the jar tore that vault door from its casing and sent it crashing through the street wall. This alarmed the watchman, who rushed away for the police. The police, in turn, rushed into the bank, and at a glance saw that it was a wreck. Father, you see, hadn't had a chance to escape—he was still in the bank. Of course the cops got him. It was his last job."

"Couldn't he find a hiding-place till they'd gone?"

"Yes; but, as I said before, father was different from the ordinary craft. Where one might be satisfied with huddling under a partially collapsed wall, or squeezing himself through the hole torn into the heating apparatus, or even winding himself up in the twisted and pliant cashier's cage, father was different."

"Where did they get him, then?"

"In all three places."

All in Sight.

JACK SPRATT could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean,
But when invited out to dine
They gobbled all they seen.

Agony.

First bridge player—"What made Mrs. de Fitt act so strangely during that last hand?"

Second bridge player—"She had the ace up her sleeve and couldn't get it out!"

A LENTEN LITANY FOR LADIES.

OH, thou, whom I approach with fear and trembling;
Thou, from whom no secret can be hid;
Thou, before whom naught remaineth concealed;
Thou, who never errest;
Thou, the repository of established truth;
Thou, the reflector of knowledge supreme and absolute;
Thou, in whose presence dissimulation is vain;
Thou, that never failest to render perfect justice;
Thou, before whom I would cover up my face,
Oh, pity my despair!
Look leniently upon me!
Cast not my faults back at me!
Reproach me not with my blemishes!
Neither hold them up unto my sight!
Spare me from utter shame!
Accuse me not too hardly!
Let not my condemnation be worse than I can bear!
Obliterate the hideousness of my defects!
Remember not the past,
And show mercy toward me, I beseech thee,
Oh, my mirror!

LIONEL STRACHEY.

THE COXCOMB.
"Gosh! I'd like to see the bird that wears that comb."

Ade's Plagiarism.

A CERTAIN critic, who was continually looking for evidences of plagiarism, met George Ade shortly after the production of the first Ade play.

"It's a great memory you have, old man," said the critic. "Your play is simply a repetition of parts of half a dozen other plays. However, I congratulate you on the skill with which you have patched the stolen parts together."

So it was with everything that was done by Ade—or, for that matter, by anybody else. The critic was always ready to name the old plays from which every new one had, in his opinion, been stolen. After the production of "The College Widow," in which the son of one of the chief patrons of a Baptist college falls in love with the daughter of the president of a Presbyterian college —there being great rivalry between the two institutions — Ade met the critic, and, feeling that there was a chance at last to confound him, said,

"Well, I hope you'll concede now that I'm capable of doing something original. You haven't found any evidences of plagiarism in this play, have you?"

"Huh!" replied the critic. "Worse case I ever saw. It's merely 'Romeo and Juliet' done over—the house of Capulet and the house of Montague—with a happy ending substituted for the tragedy."

For a moment Ade was stunned. Then he threw up his hands, saying, "All right. I thought I could get away with it, but you've caught me with the goods."

Nefarious.

THERE was a young gent temerarious,
Who developed a talent burglarious.
He got caught in the strife,
And he now leads a life
Which is simple, but far from precarious.

Very Plain.

Restaurant patron—"That isn't a very good-looking piece of meat."
Waiter—"Well, you ordered a plain steak."

AT THE SOURCE.
"Aha! I knew there was a spring around here."

A FINISHED ANIMAL PAINTER.

THE PRESENT AGE; OR, THE TWENTY-SEVEN AGES.

A Few Facts.

THE CHILD who cried for an hour didn't get it.

Sulphur springs are the best places for match-making.

Pickpockets never succeed till they get their hands in.

Pawnbrokers prefer patrons with no redeeming qualities.

Corkscrews have sunk more people than cork jackets will save.

The sluggard is referred to the ant, but he goes to his uncle.

All that is requisite in the enjoyment of love or sausages is confidence.

A little sighing, a little crying, a little dying, and a great deal of lying constitute love.

A man is sometimes in advance of his age, but you never heard of a woman in that condition.

Steam Heat.

OH, MY baby-child, Decatur,
Don't go near that radiator!
Precious little locks of gold,
You will catch your death of cold!

Don't you see? Have you not noted
How with frost the heater's coated?
Icy icicles abound it—
See what glacierettes surround it!

For, Decatur, you must know
How the jant., 'way down below,
Fills those pipes with steam, I'm told;
But that steam grows *very* cold.

Thus, as through the pipes it squeezes,
All that vapor quickly freezes
Long before *our* flat is reached—
That old jant. should be impeached.

So be careful, darling baby.
Don't go near it, love, or maybe
You'll get grippe, or even freeze—
Heaven's sakes! He's going to sneeze!

M. WORTH COLWELL.

ILLUSTRATED EXPRESSION.
"Hey Rube!"

A Self-answering Conundrum.

"WHAT is the difference," asks our friend, "between the men who crowd a theater to see the ballet and the girls on the stage?"

"And the answer?" we inquire.

"All the girls look alike and all the men like a look."

Disconcerting.

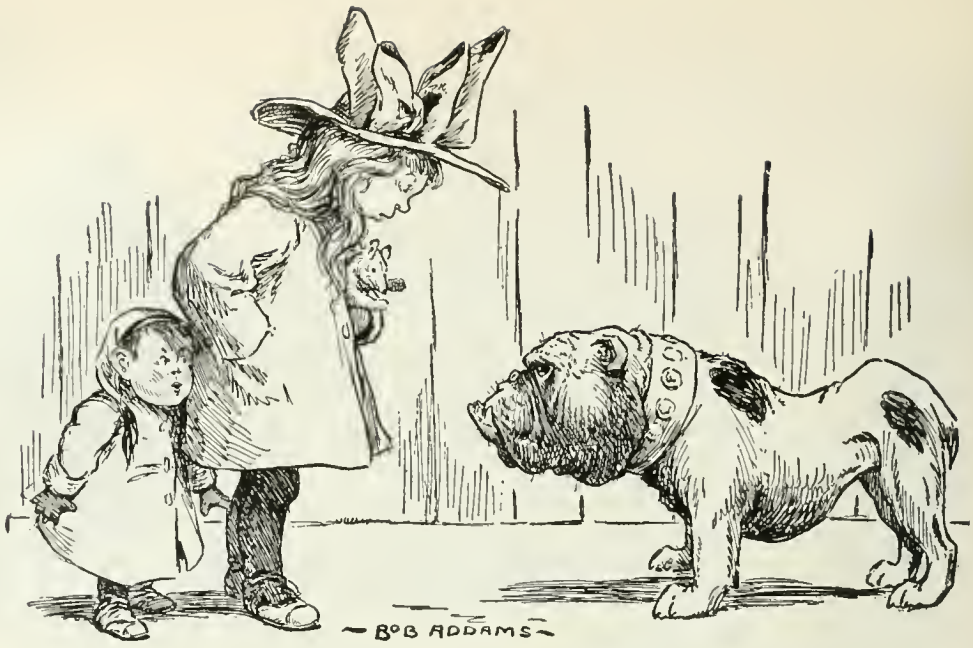
IT IS disconcerting, when you have paid out five hundred dollars for a violin and forty dollars for a bow, to find that you can't make a squeak on the blamed thing without a ten-cent piece of rosin!

THE "WURST" IS YET TO COME.

The Lucky Dog.

ONCE upon a time a dog went to a butcher shop and got a nice piece of bologna for his dinner. Then, with the bologna, he set out for his kennel. Now, it happened in going home that the dog had to cross over a low foot bridge spanning a stream of water. But he trotted along at a good pace, not looking to the right or the left, till he was about half way across the bridge, when suddenly his attention was attracted by a frog leaping into the water. Then the dog turned with bologna in mouth, and gazed into the depths for several seconds; but he could see nothing, only mud.

Being the source of the city's water supply, the dog's astral was invisible. Thus, by the rarest good fortune, was Shep enabled to go home and enjoy his dinner in peace.



Kid—"How do you s'pose he keeps his teeth warm?"

Comparative Values.

THERE is in our neighborhood a hard-working, original-minded woman who weaves rugs and carpets to support a good-sized family. One of her patrons visited her the other day, and commented on the delicious odors that came from a big pot on the stove, to which the good woman responded, in a pleased tone, "It's a b'iled dinner. You know, we have b'iled dinner every day, 'most, for father ain't got no teeth left and he can't chew anything with a real bite to it. And s'long's he's eighty-four his last birthday, and store teeth comes so high, it just seems like it would hardly *pay* him to get a set for the sake of a little chewin'."

BALKED AT THE BUBBLING.

David Hayson (from Placidville)—"Ye don't mean ter tell me there's runnin' water in *ev'ry* room?"

Hotel clerk (amused)—"I certainly do, sir."

David Hayson—"Then I guess as how I'll have ter hunt up a quieter tavern, mister. I could never git no sleep in this place with all thet there tricklin' an' splashin' goin' on."

The Enthusiast.

THE MUSIC of the Viennese
My Ethel could not fail to please—
It simply turned her head;
She danced the "Merry Widow Waltz"—
I'll not deny it—'twould be false—
As if Vienna bred.

But now the "Widow" grows passé,
"The Waltz Dream" is her dearest play—
It is, upon my soul!
She's danced so long Vienna style,
That now she walks—I have to smile—
With a Vienna roll.

H. S. STUCKEY.

Those Coast Winter Resorts.

"HUMPH!" ejaculated the Japanese official, "we could land an army in California within twenty days!"

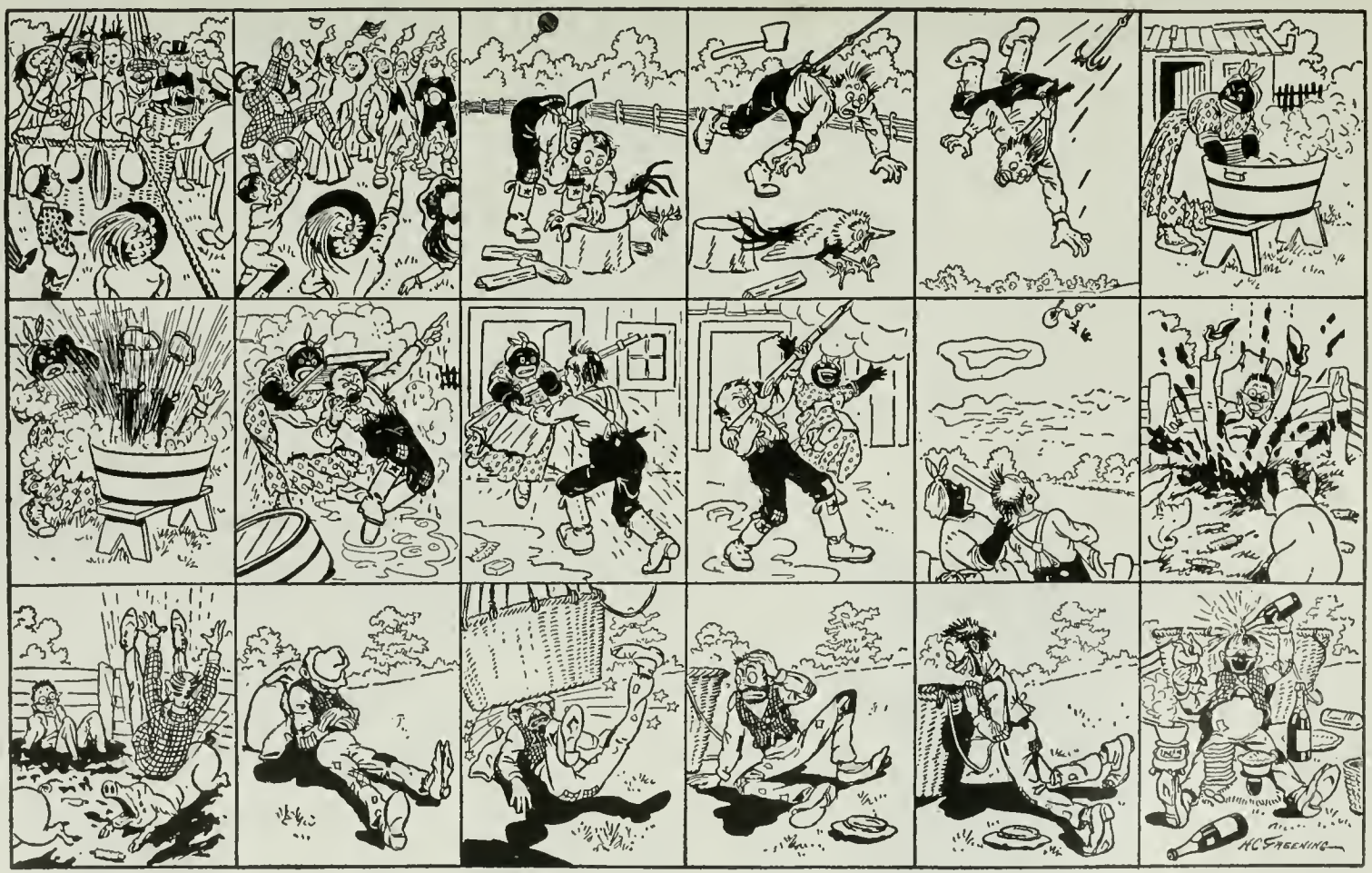
"True," replied another dignitary; "but could we keep it there long? I've read that living expenses there average twenty dollars a day."

There Are Parallel Cases.

Primus—"That man came to this city forty years ago, purchased a basket, and commenced gathering rags. How much do you suppose he is worth to-day?"

Secondus—"Give it up."

Primus—"Nothing; and he owes for the basket."



Balloon Ascension.

He Met His Match

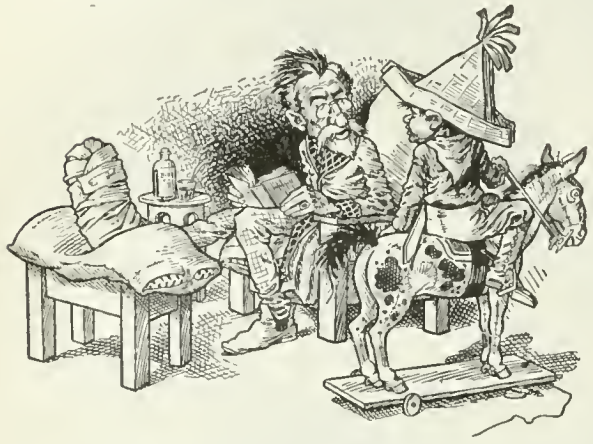
By A. B. Lewis

HE WAS engaging a new stenographer, and he bit off his words and hurled them at her in a way to frighten any ordinary girl out of her wits.

"Chew gum?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"Talk slang?"



"THAT BOY AGAIN."

Teddy—"Pa, did de Indians used ter carry keys around wid 'em fer ter open deir scalp-locks?"

"No, sir."

"Make goo-goo eyes at the fellows when you're not busy?"

"No, sir."

"Know how to spell such words as 'cat' and 'dog' correctly?"

"Yes, sir."

"Chin through the telephone half a dozen times a day?"

"No, sir."

"Usually tell the office force how much the firm owes and all the rest of its private business you learn?"

"No, sir."

He was thinking of something else to ask her when she took a hand in the matter and put a few queries.

"Smoke cheap cigars when you're dictating?" she asked.

"Why—er—no!" he gasped, in astonishment.

"Take it out of the stenographer's hide when you've had a scrap at home and got the worst of it?"

"Cer-certainly not!"

"Slam things around and swear when business is bad?"

"N-never."

"Lay for your employés with a club when they get caught in a block some morning?"

"No, indeed."

"Think you know enough about grammar and punctuation to appreciate a good stenographer when you get one?"

"I—I think so."

"Want me to go to work, or is your time worth so little that"——

"You bet!" he broke in enthusiastically. "Kindly hang up your things and let's get at these letters."

Heard Every Spring.

"WHERE you fellers goin'?"

"Fishin'. Come on."

"Na; t' cold."

"It's bound to warm up by noon."

"Haven't got no bait."

"We got 'nuff. Come on."

"Too much work to-day, boys."

"Be work here after you're dead."

"Fish ar'n't bitin', anyway."

"Wind's just right to-day."

"Wouldn't catch a fin 'f I went."

"We'll have a devil of a picnic, anyway."

"Where'll I meet you fellers."

"Down to Art's place. Drop in."

"Sure thing; ten minutes."

Hubby—"Why, he fairly took my breath away."

Wifey—"I thought I missed something."

NOT BUILT FOR IT.

"I guess there's nothing for us. He has nothing left but seats in the gallery."

An Early Test

By A. B. Lewis

IT WAS close to midnight, and although she had yawned a dozen times during the past half hour, he stayed on and tried to get up enough nerve to test his fate. As the clock struck twelve, he took a long breath and reached for her hand and said, "Miss Bluntly —Maude—ever since I met you at the picnic last summer I have been madly in love with you."

"Is that so?" she replied, stifling a yawn and looking anxiously at the clock.

"Yes, Maude. Will you marry me? Say that you'll be mine and make me the happiest man in the world."

"Why—er—we haven't known each other very long," she said, as she continued to watch the clock.

"Long enough for me to know that you are the only girl I could ever love. Say the word and I'll do anything—anything—you may ask."

"You will?" asked the girl, beginning to show some interest in the matter for the first time.

"I will, Maude."

"Anything I may ask?"

"Anything, no matter what. I'd leap into a den of lions for you; I'd throw myself into the raging sea or leap from a balloon were you to ask it. Will you put me to the test, dear?"

"Yes, Harold," she said, as she returned the pressure of his hand and uttered a deep sigh of relief. "I promise to be yours; and now please get your hat and make tracks for home. I've got to get up at five o'clock tomorrow morning and help mother with the ironing."

Got What He Could.

THE GREAT specialist's patient, after many weeks of treatment, had at last been declared cured of an "incurable" disease, and with a grateful feeling he asked the physician the amount of his bill.

"That depends, my dear sir," said the specialist. "Whenever I treat a man I always make it a point to determine his occupation and how large a family he has to support. Then I make out my bill accordingly. May I ask what you do for a living?"

"I am a poet," replied the patient soulfully.

"In that case," said the physician, "if you will give me the money in cash now, it'll be a dollar and a half."

A Gentle Reminder.

"THERE!" growled Mr. Suburbanite, as he stored the snow shovel in the farthest corner of the basement; "ding you, I won't have to wrestle with you for a few months, anyway!"

Turning suddenly around in the dark, he fell over something that gave forth a nerve-tearing rattle and click. With a wild shriek, he fled up the cellar stairs before the lawn-mower could catch him.

Sign of Spring.

De Quiz—"Have you heard a robin yet?"

De Whiz—"No; but I've seen a woman, with her head tied up in a towel, beating a carpet in the back yard."

All Gone.

Papa—"What became of the hole I saw in your pants?"

Willie—"It's worn out."

Lady (to nurse)—"Have you had any children of your own?"

Nurse—"None to speak of, madam."

SHE TRUSTED HIM.

Mrs. Casey—"Shure, Dr. Mack, ye did so well by Felix, takin' out his appindex, Oi've brought ye me youngest."

Eminent surgeon—"Well, and what seems to be the matter with him?"

Mrs. Casey—"Dandruff, sor."

An Advantageous Partnership.

THE FOLLOWING "paid" ad. appeared, without editing, in the Pinhook *Banner*, of January 25th:

"KRIPPELS TAKE NOTUS!!!

"The Undersigned got onley wun leg left leg an wun arm rite arm an want to git into pardnerships with wun rite leg krippel an wun left arm krippel for exchanging ov bootes shoes ovver shoes gloves an mittens withem savin this way munney fer awl three on the same clothings which foot geer hez got fer to be number 10 dubbel EE an mittens korrespondin plees anser with inclosing stamps fer anser back an harty good will to awl.

"Your obeedeunt servent

"HENNERY PILLOCKS JR."

Cold-weather Pome.

THIS morn I can't compose
In prose,
As good style goes,
Because, I s'pose,
My ink is froze.
I cannot write—he knows!—
Good prose,
Or string out words in rows.
Turn on the hose,
My ink is froze!
I mean th' hot-water hose.
Oh, Mose!
Down in the nose
Of th' inkwell th' stub pen goes.
Aha! It did not sink; it rose!
My ink is froze!
Smote the icy ink some blows,
And bent its toes,
My good old stubby pen!
Oh, hear my tale of woes.
I cannot write this morn,
My ink is froze!

Gee, whizz!
My ink is friz.

JACK ROBINSON.

MOST OFFENSIVE.

Captain—"If I see your face in my house again I shall slap it."
Noble foreigner—"Ah! but it ees a punishable offense."
Captain—"Of course it is. That is why I want to slap it."

Cautious.

"SIR!" she said excitedly, approaching the teller's window in the bank, "I am informed that a check I sent out the other day has been returned, marked 'No funds.' What does that mean?"

"It simply means, madam," responds the courteous teller, "that we couldn't pay the check. There are no funds to pay it. You already have an overdraft of sixty dollars."

"And you can't pay the check?"

"No, madam. As I say, you have an overdraft of sixty dollars, and we"——

"Well, young man, I'll say this for you. At least you are honest, and it is very kind of you to tell me of the condition of the bank. I will take my overdraft and put the sixty dollars on deposit elsewhere."

WILD GAME ENTHUSIASTS.

Dad—"I wish I could be a little boy again, like you, Willie."

Willie—"I wish you could, dad—only littler, of course."

Reasonably Sure.

She—"Lois writes for the magazines."

He—"She'll get 'em if she sends the price."

Just as Good as Ever, Too.

AN OLD physician was noted for his brusque manner and old-fashioned methods. A lady called him in to treat her baby, who was slightly ailing. The doctor prescribed castor oil.

"But, doctor," protested the young mother, "castor oil is such an old-fashioned remedy."

"Madam," replied the doctor, "babies are old-fashioned things."

The Meaning Obvious.

Teacher—"What is the meaning of the phrase, 'A well-read man'?"

The usual silence, when, after a short while, Stub McGuff raises his hand.

Teacher—"Well, Mr. McGuff, what is the meaning?"

Stub—"A healthy Indian."

The Way It Appeared to Her.

WHEN she was five years old her aunty took her to church; it was her first experience.

When she got home her mother asked her how she liked the service.

"Oh, well, God was there in a white nightgown, and he didn't speak loud enough for the people to hear what he said; so they kept saying *over* and *over*, 'We beswitch Thee to let us hear Thee, good Lord.' I didn't like it very much."

Located.

"YOU SAY that the cook assaulted you?" inquired the judge.

"He did—kicked me, your honor."

"Where did he kick you?"

"In the pantry."

NOTHING NEW.

Excited cow-puncher—"Look out, ladies! You'll get run down."
Miss New York—"Don't be alarmed. We're used to dodging autos."

Song of the Bunco Man.

LIVES of easy marks remind us we can make existence pay;
Let us then be up and doing every Rube who comes our way.

Embarrassing.

ISN'T it embarrassing, after you have been wearing a soft Fedora all winter, to try to grab the dome of your new derby when you meet a lady friend?

"HE'S quite well off, isn't he?"

"Oh, yes. Why, he has almost enough money to be in jail."

DENTISTS always look down in the mouth.

Of Course.

OF COURSE it makes a striking display advertisement, but should not the line be drawn on "Woman's shirt waists half off"?

Extra.

Johnny—"What difference will leap year make?"

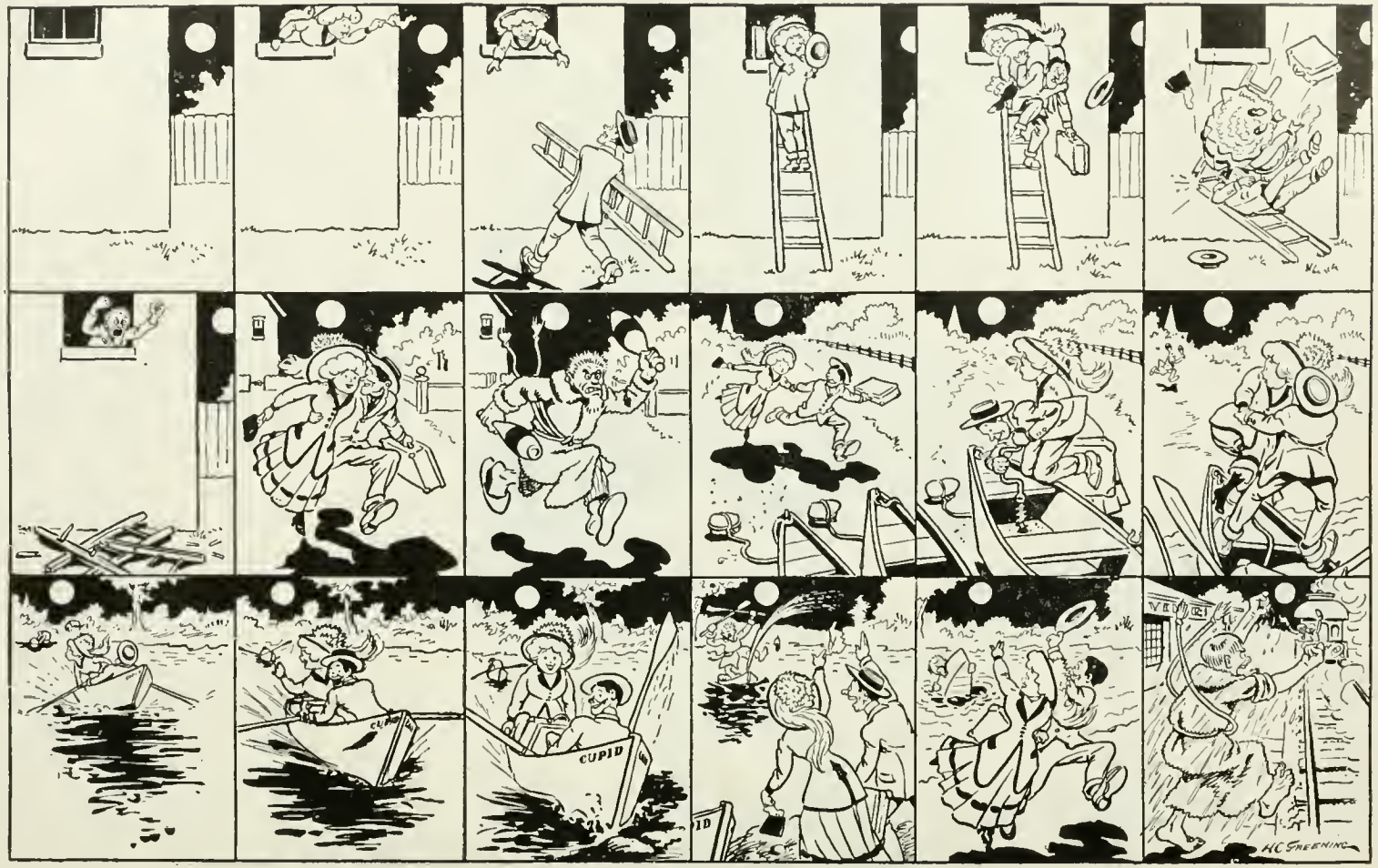
Knicker—"We will have one more cook."

"SHE'S a corker!"

"Who is?"

"Why, that girl who works down at the bottle factory."

TAKE a "tip" on a horse or stock and you'll find that your balance in bank has been tipped over.



The Elopement.

Hank and the Photographer

By N. H. Crowell

UM—DON'T suppose none of you fellers is bookwormy enough to notice how I've been advertisin' in th' magazeens," remarked old Hank, the guide, as he deftly short-circuited his cud to his left cheek.

"But I have all th' same. I concocted up a leetle sign, coverin' about everything from mud baths to postage stamps, with hide-tannin' an' restaurant in connection throwed in. I got several communercations from fellers, but none seemed to look like business except one from a feller named Archibald Poggenfritz. He had sev'ril initials left over, trailin' out behind his name, like D. D., double L, an' so on. Archibald took the thing into his own hands an' allowed he would arrive at my camp about as soon as steam an' mule power could draw him.

"Sev'ril days later I was down th' trail a ways, seducin' frogs for bait, when I see a feller comin' up a-straddle a mountain calliope.

"'Whoa, mule!' says he, comin' to a stop. 'Thank ye!'

"He was an awful perlite feller—I see that at once. Then he hollers to me,

"'I'm lookin' for Mr. Henry Smith. Can you direct me to his place of abode?'

"'Sure I can!' says I. 'Ye go quarter of a mile up trail, eighth to th' left, two jumps inter th' bresh, an' a half circle to th' north. It's jest a mile from there.'

"Th' stranger looked like he was goin' to fall off th' mule when he got that, an' I busted right down an' owned up to my mistaken identity on th' spot.

"'Is that possible?' he remarks. 'My name is Archibald Poggenfritz, at yer service. There's a mule hair in my eye. Will you pick it out?'

"We got real intimate while I was operatin' on that hair, an' then I towed him up to th' ranch. Mr. Poggenfritz throwed hisself around a feed big enough to founder a team of horses, an' said th' mountain air would undoubtedly assist his appetite, he hoped. I didn't make any remarks on what my hopes was on that point.

"After supper I asks, kinder casual,

"'What's yer petikelar specialty in th' game line, Mr. Pog—pog—er—er—stranger?'

"'Oh, anything that has fins, feathers, or fur—it's all th' same to me!'

"'Ever use frogs for bait?'

"'Eh? No, never!' he says, sorter surprised.

"'Prefer a large bore to a small one?' I asks.

"'If you mean edibles—I never eat pork,' says he, real tender.

"I begun to imagine Mr. Pog—pog—et cetera was bughouse under th' hat. Finally I says,

"'Got any newfangled shootin' irons?'

"'Certainly!' he smiles, an' drags out a leetle black box with a round cupola an' a winder in it.

"'That's a snapshot machine—a cammery. Never fails to get what it's aimed at!'

"'Single-barreled, ain't it?' I says, squintin' close.

"He looked at me queer an' blowed his nose till it woke up th' mule. But he didn't say anything.

"In 'bout an hour I got Archibald stretched out on his back, sound asleep in pink-toed socks. He snored all night like a band-saw cuttin' through a section of tar sidewalk, but bright an' early he popped up an' went to poundin' his chest like a young goriller. I was some scairt at first, till I see he meant no harm only to hisself. It was some foggy out, an' th' perfesser—that's what he was—a perfesser—was anxious to start out, because he said maybe we could run on to something in th' fog an' surprise it. He said a picture of a surprised grizzly or a consternated walrus would make a great hit alongside th' views of stuffed critters back East.

THE VERY POPULAR CUPID FAMILY.

"So we slings in a little provender an' he gathers his outfit an' away we went. Crossin' th' back lot, we run up against a brace of my heifers, lookin' about th' size of an ice-house, account of th' fog. Perfesser jolts me in th' pit of th' stomach an' says,

"'Back! Stan' back!'

"I stepped back an' wondered what in Jackson's Hole he intended to do with them cows. He begun trainin' that three-legged cammery affair, talkin' to hisself durin' th' operation.

"'Phenomenal luck!' says he. 'Wonderful species, too!'

"'What ye doin', Archi—er—Mr. Pog—pogheiser?' I asks.

"'One moment! I must photo those remarkable specimens of barren-ground caribou!'

"'Er—er—them there caribou yender, ye mean?'

"'Ecksackly!' he says.

"He begun sneakin' up on them kine, luggin' that contraption as cautious as if it was an infant. Purty soon he plants it, an' rams his head in under a black cloth behind an' humps up his back like a disturbed cat. He was pesterin' away at th' cammery when I heard a sorter low snore down in th' fog, an' then I see th' white nose of ol' Andronicus, th' bull. Ol' Andy had winded th' perfesser an' was makin' up his mind to break into th' picter.

I lets out a yell jest as Andy runs his tail up so stiff that ten men couldn't pull it down an' emitted a beller that rattled th' change in my hip pocket. Th' perfesser poked his topknot out an' seen Andy comin', an' right there Mr. Poggenwurst exhibited th' first chunk of horse sense I'd seen so far. He clapped them three legs together, grated his teeth, and skidooed for th' skyline at a sizzlin' canter. But ol' Andy'd' a'caught him in about seven more jumps if I hadn't landed on his bugle with a big elm root an' sorter drawed his attention. When I caught up with Archibald, he was still grittin' his teeth an' had his toes dug in ready to run, but I explained how I'd slew th' hideous monster by gougin' out both eyes with my trusty buttonhook, an' he breathed a lot easier.

"'Them northern caribou possess th' main characteristics of th' carnivory!' he says to me.

"'Yes; but their fur is thicker, don't you think?' I says.

"We wrestled along a spell, stoppin' every leetle bit to overhaul th' cammery an' see if it was still ready an' willin' to do business when persuaded. We was movin' down a steep slope 'mongst some berry bushes, when all to once a big grizzly riz right up in front of us, about sixty foot off. I begun sizin' up th' timber right away, while th' perfesser started in unbucklin' that picter machine. He looks around an' notices me spittin' on both hands an' gazin' up into a tall tree.

"'He's out of focus! Step behind him an' shoo him this way, please!' says th' perfesser.

"'Are you awake, perfesser?' I inquires, edgin' closer to th' tree an' pullin' my belt two notches tighter for luck.

"Well, he seen I was no bear-herder, so he picked up a rock an' heaved it down grade at th' bear, an', by leather! he took that critter a jolt on th' eyetooth that made him think of his grandma, I tell ye! He wa'n't much more'n a piece of a secont turnin' around an' headin' our way, either. Perfesser, he begun gettin' busier'n a cat tryin' to catch two rats at once, an' th' way he jerked an' manhandled that cammery affair was amazin'.

"I forgot all about tree-climbin' an' jest nachelly begun pumpin' soft solder into that bear as fast as th' lever'd agitate. He finally dropped, so close to th' perfesser that his front claws raked Archibald's pants in two from th' knees down an' sprained all three legs on th' cammery.

NOTHING DOING THERE.

Parke—"I'm looking for a nice, quiet place to spend my vacation in."

Lane—"You mean a place where you can have absolute rest—where there is nothing doing?"

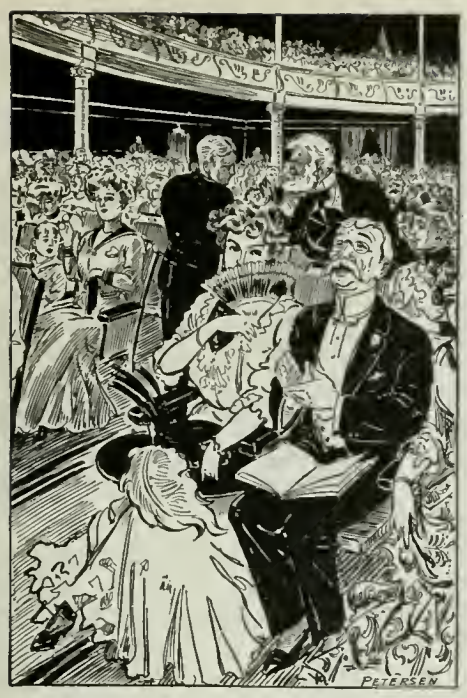
Parke—"Yes. Do you know of such a place?"

Lane—"You bet! My office."

A MERE SIDE ISSUE.

Mart Hatch—"Well, the editor of the *Banner* says that England has got Japan fer a ally."

Hiram Waddle—"A alley! Well, now, you'd think them Japs would want to be the hull main street."



QUITE NATURAL.

Crusty gent—"Usher, can't you stop that fool? He is annoying every one with his violent applause."

Usher—"No, sir. You—er—see, he is the author of the play"

"But Poggenbecker was tickled as a kid at a taffy-pull.

"'Eureky! Eureky!' he yells. 'Five different aspects an' a magnifercent bust portrait!'

"Of course if he'd got all that it wa'n't so bad, but it certainly looked foolish to a man up a tree. I asked him if th' bear looked pleasant, an' he gave me a glare an' I shut up.

"After saunterin' on an hour or so we come to an uncommon strong bit of work. Th' perfesser located it before I did an' got his machine ready in about nothin'. He had three of th' biggest an' most able-bodied skunks I ever laid human eye on to lined up at th' foot of a big tree, waitin' to git their picters took.

"'Such amazin' innercence!' says Poggenberg, when I come up.

"'Yes,' says I. 'I've noticed it. It's onusual!'

"'I love young porcupines,' he remarks. 'These haven't got their quills yet, ye see.'

"Something rose in my neck that felt like General Grant's Tomb, an' I says,

"'They do look cunnin'!'

"Then th' perfesser sneaked a leetle nearer to get a better shot, an' th' innercent young porcupines stuck their heads together and whispered. Th' perfesser was jest balancin' on his hind toes for a dandy exposure when th' scandal was oncovered. I heard something click, an' two of th' perfesser's pants' buttons whizzed by me, follerin' a jump he executed that would have busted th' pole-vault record into little strips. We separated rapidly. A sorter coldness sprung up between me'n him that you could cut with a dull knife or a piece of winder glass. Th' perfesser yearned for home an' friends in language I was perfectly familiar with.

"I got to camp first, an', by usin' a cocked gun, managed to keep th' perfesser off until I'd heaved his spare duds into th' bresh, where he could get 'em without chloroformin' me. Th' cammery an' th' art gallery he had took was a complete ruin an' never left th' scene of battle.

"Mr. Poggenfizzle went back East, disguised as a section hand, an' I have yanked them there advertisements out of them magazeens. I ain't caterin' to no sech make of humans nohow. What? All right, Jake—about nine fingers in a section of stovepipe for mine!"

Two Kinds of Them.

THE end-seat hog refused to move.
He sat there like a log.
"Why should I give it up," he said,
"To another end-seat hog?"

Concerning the Pope.

A GENTLEMAN, walking down one of the streets of Harlem on St. Patrick's Day, overheard a Catholic priest chaffing an Irishman at work in a trench with a gang of Italians.

"Well, Pat! You here? A fine son of old Ireland you are, to be working on this grand holiday of St. Patrick," said the priest. "How do you like your Italian boss?"

"Faith, how do you like yours?" responded Pat.

THE ORIGINAL "PLYMOUTH ROCK."

TROUBLES ENOUGH ALREADY.

Miss Butin—"You brute! You should be ashamed of yourself, taking the child away and not letting him watch the bear!"
Mr. Sixuvem—"Aw, beat it! He's howling because I won't buy it for him to take home to play with the one he's got."

To Arcady.

COME, Daphne, let us two away,
Far from the madding city fray.
Let's seek the beauteous countryside,
Where skies are blue, and there abide
Where Mother Nature rules supreme
And life becomes a peaceful dream.

Let's hie us to the happy vale,
Where rillets woo the ferny dale;
Where birds their tuneful carols trill,
And lowing cattle dot the hill,
And where the twilight's dying glows
Give life the colors of the rose;

Where lurks the nightingale at e'en,
And Arcady's own freshness green
Imparts to tired souls a zest
To win the prizes that are best;
Where hand in hand, and cheek to cheek,
We twain can live on ten per week!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

At the Springs.

Josh Wethersby—"Say, boy! d'ye mean ter tell me thet yer kin make me young an' spry ag'in if I stop here fer more'n a week?"

Hotel clerk—"Sure thing, uncle! Front, show the gentleman to suite sixteen."

The New Fashions.

Spirit—"Why can't I get in?"

St. Peter—"No room; the ladies are all wearing wide halos this spring."

THOSE DOLLAR WATCHES.

Dr. Fudge—"As I suspected, you have an aggravated case of the automobile heart."

AN INTERRUPTED HONEYMOON.

Tabitha cat—"Goodness gracious, Tom! news of our elopement must have leaked out. They're throwing old shoes at us!"

How To Look Rich.

THIS is an extremely simple matter. Frequently persons of ordinary means desire to convey an impression of opulency. This recipe is guaranteed, because it has been drawn up from years of personal experience.

Purchase two cases of champagne and drink the contents of the bottles as fast as possible. When they have been consumed you will find that your face has assumed a blotted, purple, and ruddy complexion.

Now buy a red necktie to match and a checkered vest. Your appearance will be distinctly epicurean and your disguise complete. Most people will sincerely think that you are a multi-millionaire.

No Resemblance.

Keeper of zoo—"Have you seen my black antelope?"

Farmer—"Wa-al, I jest seen a nigger wench go by with a man; but, by gosh! judgin' accordin' to looks, who'd ever 'ave thought she was any relation o' yourn?"

Her Two Lines

By Morris Wade

"BY THE way, how much a line do you charge for advertising lost articles?"

"Ten cents."

"Ten cents? Let me see—two lines would be twenty cents, wouldn't it? I guess I can put what I want to say in two lines. And will you write it for me, please? I have on my glove, and then you know much better than I just what to say. I have the idea all right in my mind, but putting it on paper is another matter. It's a purse I want to advertise—my own. I have lost it some place and I want to advertise it in not more than two lines, for there wasn't a great deal in the purse and it wouldn't pay me to spend much trying to recover it. Still, the purse was a present to me, and I would like to have it back on that account, for you know that—what do I want to say about it? Well, you might say that the owner values the purse more for its associations than for its intrinsic value. I believe that is the way they say it, isn't it? It is really quite a handsome purse, and it has my monogram on it. You might put that in—say that the monogram of the owner is on the purse, and that it was lost either on Blank or K Street, or else over on Willow Avenue or somewhere near the Union Station. I can't say just where, for I didn't miss it until after I had been to all of those places, and I know that I had it before I went to any of them. You might say that it is a seal-leather purse with a gold clasp and, as I say, my monogram, 'J. F. C.,' on one side in gold letters, and that it had in it about three dollars in paper and silver. I know that there was a two-dollar bill and quite a little silver and a few pennies, and a tiny red pencil, such as they use on ball programs, and a small sample of voile, and another of blue liberty satin, and a pearl button I wanted to match, and a thread or two of brown sewing-silk I wanted to match, and a little verse of poetry entitled 'Remembered,' that I cut out of a paper, and a tiny lock of my baby's hair—beautiful golden hair it is, just like spun silk. You got that? Then there were other things you will want to mention—a bit of blue dotted veiling I wanted to match, and a small, flat door-key, and a very tiny key that belongs to my jewel case, and a curious old coin that I carry as a sort of a mascot, and a recipe for Lady Baltimore cake. I suppose that is enough of the contents to identify the purse and prove that it is mine. Then I think that you'd better say that the finder will receive a suitable reward by leaving the purse at my home or at my husband's office, or if the finder will telephone me I will call for it. My telephone number is 1253, ring two, Thorndyke, and my husband's office telephone is 52 Maxwell. You might say that it will do to call up either number, and I think that you'd better add

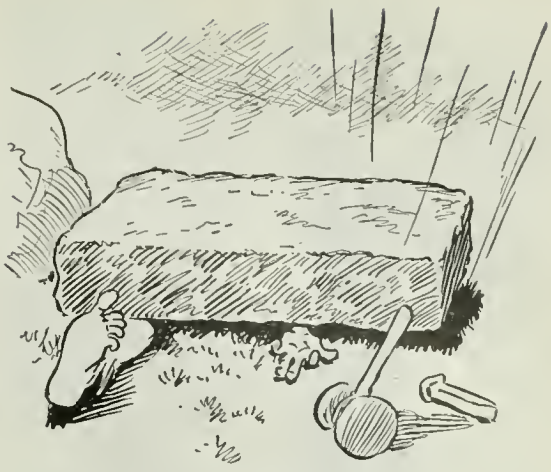
A CANDY PULL.

THE FIRST JOKE.

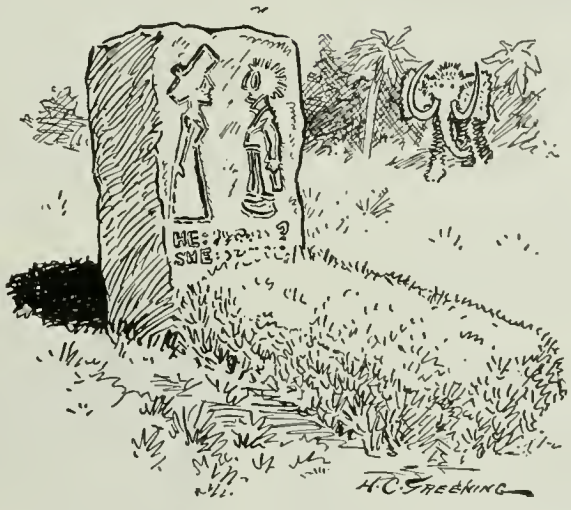
1. This prehistoric humorist has just achieved a jest
(The very firstest, firstest ever sprung),

2. And he said, "Now, just watch Willie when he shows it to the rest."
(It *might* have been a good one when 'twas young).

3. "As the comic cut-up kid I'll make a hit with all the bunch."
(Did you ever hear a party talk like that?)



4. But, alas! it toppled over. Willie wasn't home to lunch.
(It's an awful thing to have one's joke fall flat!)



5. They used it as a tombstone when they stuck him in the ground
(They said it looked appropriate that way).
They'd never seen a tombstone, but their reasoning was sound.
(And I saw that joke in Life the other day!)

that the finder may keep the two dollars if the purse is returned; and if it will be more convenient for the finder to do so, he or she can leave the purse at the store of my brother, Mr. John Blank, over on the west side. He comes over to my house every Sunday afternoon, and he could bring it and save the finder the trouble of coming away out to where I live, although you might say that I will be very glad to pay the carfare of any one returning the purse, and—now can you get that in two lines? I wish you would, please, for I want to put the advertisement in three papers, and if I have to pay twenty cents to each paper and keep the notice in a couple of days, it will amount to quite a good deal. I suppose you couldn't get it all in one line, could you? No? If I have to pay for two lines, you might add that the person who found the purse was *seen* to pick it up. Of course he or she wasn't, but I have read that if you put that in when advertising a lost article you will be more apt to get it back; and if I must pay for two whole lines I might as well use all of both of them."

Everything as It Should Be.

"I HAVE a question to ask you." The proud, intellectual beauty looked intently in the face of the young man who had sworn to love her forever. "We are in such perfect sympathy," she said, "that it is hardly worth while to refer to a slight detail, and yet, as a mere formality, the matter would better be referred to, now that we are about to be married, and the long evenings are ahead of us—evenings during which we can discuss the manifold questions of the day."

He smiled brightly. "I'm only too delighted, dear," he replied, "to satisfy your curiosity. Pray proceed."

Smiling lightly, she said, "Very well, then. This is the question to which I am sure you must have given earnest and prayerful thought. In which, among all of Ibsen's plays, do you consider the great master reached the height of his genius?"

"Do you wish to know my real opinion?"

"I do."

Lowering his voice, he said, "Darling, the Ibsen cult makes me very weary. He never wrote anything that can be remotely considered a work of genius. He is a freak. There's nothing in him. I"——

"Do you really mean that?" She strained him to her heart.

"I do, indeed. Does it please you?"

And she replied, "Ah, I cannot tell how much! I was afraid you might appreciate him even in a remote way. And I knew if you did you might rudely break in at times on my contemplation of his immensity. Now nothing can happen to draw us apart."

THOMAS L. MASSON.

Mooney—"Faith, Oi cud die listenin' to Tom Callahan play th' poipes."

Donohue—"Fer meself, Oi'd prefer a paceful ind."

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

"Why do you weep?" I said,
For tears were in her eyes.
She looked up timidly,
Quite taken by surprise.
Then, through her falling tears,
A tender smile revealing,
She simply pointed to
The onions she was peeling.

LUE F. VERNON.

What Pat Was After.

THE Little Wabash River was on a rampage. Its waters were all over the bottom-lands and many farms were inundated, in some cases the water coming up to and all around the farmers' homes. Among the houses to be completely surrounded was that of one Patrick O'Brien. A neighbor of Pat's, rowing a boat down the middle of the road during the flood, perceived Pat wading around out in the back yard, a tin bucket in one hand and a long stick in the other. He was advancing cautiously and at the same time poking about in the water with the stick at every step. Wondering what Pat could be about, the rower shipped oars and called out,

"What's the matter, Pat?"

"B'jabers, an' I'm a-lookin' fer me well, to git a pail o' wather out!" was O'Brien's reply.

The Poor Old Beggar.

THE prosperous wholesale grocery dealer had sold out his business preparatory to departing for the West to live. He was reflecting, the next morning, on the prospect of getting a good price for his house, which the day before he had advertised for sale, when the doorbell jingled merrily.

"Sir," said the maid, putting her head in at the library door a moment later, "it's the old beggar from the corner near your store, sir."

"Old Jo, the beggar, eh?" rejoined the retired business man, taking from his pocket a coin. "I presume the wretched old fellow missed my customary contribution this morning and is come for it. Here, give him this dollar."

The maid went away with the money and again returned.

"I gave the dollar, sir," said she, "and he seemed very thankful for it; but he says he'd like to speak a moment with you on business, sir."

"What business can that old beggar have with me?"

"He says that if you can bring the price of this house down to twenty thousand dollars cash, he'd buy it, sir!"

Dead Easy.

IT IS not hard to write amusing things.
You only sit and take your pen in hand—
Or your typewriter, if you understand
How it is worked—and wait until the wings
Of fancy stir the Heliconian springs
Of light and joy, imagination, and
Wait till your brain to fever heat is fanned,
And then reel off the stuff that tickles kings.
It is not hard. Why, it is just as easy!
A child can do it with supreme delight.
The one prerequisite for sayings breezy
Is just to learn to hold a pen and write;
And then, unless your brain is very cheesy,
You're "it," "the real"—a joker out of sight.

WILLIS LEONARD CLANAHAN.

A HALF-PORTION.

Countryman—"Fifteen cents fer a hair-cut?"
Barber—"Right you are!"
Countryman—"Wa-al, take off abaout ten cents' worth."

FOOTBALL TERM.
Carrying the bawl around the end for a long run.

A spanking team.

No Hair-splitting.

"BUT," argues the exasperated automobilist, who has been haled before the country justice, "you haven't the shadow of a reason for arresting and trying me. Why, man, my machine was standing stock still. Absolutely motionless! Even the constable will tell you that."

"The automobull was a-standin' still all right," acknowledges the constable, "but its engine was runnin' full blast, an' it sounded just like they do when they go forty miles a hour."

"But my machine was not moving! Judge, this is prepos"——

"The evidence is all against you," coldly decided the justice. "Twenty dollars and costs. This is not the time or place for idle technicalities."

Where Pat Made a Mistake.

"OH," sobbed Mrs. Casey, "some wan told me husband Pat that he c'd have his pants pressed be lettin' th' steam roller run over thim, an' Pat troid th' scheme!"

"Well, phy do ye cry?" asked her friend, Mrs. Garrity.

"Oh!" wailed the wife, "Pat forgot t' take th' pants off first!"

'USED TO HER BURDEN.

Roonan—"Casey only dead two months an' there goes th' woife av him wid a 'Merry Widdy' shappough!"

Noonan—"Yis! An', d'ye moind, she carries it as aisy as she used to th' basket av laundry befoor Casey doi'd an' lift her his loife-insurance mooney!"

A PROPER REBUKE.

District leader—"Cheer up, Dempsey! Yure luck'll turn. Ye can't down th' Oirish. Hov ye noticed lately how manny sinators at Albany hov Oirish names?"

Dempsey—"'Sh! Don't be shpreadin' shcandal, Terence!"

COMFORTING NEWS OF HIS SON.

"Professor, how is that boy of mine getting along? Does he seem ambitious?"

"I should say so! Most ambitious boy I ever saw—to get out of school."

First of May.

TO MOVE or not to move: that is the question.
Whether 'tis better in this flat to suffer
The slings and arrows of an outraged landlord,
Or to take one with seven light rooms in Harlem,
Without an elevator. To pack, to move;
No more; and by that move to say we end
The subway jar and other natural shocks
This flat is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To pack, to move;
To move, perchance to worse! Ay, there's the rub!
For in that Harlem flat what ills may come
When we have given up this present lease,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes this Home, Sweet Home so hard a life.
For who would bear the troubles of a flat,
The janitor's tongue, the proud cook's contumely,
The smells of others' meals, the milk's delay,
The violence of tradesmen, the steam heat
(That always is too little or too much),
When he himself might a quietus have
In a small boarding-house? Who'd stay here in gloom,
But that the dread of Harlem, far away,
That undiscovered country where is born
The frisky goat and sad-faced strap-hanger,
Traveling hours on end, puzzles the will
And makes us rather keep the flat we have
Than move to others that we know not of.
Thus moving-day makes cowards of us all,
And thus the happy thought of better quarters
Is sicklied o'er with thought of broken things
When enterprising movers pitch and tumble
The barreled bric-à-brac and boxed-up glass,
And we dare not bring action!

CAROLYN WELLS.

He Stayed.

"WHAT! going to leave us so soon, Thomas?"

"Sorry, sir; but I must tell you as 'ow I can't put up with the missus any longer."

"But, Thomas (appealingly), think how long *I've* put up with her!"

LIGHT-OPERA IDEALS.

Mrs. Constable Shufflesopp—"Joshuay! be ye loony? Why are ye rigged out in thet—the"——

Constable Shufflesopp—"Mayor's orders fer th' beautifyin' uv th' town. He sez he seed gal cops like this ter a show down ter N' York, an' they wuz mighty ornamental."

He Furnished Proof

By A. B. Lewis

"FARE, please."

"I paid my fare."

"If you paid your fare I wouldn't be here asking you for it."

"Oh, you're one of those bright conductors who never make a mistake, eh?"

"I'm bright enough to know you're trying to beat the company."

"Yes?"

"That's what I said."

"You run right along now. I want to finish this story in the paper about the fight."

"What fight is that?"

"Why, a fresh conductor thought he'd bulldoze a passenger out of a second fare, and he got an awful thrashing."

"You can't bluff me."

"That's what the passenger said as he handed out an upper-cut."

"Then you won't pay, eh?"

"Not a second fare."

"Say, when did you get on this car, anyway?"

"About a week ago, it seems to me. I got on at Beverly Street."

"Oh, you did. Maybe you can mention a few things that happened to show you got on away back there?"

"Sure thing. At Blank Street four people got on, and you only rang up three fares. At James Place you took a quarter from a woman and bluffed her out of the change. At Nelson Avenue you collected six fares, but the company will only get three. At Lanly Street you"——

But at this juncture the conductor seemed to have very important business on the back of the car. At any rate, he hurried back there, and for the next twenty minutes he was as flustrated as an old maid about to make a leap-year proposal.

First bench-warmer—"We want ter look out fer dem dog perlice."

Second bench-warmer—"Nuttin' doin'. We ain't got a cent."

WRONG NAME.

Seedy man (excitedly thrusting his hands into his pockets)—"B' gobbs! I have lost my purse. I simply must go to Plymouth, and the train leaves in three minutes. B' gobbs! I hate to ask you, but would you mind"——

Conductor (affably)—"You have made a mistake. I am not B. Gobbs; I am O. Hill. B. Gobbs is conductor on the next freight. You have just time to catch it by getting off now."

A REASSURANCE.

"Dear me! what's the matter, sonny?"

"Boo-hoo! Here I've bin a-fishin' all day an' ain't caught nothin'."

"Well, never mind; you're bound to catch something when you get home."

LITTLE CHESTNUTS.

THACKERAY tells us of an Irishwoman begging alms from him, who, when she saw him put his hand in his pocket, cried out, "May the blessing of God follow you all your life!" But when he only pulled out his snuff-box, she immediately added, "And never overtake ye."

"Lenny, you're a pig," said a father to his little five-year-old boy. "Now, do you know what a pig is, Lenny?"

"Yes, sir; a pig's a hog's little boy."

C. E. Showalter (eleven years old), Roanoke, Va.

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

RALPH had been in the habit of begging a penny from his father every few days, with which to buy a fresh doughnut from the bakery next door.

One day he had made his purchase and was leaving the bakery, when the proprietor noticed that the penny had a hole in it, and exclaimed, "Bring that doughnut back, Ralph. Your penny has a hole in it!"

The little fellow promptly replied, "Well, so has your doughnut!" and closed the door after him, leaving the proprietor to figure out who had made the best of the situation.

W. U. Townsend,
Bolivar, Mo.

Literary Notes.

BOOKS are booming again. One of the six best cellars in Kansas this season is the cyclone cellar. We print this joke just to get it out of the way.

A popular cereal in Scotland this year, for which there is even a greater demand than for the works of Barrie or Stevenson, is oatmeal. Our reason for printing this joke is the same as above.

A story that has attracted much attention among visitors to the metropolis this winter is the top story of the Flatiron Building. It is lofty in character and exceedingly breezy. We don't know why we have printed this joke, but here it is.

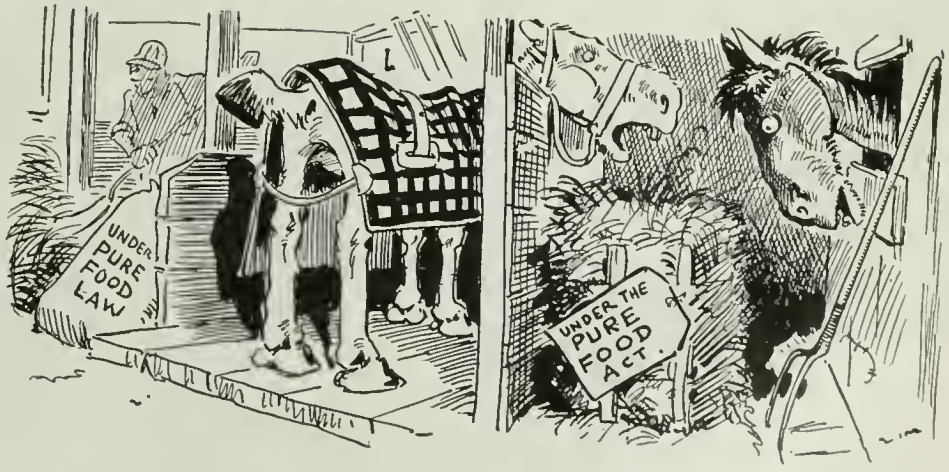
If you are looking for a book that is full of live characters, all of them intensely human and thoroughly of to-day, you will find the March issue of the telephone book contains all that you seek, although some readers prefer the current edition of the city directory. This isn't a joke, but a solid fact.

Word has been received in this city of the death of William Shakespeare. Mr. Shakespeare was the author of several poems of note and a play called "Hamlet" that was produced in New York last winter to indifferent houses. He was also the writer of a large number of popular quotations. His decease leaves Mr. Bernard Shaw the only considerable literary personage in England.

A Western critic has been at considerable pains to prove that Daniel Webster did not write Webster's Dictionary. His argument in the main is not convincing, but his assertion that the book does not read like one of Webster's speeches, lacks coherence and continuity of thought, is impressive, and to some minds we should think would prove conclusive.

A collection of short biographies of President Taft, ex-President Roosevelt, Hon. James R. Garfield, Mr. Jacob Riis, W. J. Loeb, and Surgeon-General Rixey is announced for early publication, under the alluring title of "Me and My People." It is expected to prove as popular as "Plutarch's Lives," or that old favorite, "Rab and His Friends."

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.



ADULTERATED FODDER.

Maud—"I have my suspicions about that bale of hay. I think it's adulterated with rails and thistle and barbed-wire fencing."

Madge—"Oh, nonsense! It must be all right, Maud. It bears the pure-food inspector's tag, which in itself is sufficient to guarantee it."

Our American Quarter.

WITH a gentle allegro-non-troppo movement, the French count descended from the top of the Seeing New York auto and advanced to meet us.

"Well," we said blithely, "what do you think of our village?"

"Ah!" he replied, "ze American colony—ze American quarter of ze greatest city in ze world!—it is supherb! It is ze one grand place! It is exquisite! But it has ze one fault—it has too many of ze odars. It is fill wiz ze odar of zis thing and wiz ze odar of zat thing; it is fill wiz ze odar of ze rose and wiz ze odar of ze turnip; it is fill wiz ze odar of ze wine and ze quail-on-toast, and wiz ze odar of ze beer and ze goolash. Ah, me! I fear zat ze American quarter has more zan ze twenty-five 'cent!"

A COMPROMISE.

Louise—"Wouldn't yer give up smokin', Chimmy—not even fer de sake uv me an' de child?"

Jimmy—"Yes-s-s-s, Louise; fer your sake an' de brat's I gives it up—if yer don't ax me ter t'row away de butt."

With the Usual Thanks.

EDITOR "Perfect Ladies' Companion,"

Dear sir: Would you be good enough to print the inclosed poem in your esteemed publication at your usual rates? Respectfully, A. J. Poet.

A. J. Poet, Esq.,

Dear sir: I would be, but the poem isn't. Respectfully, The Editor.

Protest.

THERE was a puir laddie ca'ed Patton;
Sae worrit was he to pit fat on,
That he ganged to his bed,
And on eggs was he fed,
Till a hen cried, "It's time he were sat on!"

At the Liars' Club.

ANANIAS had just gotten off one he thought rather good.

"That's nothing," said the new member. "Just before I came here Mississippi sent a colored delegate to the Democratic national convention."

And amid a sickening silence Ananias unbuckled his championship belt and gave it to the newcomer.

He Knew.

Teacher—"Johnny, what is an aeronaut?"

Johnny (who has had experience)—"An aeronaut is a man who goes up in a balloon, gives you the hook, throws sand on you, and then leaves you up in a tree."

"Darn the luck, anyhow! How the deuce am I ever going to get under that machine?"

A Truthful Prisoner.

"POOR fellow!" said the sympathetic visitor to the prisoner at Ossining, "would you mind telling me what brought you here?"

"The Peekskill local, ma'am," said the prisoner respectfully, "leavin' the Grand Central Station at two-ten."

When the plumber sends in his little bill to the auto repair-shop, the grafters all snicker.

Spring Fever.

A MAN on third; two batters out;
Two runs would win the game.
If he could make a home-run clout,
Deathless would be his fame.

He hitched his grimy trousers up
And spat upon his hands;
He pulled his cap athwart his eye
And faced the howling stands.

"Three balls!" the fans yelled with delight.
"Two strikes!" the umpire said.
He knocked the next ball out of sight—
And then fell out of bed.

Why, of Course.

THE editor of an agricultural paper was grumbling about a puzzling question he had received from a city man who had recently removed to the country. The inquiry was this: "Will you kindly tell me how long cows should be milked?"

The office boy, passing near, heard his superior repeating the question aloud.

"'Scuse me, boss," he said; "but w'y don't yer tell him jes' de same 's short cows?"

REASONABLE EXPECTATION.

Mother—"Willie, this is Mr. Wise, your new tutor."
Small boy—"Well, why doesn't he toot?"

Bliss.

"LYSANDER" (sweetly), "do you know what day this is?"

"Sure! Our anniversary, Margaret dear" (pretending to have remembered it all the time).

"No such thing" (frigidly). "It's the day you promised to nail the leg on that old kitchen table!"

Lysander paled, tried to square himself on the anniversary blunder, failed utterly, and the fireworks were on.

OVERHEARD IN THE NEXT BOX.

"Why have they given up having monkey dinners at Newport?"

"The question of precedent became too involved."

Weakness.

POOR weakling! Pensive in the corner there,
He runs the gamut of the fancies wild;
Clutching within his futile grasp the chair,
While men ejaculate, "How like a child!"

Content with feeble finger-tips to play,
To pull his scanty hair or hug his knees,
With toothless bite he munches all the day,
Or mumbles meaningless soliloquies.

And friendly persons try to humor him
With nods and smiles and pleasantries inane
But still he nurtures each caprice and whim,
Eccentric as a tempest-veering vane.

He weeps—and yet knows not for whom.
He laughs—the reason's not within his ken
And now and then he totters 'cross the room
For nothing—but to totter back again.

Alarmed by shadows that about him play,
By dreams and unrealities beguiled,
To-morrow he confounds with yesterday.
Dupe of his senses—ah! how like a child!

How like the infant actor on the stage
Of life—his childish grief, his childish glee;
But people know the reason is his age—
To-day he is just one year old, you see.

WILLIAM F. MCCORMACK

News Items.

AN ACTOR in Joque has a fur-coated tongue.

An absent-minded dentist in Quoit put gold crowns on the teeth of his saw.

A paying teller in a bank at Kramp is troubled with two-dollar-billiousness.

Her Highness, the Stenographer Countess

By M. Worth Colwell

MR. SPOTZ was running his hands through his hair shampoo-wise because his stenographress had suddenly left.

"Ten dozen letters to get out to-day and no chauffeur-lady to run the typewriter! What shall I do?" he exclaimed.

Just then a young miss, with kalsomined hair, in a

OVERCOMING OBSTACLES.

This kid, having read in the game laws that fishing with more than one rod or pole, held in the hand, was finable, set about to find a way to overcome this obstacle. His remarks on reading the law were, "Gee! dat's dead easy!"

Fluffy-Ruff-house costume, entered the office, chewing a popular brand of chewing-gum.

"Need a key-puncher?" was her inquiry.

Mr. Spotz bade her have a chair. Upon investigation, he learned that she had escaped from Taffy's Big School, where she had learned to talk stenography ($7.59 puts you through).

The young lady was lined up in front of the typewriter and Mr. Spotz began to dictate. She did not take down what he said in shorthand, for he doubted if she could transcribe her own hieroglyphics. In dictating he made an effort to assist her in punctuation. When the letter was finished, it read as follows:

"Mr. B. A. Gudething,

"Hotel Dubb, City.

"Dear sir: Looking over our leadger comma I notice that in your account don't abbreviate their is an outstanding eyetem of $14.34 in figures comma witch I thrust you will remit by return male parenthesis as we wish to clothes out all old outstanding accounts period new paragraph.

"I beg to call 2 your attention the knew line of european goods we are displaying in our windows and show hyphen cases dash a line of goods that will a peal to your good taste full stop next sentence. We have just recieved a large Pareesian Capitol P consignment and have sum bargains at fenominally low prices exclamation mark. As the saying goes, quotation marks a word to the wise close quotes that's the end of the sentence another paragraph will you not call around two see us at your leezure interrogation point.

"Trusting to be still favored with your patronidge as in the passed, I remain comma

"Very resp. yours"

Cheating the Modern Boswell.

LIVES of all great men remind us
Things that we had best avoid.
One is: Not to leave behind us
Letters that should be destroyed!

Up-to-date Ads.

A RESPECTABLE widow desires washing.

Wanted—A servant who can cook and dress children.

A WELL-CHOSEN OCCUPATION.

"Oi see yure b'y Tommy is sellin' papers, Mrs. Murphy. Ain't he young fer it?"

"He is thot, Mrs. Casey; but Oi hod t' give him somethin' t' do t' kape him off th' shtreets."

HER ONLY FAULT.

THE only fault my wife has is when I
Urge her to haste, for time is slipping by,
This is invariably her sweet reply,
"My hat is on; I only have to pin it.
Don't worry, dear; I'll be there in a minute."

So there I stand and calmly wait and wait,
Exclaiming things I dare not here relate.
Once more appealing to my potentate,
In tones as soft and sweet as any linnet,
She warbles forth, "I'll be there in a minute."

We reach the play in time to see it end.
My wife turns gayly round to greet a friend.
In idle chat a good half hour they spend.
"The carriage waits; make haste and let's get in it."
"All right, my love; I will—in just a minute."

I wonder if St. Peter, at the gate,
Will let her stop to pin her halo straight.
Will he, like me, serenely stand and wait
And hold the door for her to pass within it?
And will she say, "All right; in just a minute"?

FLORENCE GOFF SCHWARZ.

The Biography of Bill

By N. H. Crowell

AT THE age of two my attention was first directed toward Bill. He had just arrived and was putting up a loud holler for lunch. For one so young, Bill had a fine tenor voice, and the use of it appeared to afford him unusual pleasure—more pleasure than we had, in fact.

Bill exhibited a marked dislike for me from the beginning. I presume this was because I was by long odds the best looking. As I remember Bill at that period, he had a nose about the size and complexion of a canned cherry, and it was suspended midway betwixt a pair of eyes that reminded me of spoiled grapes. I do not recall noticing Bill's mouth when closed—except once. On that occasion I had been induced by a bribe to insert my finger in Bill's face for the purpose of feeling his new fangs. Bill recognized me during the operation and shut down for keeps, retaining me in a fond embrace until dad got a screw-driver and made him loosen up his features. I never had as much faith in Bill after that. I imagine he has never placed full trust in me since also, because I have never been able to borrow a dollar from him.

Bill grew fast—like a hound-pup. His appetite worked from seven in the morning till the same time next day. As a consequence, he grew big and beefy, and acquired a head like a Hubbard squash. When he was three years of age he made the harrowing discovery that I was a miser. I had hoarded up the stupendous sum of a dollar and thirty-seven cents in cold coin. Bill broke that bank, and dissipated its contents among his youthful friends. I made an attempt to impress upon Bill the enormity of his crime, but he grew denser the longer I argued, and the thing ended in the woodshed, with dad enacting the role of the villain, Legree.

Time flew on and it became Bill's turn to visit the woodshed where, in the past, I had shed so many bitter tears to the tune of the rollicking shingle or the lath. It is a bright spot in my memory. I love to dwell upon it. Bill had heaved a marble at the clock, and the marble had knocked time out of the latter. With an instinctive motion dad gathered me in, but my vehement protests finally convinced him that for once he was in error. Reluctantly he released me and formed an attachment to Bill. I followed. Being a casual spectator of a scene of that sort was new to me and I expected to enjoy it. It was great—until dad got through with Bill. Then the fun ran right out of it, for dad saw me gloating and he took me in. I received what was left over from Bill. It was quite a lot, too. But it fitted me very well.

When Bill was five I passed sentence of death upon him. He had sent me a peculiarly cutting valentine, and my sensitive nature would not be satisfied with aught but blood. I met Bill in the yard, and told him that I was going to make match safes out of his pelt in less time than it would take a dog to choke on a sandwich. He said he was glad to hear it, as he had been aching to hand me a package for some time, on his own account. We mixed. When we separated, Bill had delivered his package, and I realized that I had placed the date of my vengeance too late in the calendar.

Perceiving that Bill intended to be a permanent fixture in the family, I saw that discretion was the better part of safety, and so formed a union with him in the discovery and manufacture of our celebrated pain-proof pads. In our household, these articles were a daily necessity, and Bill and I would hook on our pads by

WOULD NEVER DO.

Mrs. Binks—"Would you like to come to church with me this morning? You may sit in my pew, if you like."

Mrs. Jinks—"Sorry, my dear; but my hat isn't trimmed for that side of the church."

"APRIL SHOWERS——

——BRING MAY FLOWERS."

instinct whenever we sighted dad coming home from work.

As Bill grew up he manifested a strong leaning toward sport. Elderly ladies, who infested our vicinity, made no bones of predicting violent deaths for both of us, although the writer was one of the best boys you ever saw. Couldn't think of anything wicked without getting sick at the stomach. Bill, on the other hand, was a hardened wretch, and was never happier than when facing death in some form or other. He once fell off a forty-foot windmill without sustaining a bruise. It is only fair to state that he fell into a tankful of soft water. If it had been hard it would have killed him.

School was a grisly specter that darkened Bill's early life. He regarded it as an evil that was to be avoided whenever possible, and he made it possible about four days per week. Bill got far enough advanced so that he knew that one cat and another cat made one cat-fight. Then the school board got their hooks into him, and dragged him through two or three rooms by main strength. When he tackled mathematics Bill got thrown hard. Physiology made him step sideways like a blind horse smelling an automobile dead ahead. Ancient history gave him the nightmare so bad that I refused to speak to him. When Bill peeked into an algebra one day his digestion gave completely out, and he accepted a job at the brickyard, passing hot bricks to a wheelbarrow.

Bill stuck to the brickyard until he had a complexion like an orang-outang. Then he staked himself out on a farm. Here he did fine—in three years cleaning up almost twenty-seven dollars in negotiable cash and securities.

He then resigned from the farm and came home—to hunt. His rural existence had presented him with large, jagged features and fingers like bananas. His face was tanned the color of an Italian's work-shirt. He had a voice like a bear in a churn. When he laughed, the lamps flickered, the loose change in dad's pocket rattled, and the cows came home. He was as full of fun as a soda fountain is of fizz—and at the same pressure.

I remember distinctly the time when Bill blew me for a dog. I was not suffering for a dog at all, but when Bill

TOUCHED.

Mrs. Homespun—"The comic papers say you fellows never work."

Weary Waffles—"Y-yes'm. De comic papers also says dat mother-in-laws is a nuisance, when everybody knows dat dey are de most sweetest an' angelic uv mortals, an' "——

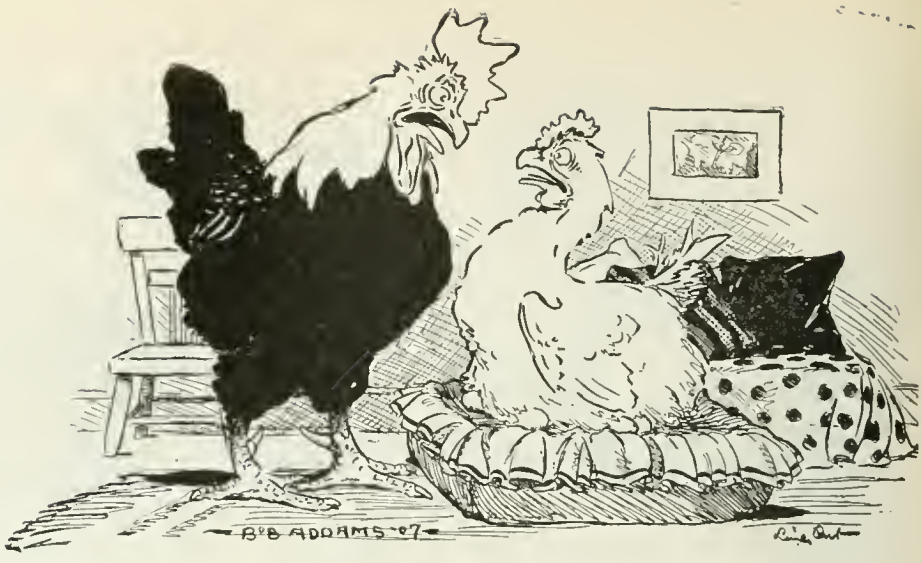
Mrs. Homespun—"You poor, dear man! Come right in this minute and I will broil a chicken for you."

had gone to the trouble of contracting for the animal, I paid for it without any useless murmurs. I had a reputation then, and I guarded it earnestly. If I had owned a prophetic eye I would have countermanded that pup at the start. It was my first great error. The trouble that brute caused in, around, and among our family would have made a Mormon mend his ways.

Bulger, the dog, took a particular dislike to dad, and would make a strenuous attempt to tree him on his return from work. This was hard to do, as dad was built like a Saratoga trunk and hated climbing, and, in addition to that, he was remarkably hard to persuade. By the time dad had kicked Bulger onto the roof of the summer kitchen half a dozen times, the animal saw a great light and yielded to superior force.

Bulger led a checkered career. He ended it by giving way to temptation. Mother had set out a line of lemon pies to cool. They had lather on them two and a half inches thick, and were things of beauty and a joy forever. I have seen dad begin at one edge of one of mother's lemon pies and never draw a breath till he emerged smiling and triumphant at the farther edge. He could almost inhale one of those pies. A fellow had to open his jaws till his back hurt, to bite one of those pies, but when he did, it was worth the misery.

The pies had hardly got acclimated on the back porch when our canine pet sighted them. He jammed his cold, clammy muzzle into pie number one, in an endeavor to learn more of its character and habits. As he drew back to think it over, the froth stuck to his nose, and, in some surprise, Bulger ran out a foot or so of tongue to remove it. As we had not taught him to spit he had to taste it. Tears of joy came into the dog's deep hazel eyes as he



A FAMILIAR COMPLAINT.

Mrs. Henry Peck—"Henry, you must get a nurse for these eggs. I simply cannot neglect my bridge game this way."

DEAD, ANYHOW.

Rooney—"Yis, Cassidy met wid a violint death. He took a dose av morphane, wint to shlape, an' niver woke up."

Riley—"Do ye call thot violint?"

Rooney—"Yis. They pounded th' loife out av th' poor feller thryin' to make him wake!"

THERE'S A REASON.

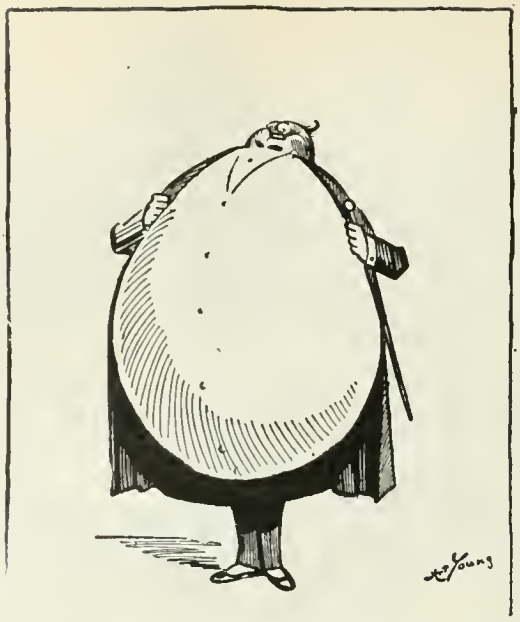
"They say it's the style now, Nancy, to chaw these onions till they lose their taste."
"Lan' sakes! how do they ever git any work done?"

did so. He yearned for more till his hind legs fairly trembled. It was a terrible moment—and Bulger yielded. He scalped those pies with the neatness and dispatch of a Sioux Indian, and went out back of the barn to take a siesta.

After a while he woke up and remembered the pies. He started back, hoping mother had planted a fresh row for his benefit. She was just coming out to interview those pies as he came up. She saw him coming—with foam on his chops, and as far back as his ears. The sight nearly scared mother to death, but a hasty glance at the pies reassured her. She picked up a tomato can full of fish-worms belonging to Bill, and, with cruel aim, heaved it at poor Bulger. It missed Bulger by a narrow margin of about a rod, and broke two dollars' worth of glass in the hothouse. Bulger shot under the back porch like a shot from a thirteen-inch gun.

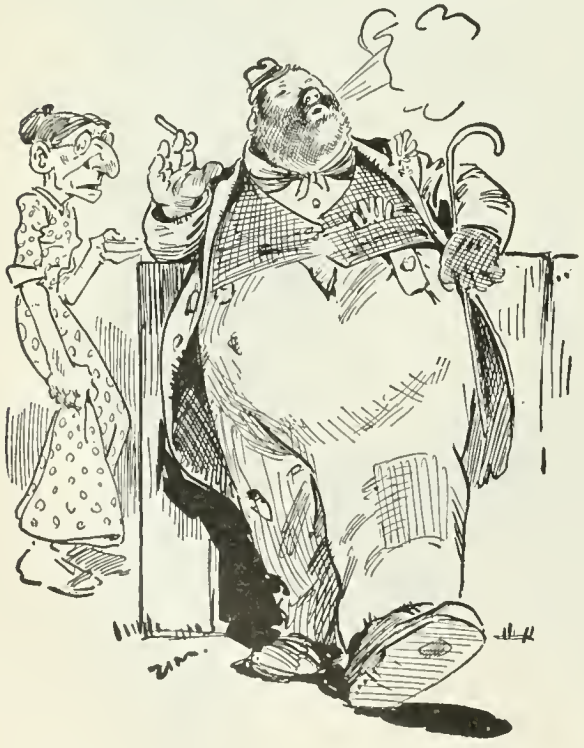
When dad reached home he viewed the pies, and forthwith sentenced the animal to death for life. As Bill refused to curtail the dog's happy life, and as dad was too tired to lead the brute outside of the corporate limits, this sad duty devolved on a neighbor's son.

Sam Berry took the dog in one hand and a big, round dollar in the other. His instructions were terse and significant. He was to come back with no dog. Sam was back in an hour with a marrow-freezing tale of slaughter. He went into details with such vividness and skill that it nearly broke our hearts. Mother wept, dad sneezed, and Bill wore a face as long as a horse. Sam finally left us alone with our grief — a mighty fortunate thing for him. He had hardly been gone a minute when the rapid patter of doggish feet was heard, and Bulger came up the front walk like a delayed sky-rocket and jumped through the open door right into dad's lap. The shock pushed dad over and broke the back off the chair he was assuaging his grief



PROVERB.

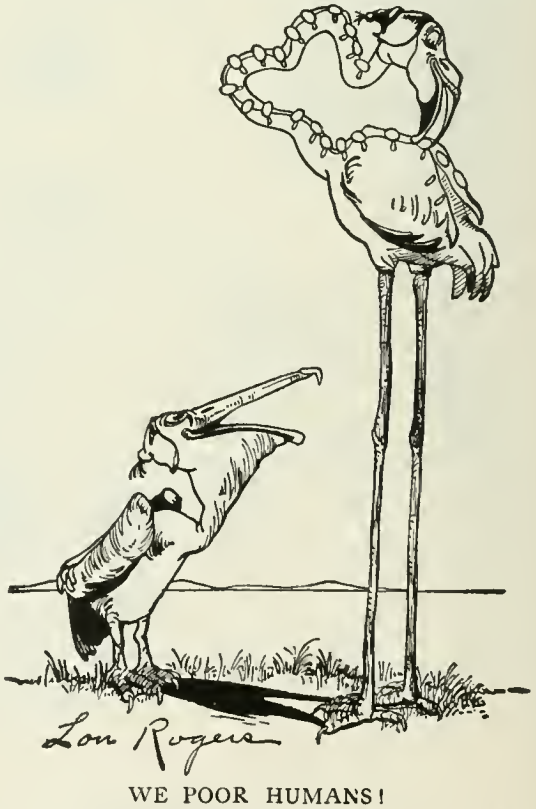
"Conceited people are like eggs—too full of themselves to hold anything else."



A VICTIM TO SYSTEM.

Mrs. Handout—"How did you become a tramp?"

Weary Willie—"It wuz de 'health magazines,' lady. I begun takin' long walks fer me appetite, an' pretty soon I wuz good fer nuthin' but de long walks an' de appetite."

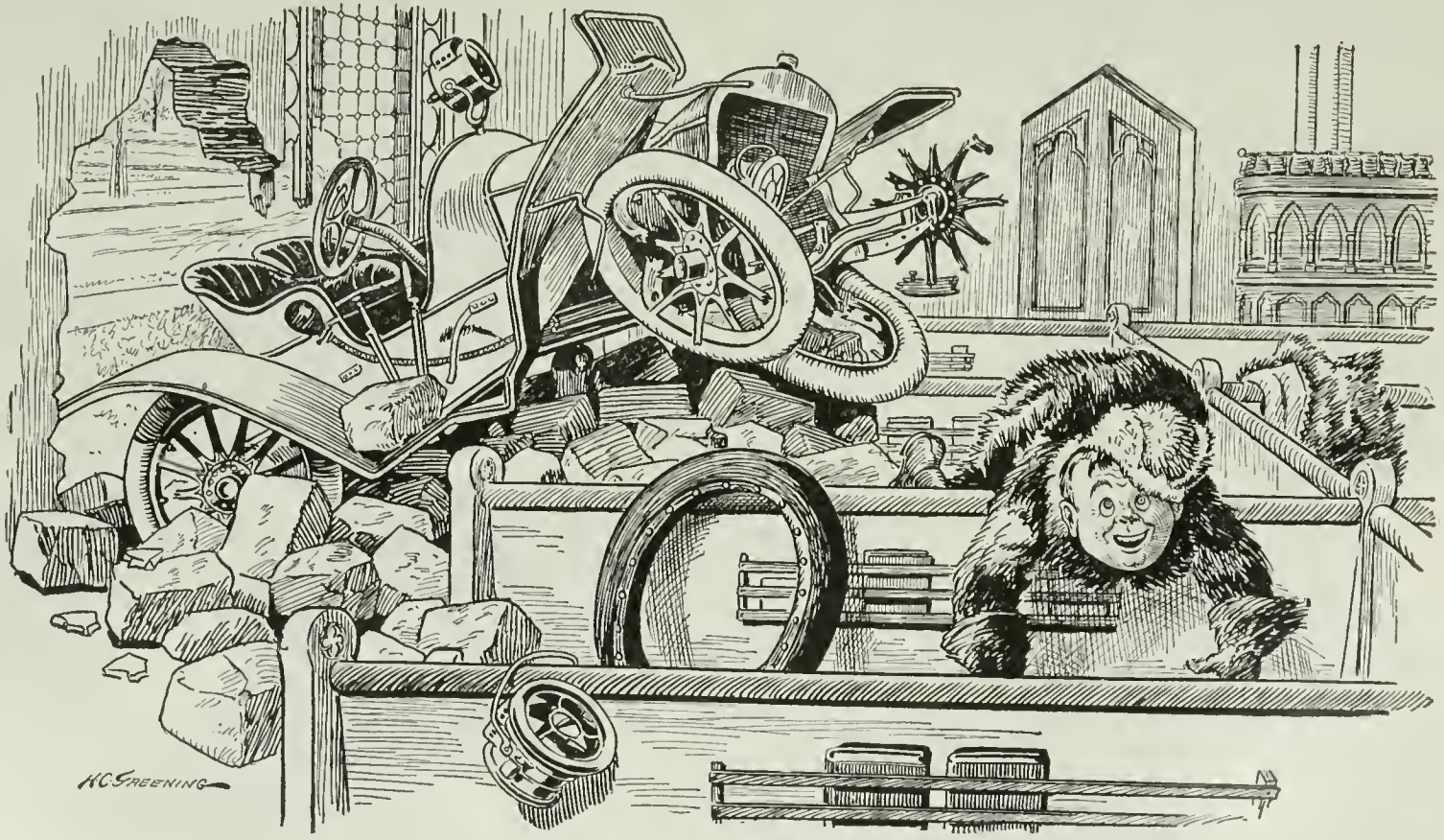


WE POOR HUMANS!

"Ah, my dear Mrs. Flamingo, you are so fortunate!"

"Why, how's that, Mrs. Pelican?"

"You never have to ask Mr. Flamingo to button up your dress in the back."



IT WAS FATE.

Mr. Gaybuoy (whose racing runabout failed to negotiate a sharp turn)—"Well, well! this is the first time I've been in church in ten years."

on. Bulger then leaped across the table and gave mother a hasty facial massage, yelped a few times in glee, and pounced upon Bill. He was the happiest dog I have ever seen—before or since. Even dad looked pleased—though he gritted his teeth every time he thought of those lemon pies.

In those early days Bill's clothes were hereditary. Mine were, too, but I will not admit it. When dad finally made up his mind that he had actually worn his clothes as long as his contempt for them would permit, they descended by easy stages to Bill and me. The process of revision was a fearful and wonderful one. The clothes were turned inside out, and as clothes of that period wore a shaggy inner surface, Bill and I used to be garbed like mountain goats. Some of the pants we inhabited had hair on, an inch in length. A fellow once touched a match to the fuzz on Bill's breeches, and it took ten of us to put Bill out. After the affair he possessed a burnt-hair odor that made his society very exclusive.

FISH FIGURES.

"How many fish did you catch yesterday?"
"Forty-eight."
"Did you eat all three of them?"

These trousers were always made on a large scale. Two could get into them with ease and comfort. It was not until Bill began bringing home contraband pickerel under cover of his huge pants that mother saw the error of her way. If Bill had lugged in a fish across his shoulder, the warden, who lived next door as a precaution, would have nabbed him. But by slitting the pickerel's tail and buttoning it over his suspender button, he could tote in twenty pounds of fish, provided the pants remained on.

Mother changed the situation by cutting a big V-shaped gash in the upper rim of Bill's trousers and sewing the gash together. This puckered Bill up so that he could wear his pants without using suspenders, and he grew quite proud over it.

Bill had a blood-curdling adventure with those hirsute pants once. He had a girl—also an ice-boat. In constructing the latter, Bill had stolen the sheets from the spare bed to use as a sail. This crime was not discovered until mother accused the

AS GOOD AS THE BEST OF THEM.

"Oh, I don't know. She ain't got anything on me!"

presiding elder of the theft, and Bill manfully opened his heart and confessed.

Bill invited the girl to go ice-yotting—some spell it yacht, but I can't. She was tickled to death to go, and Bill tucked her in snugly and then wedged himself into what space she didn't make use of. He was wearing his hairiest pants and he fitted the yacht like a new boot does a bunion.

The boat behaved well, and as Bill was a natural-born sailor he fairly dazzled the girl by the style in which he handled it. In due time, however, the girl hinted that her folks usually had supper about six, and Bill woke up. He commenced to crawl out of his corner. Then he hesitated and looked at the girl in an alarmed manner. He started again, and again glanced idiotically at the girl. He then felt around critically with his hand. The chilly truth was out—his shaggy trousers had frozen fast to the yacht. In the words of Old Sleuth, "He was a prisoner—facing he knew not what."

The sad intelligence gradually percolated to the girl and seemed to amuse her greatly. Bill advised her to run on home and send down the fire company or the police, but she flatly refused. She said he had brought her there and he had to take her home.

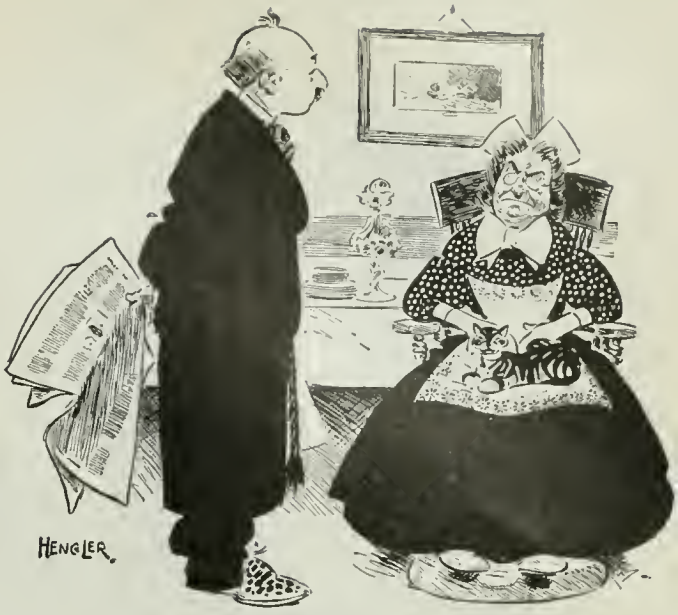
Bill relapsed into painful thought, and could feel himself growing closer and tighter to the planks every moment. At last, with a rosy blush, which was half-concealed by the pale light of the setting sun, he extracted his jackknife and set to work. If memory serves me right, the girl responded gamely to the call of necessity, and assisted at critical stages of the operation. At length Bill stood—or, rather, sat—free. From then on history is inaccurate or fragmentary, and the present writer reluctantly chronicles his entire ignorance of the facts. Bill's wife—who was the girl in the case—has never mentioned it.

A GENIUS.

De Style—"Einstein is a very inventive promoter."

Gunbusta—"What has he been doing now?"

De Style—"Says there is lots of money in it for the man who can put up the bridge jam in subway jars."



TOO DRASTIC.

"I see by the paper, ma, that a boy assassin has been hanged."

"Wa-al, a sassin' boy is a great trial, but I don't think thet he ought ter be hanged fer it."

WHEN a woman attends a handkerchief sale, it is probably because she wants to blow in something.

STUDIES OF A GENTLEMAN GIVING SOME GOOD-NATURED ADVICE TO HIS NEIGHBOR.

SUBURBAN ADVANTAGES.

First suburbanite—"You were not at the church sociable last night. What was the matter?"

Second suburbanite—"Got carried past my station, and couldn't get a train back till it was too late."

First suburbanite—"Ah! reading again?"

Second suburbanite—"Naw! Trying to explain the benefits of living in the suburbs to a city man."

The Amazon Mountains.

"WHEN I was going to school," said the prominent man, willingly contributing his share to the symposium of boyhood recollections, "it was up in Canada, and the examinations at the end of each term were oral instead of written. The teacher would arrange the class on benches before him, ask the boys questions in turn, and when a boy couldn't answer the question he had to get up from his bench and go and stand against the wall.

"During one examination the teacher asked us, 'What great range of mountains is in South America?

"The first boy shook his head in despair, got up and stood against the wall. The second boy stammered for a moment, then he too got up and went to the wall. The next boy did the same thing. By that time confusion had hold of the class, and the other boys arose in one-two-three order and marched to the wall. As I saw my turn approaching—I was about the last boy to be expected to answer—I became rattled. For my life I couldn't concentrate my thoughts enough to recall the name of that mountain range, and, finally, completely demoralized, I found myself unconsciously rising and going to the wall. Not a boy in the class could think of the name of that mountain range.

"Yet I knew perfectly well then, as anybody knows, that it was the Amazon Mountains."

HELP, HELP!

First apple—"Say, fellows! that girl over there is a core-us girl."

Playing Safe.

AMATEUR, holding five aces, leans over to professional poker player and whispers, "Billie, how would you play that hand?"

Professional replies, "My boy, if I were you I think I'd play under an assumed name."

Jokes.

THE jokes that a fellow
Remembers are yellow
With age—really century pets;
But the true bull's-eye hitters,
The dandy side-splitters,
Are those that he always forgets.

Professor—"And then, Mr. Sharp, what happened after Alexander the Great died?"

Student (solemnly)—"He was buried."

TURN DOWN THE LIGHT.

She—"Yes, dear; if you insist you may catch a few of those fireflies. I admit the light is a strain to my eyes."

IN THE WRONG QUARRY.

Fox hunter—"Have you seen the quarry hereabout, my good man?"
Mike—"Shure, ye're roight in it, ye fool! an' we're jist afther touchin' off th' blast"

Sir Galahad and the Balloon He Had

How the Great Knight Met Wondrous Adventure at the Castle of Maidens

By M. Worth Colwell

ANON, saith the tale, Sir Galahad did make amends upon his balloon so that he might fly again and kill the sky monster, as he was avowed, and make good. For sith the airship had been rebuilden and fulled with eighty-cent gas, it was marvel for to see and of great prowess.

Then came much good knights of the Table Round unto Sir Galahad, among the which were Sir Bors de Ganis, Sir Dodinas le Sauvage, Sir Palomides, Sir Teddy-bear, and many others. And so when the fellowship were come they made passing good cheer, and Sir Teddy-bear said to Sir Galahad, "What adventure seek ye now, fair knight? For it would to look goodily to us were ye to make a splendorous ascending."

"Ye speak well, forsooth, good sirs," answered Sir Galahad, as he did lean up against a live wire, for to rest and ease him. "To-day an I do not meet with a sky dragon, who perchance may send my balloon all-to-rive, I shall hie me up high and off to the Castle of Maidens, which the same is many leagues afar."

"Dost know whence lieth the Castle of Maidens?" asked Sir Palomides, whilst he fixt his coat of Mail, for it was Special Delivery Limited Mail.

"Nay, no force and no matter, but I will away and discover it, wheresoever it be. Leave it to *muh!*" answered the aero errant knight, scratching his armor for to take the itch from out of it; for knights did much strange adventures then betimes, for those were the happy days and happy knights.

So Sir Galahad did start up his balloon, and it did rise, even as an yeast cake, and all the knights did cheer and all the noblesse of the court eke did shout, and the Common Peepul did peep. So the brave knight did sail, and when he had ridden much he saw in a valley before him a castle with deep ditches and moats, and there ran beside a fair river which height Severn, and the warders who, perchance, did ofttimes shoot crappings, would call out, "Come a Severn!" Then Sir Galahad met with a man of great ancientage, and he asked him what was the castle's name.

"Fair sir," said the old man, "it is the Castle of Maidens, and it hath an huge wall, so that none may escale it. Sir Knight, if ye do, ye will ride therein to great folly, for ye have this ditch water to pass over."

"What care I for dish water?" asked the knight. "I will abut me into the place."

THOSE DEAR GIRLS!

"I am going to have my photos taken. I hope they will do me justice."

"I hope so, too—justice tempered with mercy."

OVERHEARD IN SAM LAWSON'S GROCERY STORE.

First voice—"I see by th' paper thet they've ben feedin' some o' them thar sailors o' th' fleet paowdered eggs an' evaporated spinach an' sech." *Chorus of voices*—"Wa-al, I swan to goodness!" *Second voice*—"It's a lie, by caow! Eggs don't paowder, they squush; don't keer what kind of eggs they be." *Third voice*—"Shet up, Lem, yer ignerent. They git em so stale they're dry, an' then they fan th' smell aout uv 'em by machinery." *Fourth voice*—"Kin they scramble?" *Chorus*—"What in heck be they good fer?" *Third voice*—"Jest like reg'lar egg s. Y' add water to 'em an' treat 'em nat'ral. Sailors ain't so fussy, an' they takes th' paowder straight, adds a swally o' salt water, an' then scrambles up a mast, er drops ter th' deck, er raises biles, jest ez they happen ter want 'em scrambled er dropped er biled; er else they go daown th' hatchway an' raise chickens." *Violent chorus*—"Haw, haw, haw! Ain't Sam a slick one?"

HARD AND FAST.

Pat—"It ain't twilve yit, Moike. Thot, clock's fast."
Mike—"Shure, an' Oi know thot. Ef it worn't fast, begorra! the dommed thing wud fall down on yer hid!"

Then came from the castle seven knights, all of them brethren, and called out, "Knight, keep thee, for we do assure thee nothing but death!"

"Ha!" laughed Sir Galahad. "Will ye all have to do with me at once? Take *that* then, and that, and that, and that; and when ye be asked, say that a good knight gave it to yuh!" So saying, he whizzed his airship into their middest, laying out three of them. Then the brothers did assail him main hard with spears and smote the balloon great strokes, so that their spears break. But Sir Galahad hit them upon the heads with an auxiliary wind-jammer, and nigh broke their necks, so that they did flee.

Then went Sir Galahad into the castle, and there were full twoscore damsels standing.

"Good-morrow, fair knight," said they, "for thou hast rescued us from the false knights who shutted us in the gaol."

"How came ye hither?" asked Sir Galahad.

Then spake a tall one, "Know ye not that we are the 'Moonlight Maid Burlesquers' that did to strand, for we are chorus gentlewomen and our parents were all rich but honest. And ye have slain all our low comedians." Then they did all knock wood, for he had slain all the low comedians.

Whereupon, after bravely rescuing the damsels, Sir Galahad flew in a jiffy back to his press representative for to get some illustrated specials in the Sunday Supplements.

Binks—"My sister is coming out this spring."
Winks—"How long was she sent up for?"

THE OBJECT.

"I've got one of my sons learning the cornet and the other the fiddle; one daughter studying the piano and the other plays the flute; while to top it all off, my wife has started taking singing lessons."

"My gracious! is your family as musical as all that?"

"No; but there's a vacant lot next to our place, and we don't want anybody to build on it."

A Few Guesses on Women.

ONE SHOULD analyze neither the looks nor the mind of a beauty.

The naked truth makes every one who sees it blush for very shame.

Cynicism is merely idealism turned sour.

The penalty of getting the woman you want is that you must keep her.

One should be just as careful about lying as about telling the truth.

When a man begins to write for money, he stops reading for pleasure.

In a high wind it is the oldest, ugliest, and leanest women who endeavor hardest to hold their skirts down.

Celibacy has the advantage of involving submission to the wants and wishes of a single tyrant.

To women love is an occupation; to men a preoccupation.

Anxious son—"What does 'chicanery' mean, father?"

Father—"A place where they can chickens, of course."

Ready for Him.

THE DIGNIFIED president of a well-known and flourishing New England college, in his moments of relaxation, tells the following story at his own expense:

One summer, some years ago, he spent a vacation of several weeks at a farmhouse in a Maine town. The next season he received a letter from his former boarding mistress, inquiring if he would like to return.

In reply he stated that he would be very glad to pass another summer vacation with her, provided some needed changes were made about the place.

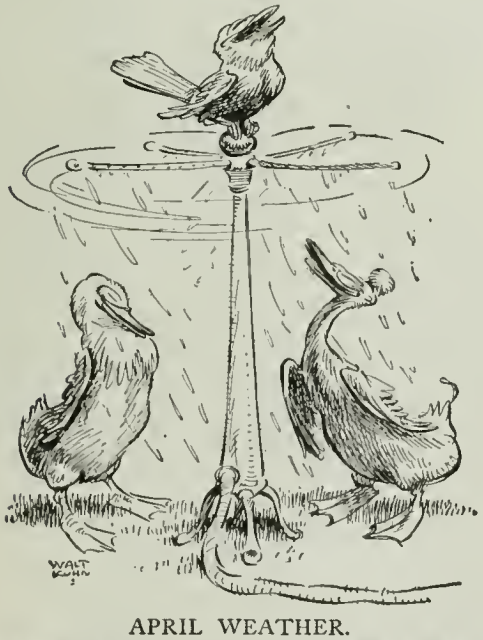
"First," wrote the college president, "your maid Mary is persona non grata, being anything but neat and orderly in her ways, and if she is still with you I trust you will at least not allow her to wait on the table.

"Secondly, I would suggest that the sanitary conditions on your place would be greatly improved if the pigsty were moved back a few rods farther from the house or done away with altogether.

"I will wait until I hear from you before deciding about coming."

The somewhat particular college president was reassured by the receipt of the following reply:

"Mary has went. We hain't had no hogs on the place since you was here last summer. Be sure and come."



APRIL WEATHER.
"This shower bath, with music, is certainly a fine institution."

HIS BEREAVED MEMBER.
"Binks's best girl is dead."
"Is he going to wear mourning?"
"Just on his arm."

A Mich. Wish.

A HOMESICK young angler from Mich.
Sadly said, "How I wish I could fich.
In a Mich. brook
And once more have the cook
Serve a Mich. fich in a dich.

Well Matched.

"SHE is going to marry a duke. You know she inherited fifty millions."

"It's tainted."

"Well, so is the duke."

How He Squared Himself.

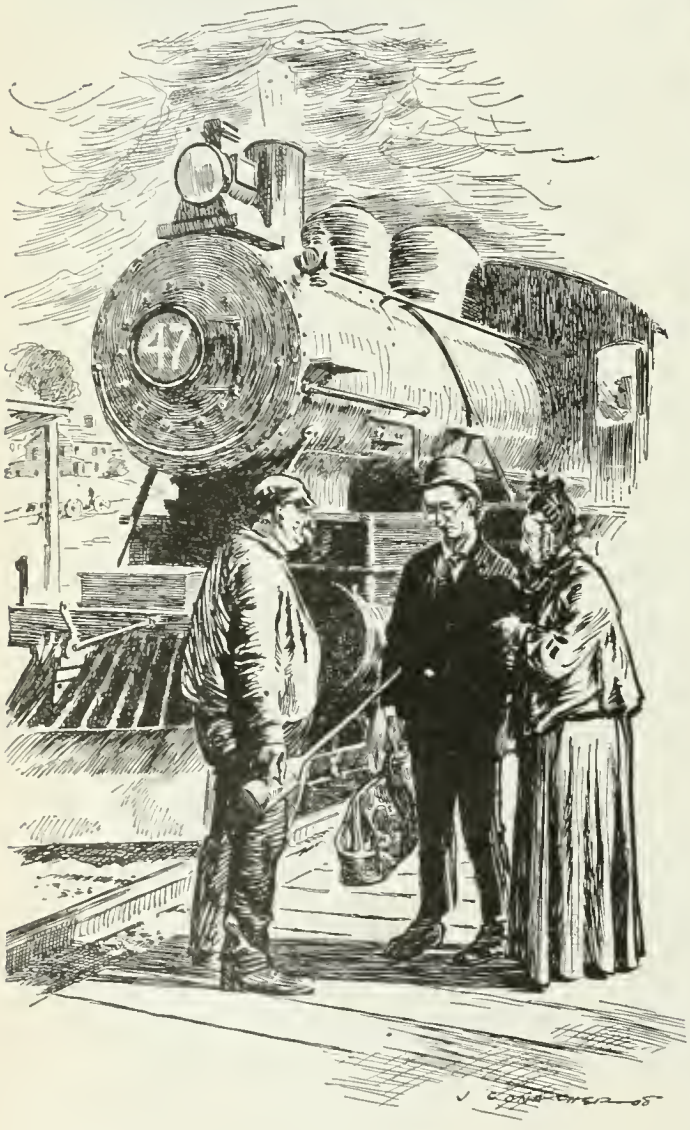
"ROTTEN!" involuntarily exclaimed Higgins at the play. "I beg your pardon," he said to the startled man in the next seat, thinking possibly he was a friend of the actor. "I'm always saying something to hurt some one's feelings; but I assure you I was not referring to the star—merely his lines."

"Oh, don't worry about me," he replied. "I'm only the man who wrote the play."

In Her Name.

"CAN YOU tell me who lives here?" inquired the postman of the new tenant.

"Well," sighed Mr. Henry Peck—for it was none other—"if it comes to that, I guess you must mean my wife."



CAUTIOUS.

"Are ye the injineer o' this train?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, I want t' introdoose ye t' my son, Caleb, who's goin' up t' Berkeley with ye; he's goin' t' college there, an' I want ye should go reel slow an' careful till ye get there, becuz he's goin' t' be a missionary t' the heathen."

TAKE THE NEXT TRAIN.

Irate hostess—"Do you suffer from cold feet, Mr. Standaround?"

Mr. Standaround—"I do not."

Irate hostess—"Then unwrap them, please, at once."

Submarine Finance.

THERE was an ancient mariner.
For threescore years and ten
He'd worked upon a submarine
Until the proud day when
He'd viewed his warlike craft complete,
The happiest of men.

The government inspectors came
And marveled greatly o'er
The wonderful invention that
Was moored down by the shore.
The old inventor glowed with pride
And dreamed of wealth galore.

They sped across the ocean's foam.
The men began to think
This craft the great problem had solved.
Its wonders made them blink—
In fact, it would do anything
Required of it but—sink.

The old man was no financier;
His purse was not rotund.
He'd just enough to float his craft,
But not a cent beyond.
You see, he'd been unable to
Provide a sinking fund.

ROY K. MOULTON.

Consolation.

WANTED—By a young man recently rejected, apartments adjoining those of a young married couple possessed of a baby that cries *all night*, causing the father to promenade in robe de nuit; good, loud swearer preferred.

It Would Crowd Him.

"SIMPKINS refuses to have his flat papered," reported the agent of the building.

"What's the matter now?" inquired the owner.

"He claims they haven't room enough as it is."

The Discontented Lobster

By Ellis Oliver Jones

ONCE there was a lobster who sat in his lobster bed and sighed. His limitations chafed him; and especially when he thought of the bright-red coats of lobsters he had heard about in sharp contrast to his own somber-hued garb, his contempt for the local tailors knew no bounds.

"I'm going away from he-ah," he announced finally. He had acquired the accent from a lobster who had lately come among them, and who had once belonged in the preserves of an English lord.

"Going away?" questioned his mother dramatically.

"Yes. I am tired hanging round here. I want to get into the swim."

"You're in the swim now," observed his little brother, who was also the village joker.

"I am speaking figuratively, gillie," retorted the dissatisfied one. "I'm going to New York."

"You'll be in the soup there, and that's no figure of speech," returned his brother.

Ignoring this last witticism, the dissatisfied one continued, "I'm tired of these old clothes and the rest of the has-beens around this town. New York is the place for me."

"This is a pretty kettle of fish," said his mother feebly.

"I want to hobnob with the big bugs at the swell hotels," he went on.

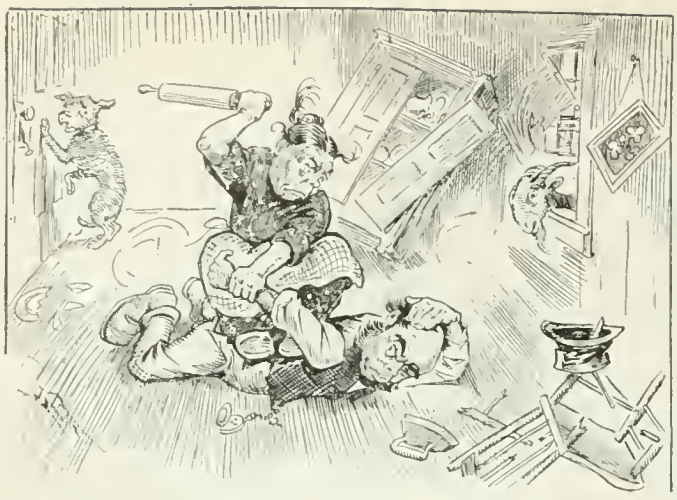
"It's plain to be seen that you are indeed a lobster—a regular chip off the old block," said his mother. She tried her best to dissuade him from his purpose, but in vain. The next time the lobster fishermen came around the young man departed.

But it happened that, on the way to New York, he got into a fight and lost one of his claws. Being thus imperfect, he never got farther north than Fourteenth Street, and ended his days on a Bowery free-lunch counter.

Moral—New York is a big place.

A MAN in Petuna drank gasoline by mistake. Now, instead of coughing, he honks.

"YES, SIR-REE, HOOK AND ALL, AND HE WAS EVERY INCH OF TWO FEET!"



SERVING HIM RIGHT.

Clancy (down and out)—"Thot settles it! Me cup av sorrow is filled t' th' brim!"

Mrs. Clancy—"Faith, an' it isn't! Will ye hov wan or two lumps?"

NOT FINISHED.

ONCE on a time a lonely little boy began praying to the Lord to send him a baby brother. Regularly every night, before retiring, he got down on his knees and offered up his petition. Finally he suggested that he had waited a long time, and hoped the Lord would hurry up matters.

In a few days the "little brother" arrived. Looking at the baby a little bit, the "lonely little boy" said, "Gee! He's a great looking thing! Can't talk, can't walk, ain't got any hair, and he ain't got any teeth—he ain't finished! Wish I hadn't been in such a darn hurry!"

J. C. Eddingfield,
New Ross, Ind.

EXPERIENCE ENOUGH.

A FEW days ago, while visiting a near-by maple sugar camp, I heard the following conversation between one of the employés and another onlooker:

"How's the sap runnin' this year, Jim?"

"Oh, fairly well."

"'Bout how much do you cal'ate you'll get?"

"Well, I reckon, from the way the sap's runnin' now, we'd ought to get three hundred and fifty gallon."

"That's more'n you got last year, ain't it? How do you 'count for that?"

"Well, sir, I'll tell you, I've never seen a spring yet where the sap runs like it does this spring, and, I'll tell you, I've seen thousands of 'em!"

Austin C. Williams, Westville, Ind.

THE DOCTOR KNEW.

PATRICK O'ROURKE, an Irishman, had the misfortune one day of falling from the second story of a house just being completed. Mike Flaherty, the foreman, saw him fall and immediately called an ambulance, which in due course of time arrived. The surgeon gave one glance toward Pat's still form and said, "He's dead."

Pat, who was just coming to, heard him, and, rising to a sitting posture, replied, "You're a liar! I ain't!" Mike was standing close by, and took hold of Pat gently, saying, "Lay down, Pat! The doctor knows better!"

Charles R. Heyler, New York, N. Y.

FLATTENED HIM.

First chauffeur—"Have you seen anything of old Speeder lately?"

Second ditto—"Yep; ran across him on Broadway to-day."

PICKED UP IN THE STREET.

Seaver—"I see the market is pickin' up."

Weaver—"You bet! Picked up all I had last week."

A RACING TERM—"THE FINAL HEAT."

HARD LINES.

He fondly loved a poetess,
And always ran to greet her.
He liked to scan her loveliness,
And often tried to meter.
Though he, too, tried to poetize,
She did not care to win him.
His shuffling feet did she despise,
And fled the discord in him!

N. M. L.

Inherited.

Weigle—"Judging from the vigorous crowing of your young rooster, he can whip everything else in the coop."

Ashley—"He can't, though; he's too much like his mother—full of hot air. You know, she's an incubator."

Anxious for His Health.

Arctic explorer's wife—"Good-by, John, dear!"

Arctic explorer—"Farewell, my love!"

Arctic explorer's wife—"And, John, be sure that the ice is perfectly safe."

"I TELL you I must have some money!" roared the King of Maritana, who was in sore financial straits. "Somebody will have to cough up."

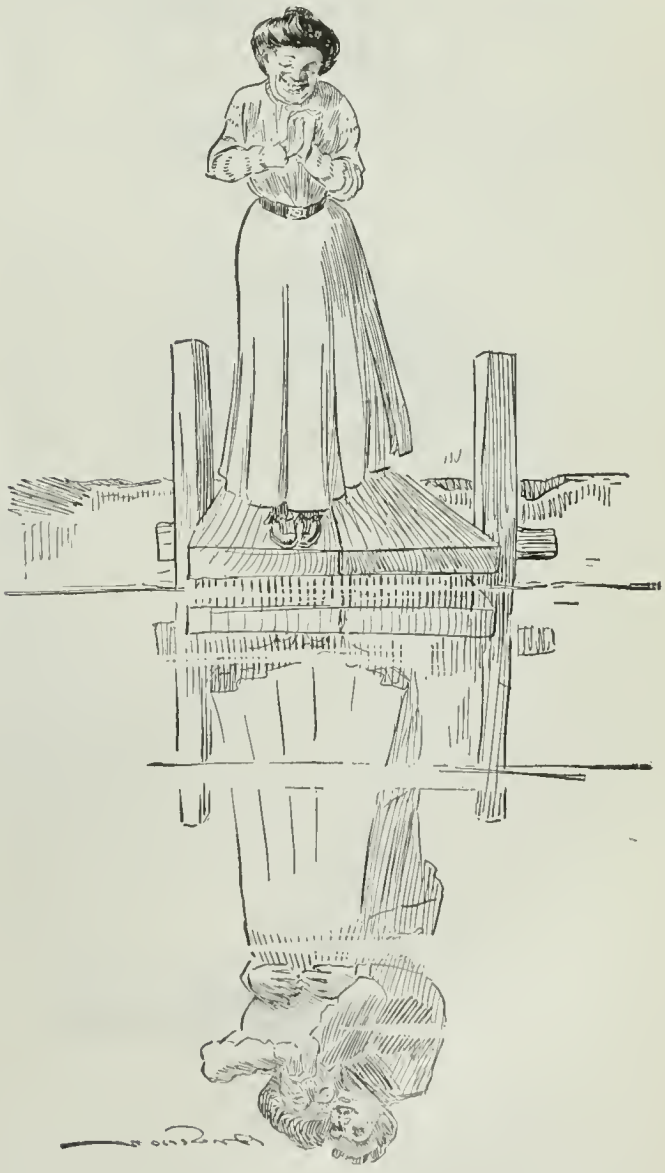
"Alas!" sighed the guardian of the treasury, who was formerly court jester, "all our coffers are empty."

A LITERARY hack is not the best vehicle of expression.

The Reason.

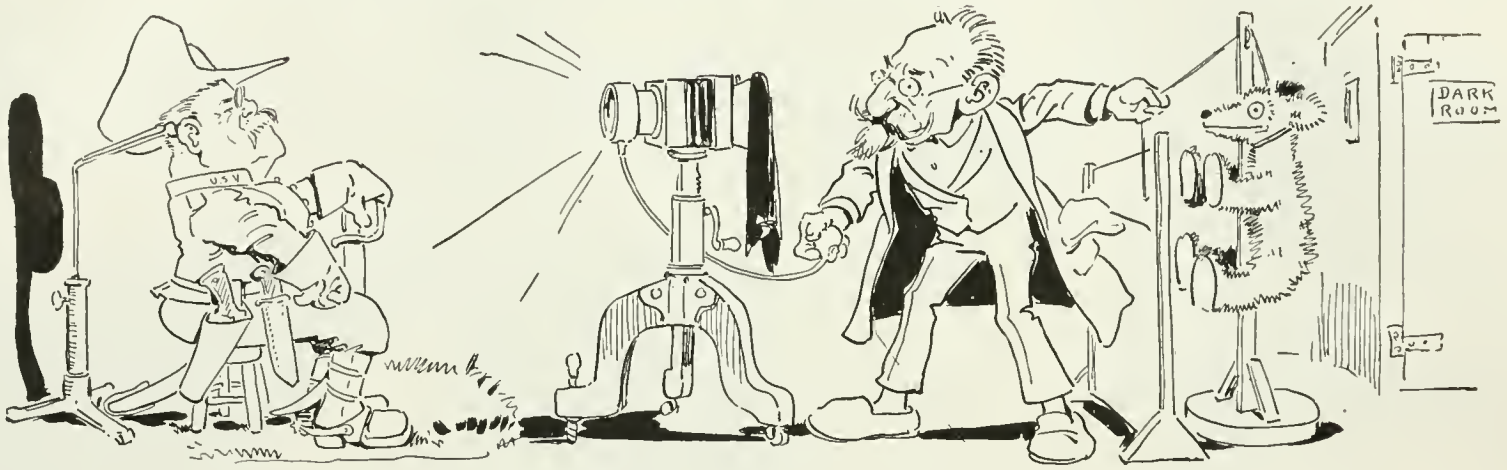
I'VE run a bit with Beatrice and chased around with Bess—
I've had a case on both of them, I may as well confess;
I've whispered airy nothings in the pearly ear of Nell,
And told a tale of eloquence to Betty and to Belle;
I've hit the high and toppy points with Sarah and with Sue,
And swung to subtle symphonies with Prissy and with Prue;
I've builded castles in the air, assisted, some, by Nan,
And trolled my moonlight serenades to Dora and to Fan;
I've sworn eternal constancy to Dolly, Tess, and Fay,
And jollied quite a jolly lot with Mabel and with May;
I've turned a double trick at hearts while playing whist with Pearl,
And hypnotized Miss Cynthia with, "Just one little girl!"
I would have married each and all—and that's a-going some!
But—darn their unpoetic souls—they all chewed gum!

STACY E. BAKER.

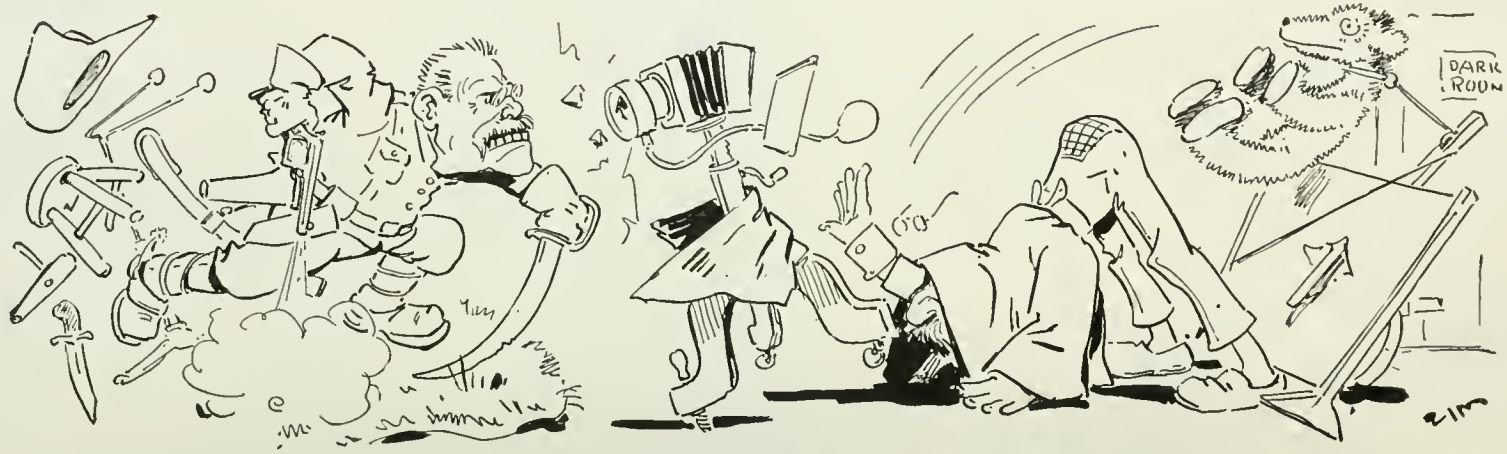


HER REFLECTION.

TOOK HIM TOO LITERALLY.



"Now, all ready, sir! Try to look and act natural."



"D-e-e-e-e-lighted!"

Who Wouldn't?

AHMED AL MAHRAD, ruler of Mezrah, sat in kingly silence on his jewel-incrusted throne. As was the custom with his forefathers, he had announced two days before that a basin of silver and gold would be awarded to the subject who bestowed the greatest boon on mankind; and the hour drew nigh for the award. A trumpet sounded, and those who craved the royal favor filed in.

"Begin!" thundered the king; and the foremost in the line stepped forward.

"Oh, Son of the Stars, I have allowed myself to prepare, after much labor, a wine, one draught of which will prevent one from talking in his sleep. For married men"——

"Enough!" interrupted the king. "You have done well. Thy name shall be handed down to posterity, and a graven stone shall be set up to you in the public place."

"Oh, Son of the Stars," the second aspirant began, "I am one skilled in medicine and surgery, and after years of experimenting I have found that a simple operation, when performed on the brain of a female child, absolutely prevents all desire for superfluous frills and fineries, gossiping and"——

"Well done, my son," broke in the king. "You are a worthy son of a worthy father, and your name shall be borne on the wings to the uttermost parts of the earth, and praises will be on men's lips for ages to come."

"Oh, Son of the Stars," began the third seeker after fortune, "I am a lover of mankind, and delight in bringing peace and happiness to all. I have here a little contrivance so small as would lie in the hollow of your hand, but which will absolutely prevent pajamas from rolling up into a thousand and one knots during the night, and"——

"Enough! enough!" shouted the king, forgetting his kingly dignity for the moment. "Enough! The prize is his!"

And the people echoed his words, "The prize is his!"

As Advertised

"WHAT'S your time?" asked the old farmer of the brisk salesman.

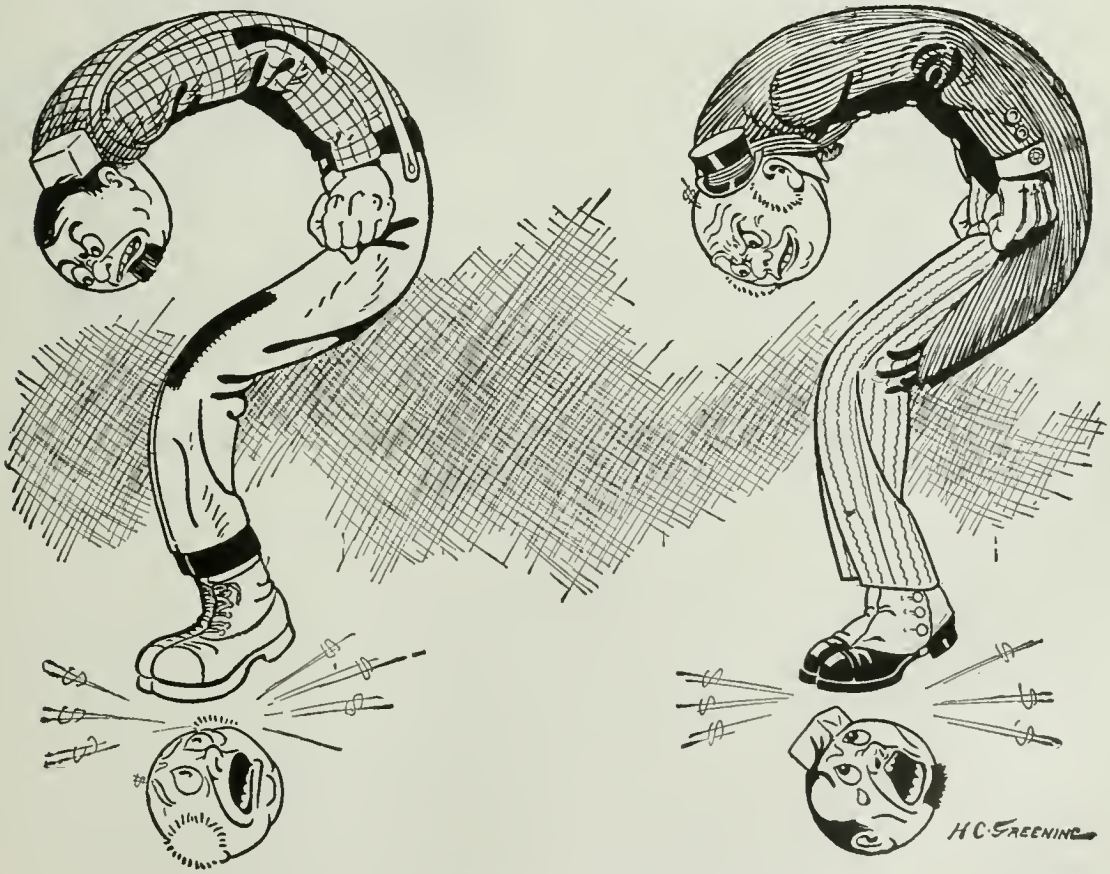
"Twenty minutes after five. What can I do for you?"

"I want them pants," said the old farmer, leading the way to the window and pointing at a ticket marked "Given away at 5.10."

While He Waits.

FAREWELL to bird and bottle, play and dance!
Yon holy man will guide her thoughts above.
Yet, see! she casts one long, regretful glance
To where *he* stands, her first and only love.

Lent lilies fade and spring has bloom, and then Monsieur the Devil has his own again.



THE LABOR QUESTION—BOTH SIDES OF IT.

Giving and Forgiving.

HE GAVE her a kiss very bravely, and then,
Because she seemed shocked at his daring,
He took it all back like the meekest of men—
His act by reaction repairing.
Such sign of repentance could not be ignored—
From further compunction to save him,
His kiss of contrition she fully restored,
And for giving the first she forgave him.

F. MOXON.

My New Inventions.

SINCE I sold my last invention (at a price too high to mention)
I have felt ambition stirring in the region of my soul,
And some marvelous creations, fit for women of all stations,
I have fashioned without erring and now offer sound and whole.

I've an Introduction Getter which is warranted to fetter
Any interesting fellow in the twinkling of an eye;
And a new Magnetic Thriller with a Hot-air Gush Instiller
Which will make the heartstrings mellow and ensnare them by and by.

I've a Wordless Wealth Computer and a Lipless Love Transmuter
And a Male Affection Holder that is warranted O. K.
Then my Sympathy Inciter will make passion flame the brighter,
And my Pseudo Form Enfolder start caresses on their way.

I've a delicate gyrator that I call a Love Equator,
Which will register the fever when it's at its highest clip;
And a wonderful Elixir called the Fast Delusion Fixer,
And a Sign and Seal Deceiver which will circumvent a slip.

I've a Confidence Creator and a Dope Investigator,
Which will satisfy each question that a relative might ask,
And my Wedding Bell Desirer is constructed to inspire a
Sudden form of indigestion which takes lovers all to task.

Then my Happy Home Retainer, or the Mutual Explainer,
Will be counted as a treasure in the family, of course;
And the last of my inventions which this advertisement mentions
Is my Instantaneous Measure for a Lawyer-less Divorce.

LAURNA W. SHELDON.

Recipe.

PICK out a small, vacant corner lot. Scatter around small boys, preferably barefooted and with big toes tied up. Add a twine ball, several bats, one broken and wrapped with wire, three or four yellow dogs strolling aloof, and a brindle cow grazing with indifferent attitude in the corner of the lot. Stir up well. Fill the air with cries of "You're out!" "I touched yer!" "You're another!" "I'm goin' home!" "Aw, whatchermatterwidyer?" "Never come widin a mile!" "Butter-fingers!" "Whatcherwantdothatfer?" "Ol' fraidy cat!" Have the yellow dogs engage in a fight, the brindle cow break her tether and gallop hurriedly down the street. At this point the twine ball should smash old man Peters's grocery-store window. The appearance of old man Peters will serve as frosting. Place in the hot sun on a summer's afternoon and label "The National Game."

JOHN MATTER.

WOW!

"Hello, Crowsfeet! What yer got all yer war paint on fer? Goin' ter meet yer other girl?"
"No; I'm goin' ter meet her other man!"

The Modern Education.

"I SHOULD never have thought that studying would have cost so much money."

"Yes, father; and if you only knew how little I have studied."

HE OUGHT TO KNOW.

Mrs. Hens—"Jest look here, John! I've found a ten-cent piece in this chicken's craw."
Mr. Hens—"Wa-al, thet makes one authentic case, an' the fust I ever knowed, whar there wuz money in chickens."

Everybody Swears by Him.

"WHO'S the best-known man in this township?" queried the advance agent for the medicine show.

"Well, young feller," answered Uncle Silas Seaver slowly, as he carefully packed the tobacco in his black pipe, "Jake Seymour holds that record about now, by eatin' the fust new potatoes from his own garden, tho' Hank Calkins is a close second with his new peas. Aunt Sarah Stanton is attractin' considerable attention with her flock of eighteen light brahmas, with an egg record of twelve dozen in eight days, the same bein' writ up in the Smithville *Banner*. An' Wallis Weaver's buildin' a new hip-roof barn. But I guess, everything considerin', Squire Hamilton's about the most popular man about these parts now. Everybody seems to swear by the squire, seein's he's jest been elected assessor."

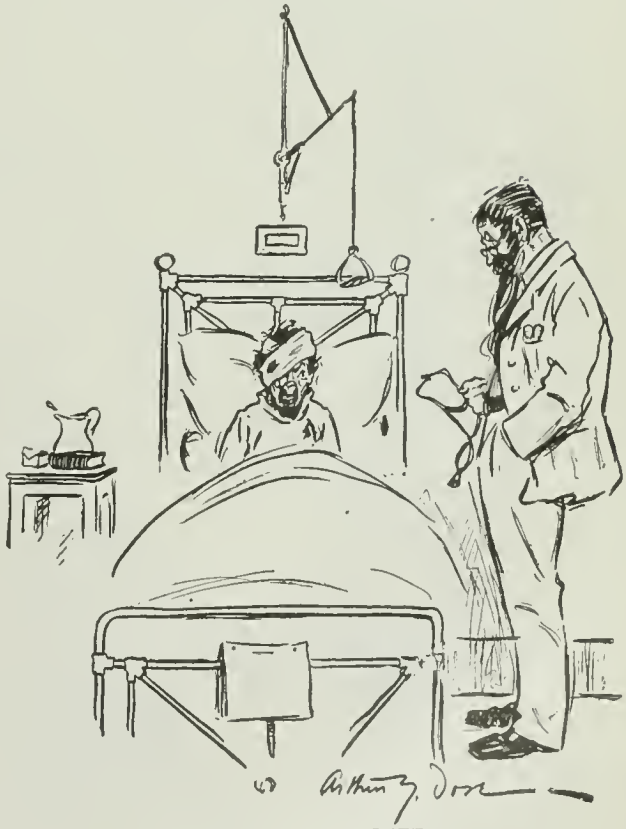
Great Need.

OH, THAT some Burbank of the West
Would patent, make, and sell
An onion with an onion taste—
But with a violet smell.

The Race Is to the Fleet.

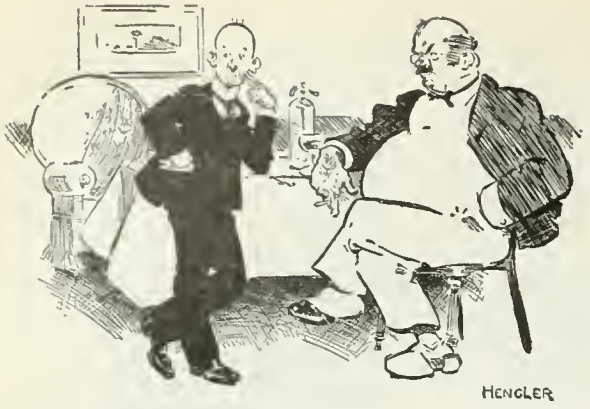
"THIS is what you call welcoming the fleet," murmured the hundred-yard sprinter, as he breasted the tape in eight and four-fifths seconds, amid the applause of the multitude.

THE end of failures is ofttimes the end of success.



TREASURED HIS LIFE.

Doctor (to attempted suicide)—"You may sit up now."
Suicide—"I know, doctor; but I don't want to do anything to endanger my health."



GOOD IDEA.

Hairless Henery—"Can you suggest anything to nourish my hair?"

Uncle—"Develop your brains a bit and the roots will have something to feed on."

The Occupant in the Rear.

"IS THERE a young lady by the name of Evans living in this house?" inquired the strange woman of the timid-appearing man at the front door.

"Yes," returned he, with a suddenly respectful and serious demeanor. "She occupies the rear of this house, so you'd best step round to the rear door and knock gently, ma'am."

"I did; but no one answered."

"Ah, then, didn't you notice a sign on the door in the shape of a neat placard?" asked the man, in tones of awe and admiration.

"Yes. The placard said, 'Out.'"

"Then she's out. That's her sign, ma'am."

"Do you know when she will return?"

"No; we never know that, ma'am. In fact, she comes and goes whenever she takes the notion, and wants none to interfere with her doings or habits in any way, shape, or manner, ma'am."

"She's rather a mysterious and independent sort of person, I take it."

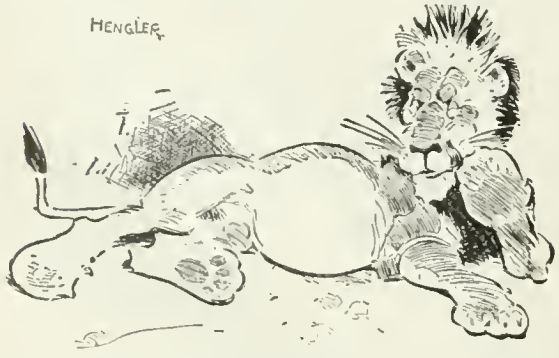
"Well, rather. You see, ma'am, she's our cook!"

A Problem in Division.

Foreman—"How many av yez are down thot hole?"

Laborers—"Three."

Foreman—"The half av yez come up."



THE LION AND THE LAMB SHALL LIE DOWN TOGETHER!

Rondeau.

THE RUMOR ran, not long ago,
That he had come to be my beau.
The gossips shook their heads and talked
If on a Sabbath out we walked
And through the parkways ambled slow.

"Propinquity," they said, you know.
I knew that if he heard he'd go.
And though I at the gossips mocked,
The rumor ran.

So now I sit alone, for no
Tobacco smoke I smell below;
No creak of chair when forth he rocked.
The room is bare, the door is locked;
I've lost my rent, my money's low.
The roomer ran!

AURELIA D. HOWELLS.

These Realistic Babes.

WILLIE was decidedly realistic and so very fond of hearing Bible stories read aloud that, as soon as he could read, his aunty gave him a copy of the Bible written especially for children.

Not long afterward he was heard howling in despair. Every one ran to see what had happened. They found him with his new Bible open.

"Willie, Willie, tell us what *is* the matter!"

"M-M-Moses is dead! And God buried him! A-and n-no man knows w-where h-his b-bones are t-to th-this day!"

THOSE CLEVER STOREKEEPERS.

The child—"Say, maw, how did that storekeeper know you was from the country?"

Maw—"Heaven only knows! It must have been my accent."

And It's Such a Little Thing, Too!

MR. LUGGINS made a wild dash for an uptown subway express and missed it by the tenth of an inch. Then he walked back to the center of the platform and stopped.

"I've forgotten something," he muttered. "I know I've forgotten something."

Now, Mr. Luggins's arms and pockets were so filled with bundles that it seemed utterly ridiculous for him to say he had forgotten anything.

"Yes," he continued; "I have forgotten something. But what in thunder it is I can't make out. It's not Susan's hair ribbon, for that's in my upper vest pocket; it's not Ann's tooth paste, for that's in my lower vest pocket; and it's not Bobbie's collars, for I'm sure I stuffed them in my hat. Now, what in the dickens can it be? It can't be the stove polish, or the picture wire, or the bird seed, or the sample package of Peeled Wheat, or the toothpicks, for they're in this bundle; and it can't be the carpet tacks, or the spool of number forty cotton, or the bottle of marking ink, or the colored post cards, for they're all in that bundle. Maybe it's—yes, by heaven, that's it! I've forgotten to buy the piano!"

BROTHERLY.

Sister Clara—"There! And I done it *all* myself!"
Fraternal chorus—"You don't need to tell us!"

Crying Need.

First legislator—"After the railroads?"

Second legislator—"Yes. I shall compel them to run over enough cows a year to give a farmer a living."

Un-paternal.

First Canadian—"Should a serious dispute arise with the United States, could we rely on the support of England?"

Second Canadian—"I have been studying that matter considerably of late, and I believe, from the friendly spirit she is constantly showing toward America, that, in case of a crisis, England would declare herself independent of us and try going it on her own hook for a spell."

Just Curious To Know.

Killeen (after ordering the largest beer in the house)—"An' is thot th' largest beer ye give a mon fer foive cints?"

Barkeep (sarcastically)—"Vot you oxpect fer a nickel—a kaag?"

Killeen—"Shure, an' Oi'm puzzled to know if Oi had ordered a short beer whether ye would hov placed it on me tongue wid a medicine dropper or jist sprayed me throat out wid an anatimizer."

A STIFF punch will knock any fighter out if he drinks enough of it.

PUZZLE PICTURE ENTITLED, "WE'RE GLAD TO SEE THEY'RE BACK."

More Intelligent Than He Looked

By J. Bradley Vandaworker

THE GUIDE connected with the hotel came round the corner, mounted the steps of the veranda with awkward strides, and lounged against a post. He was a lean, lank Greene County youth from Big Hollow, with a hatchet face and a lantern jaw. Blinking his sleepy eyes, he addressed us,

"I don't reckon you want to climb no mountains today?"

"Not unless there's a clear sky," said I. "What are the prospects?"

"Well, I guess ther' ain't none," he said, shifting his weight to the other foot. "I've most always noticed," he drawled, "that when it starts in with such a measly drizzle so early on an April mornin', ther' ain't no lettin' up till the moon comes out."

Charley Moore, with a wink at the others, dryly remarked,

"Yes, that's so. I've noticed the moon never shines when it rains."

Apparently it was lost on the guide.

"Do you ever see any bear in the mountains?" I asked, handing him a cigar.

"Thank yo', sir. Yes, ther' be some bear. I most always smoke a pipe, 'cept-in' on Sundays." Throwing one leg over the back of a chair, he slouched back against the post in drowsy contentment.

Ben Teal, looking for amusement, finally approached him. "Any snakes in these parts?"

"None to mention, now. Used to be," he answered, evidently not to be drawn into conversation.

Then one snake story followed another, each member of the party trying to outdo the other. Occasionally the guide partly opened his eyes and ejaculated, "Land sakes!"

When Charley Moore told a tale that put us all to shame, the Big Hollow youth showed deeper interest and exclaimed, "Well, I never! Looked like a grapevine hangin' in a tree?"

"Yes, sir," replied Charley.

"How long did you say it was?"

"Twenty feet and three inches," boldly answered Charley. "And six inches thick," he added, seeing the astonishment of the youth.

"I never see grapevines that big around here, but I suppose they do grow that size down your way."

"Any snakes like that here?" asked Ben.

"Not now. A long time ago I hired out to chop wood, over Elm Ridge way, t'other side Black Head range. Ed Slater, the man that hired me, lived at the foot of the mountains. It was quite a tramp to where I had to chop, so I took my dinner. Well, the first morning, when I climbed the mountain an' come to the place, I begun to look for a good spot to hide my dinner bucket, 'cause I didn't want no bear eatin' my grub. I seen somethin' that looked to me like a log—dead log, you know. So I put my bucket behind it—an' I still thought it was a log. Then I went to choppin'. Pretty soon I got warm enough to take off my coat. Yes, sir; I went back an' actually put my coat on what I thought was a log. Then I chopped on, once or twice lookin' back to see if my grub was safe. At noon I went to eat. Yes, sir. I give my axe a swing inter what I supposed was a log, then I spread my coat on the thing, for it hadn't moved, an' sat there eatin' my dinner just as comfortable, an' feelin' as safe as a little girl in Sunday school. All the while, mind you, I thought it was a log. Yes, sir, I did, by jingo!"

Then he slowly closed his sleepy eyes in silence.

Charley Moore, his curiosity getting the better of him, asked, "What was it?"

Slowly opening one eye, he replied, "It was a log."

BRIDAL PROBLEMS.

"I want a man's shirt-waist—some fashionable shade—and I don't know the exact size; but he's an inch taller than I am, with shoulders something like yours, only handsomer, of course."

His Dilemma.

Knicker—"How do you suppose Taft feels?"

Bocker—"Like a girl who is chaperoned by a widow."

The Nervy Young Man.

"SIR," said the nervy young man, coming into the rich merchant's office and taking a seat near the head of the firm, "I would like to ask you for your daughter's hand!"

"Why, I don't even know you, sir!"

"Oh, don't let that bother at all, sir. We'll soon get acquainted."

"So you, a perfect stranger, ask for my daughter's hand, eh?" said the rich merchant, gazing in amazement at his caller. "Which daughter do you mean? I have three."

"I mean the one with the golden hair," imparted the young man, unabashed.

"I am still in doubt, young man. Two of my daughters have golden hair. Do you mean Ellen or Maria?"

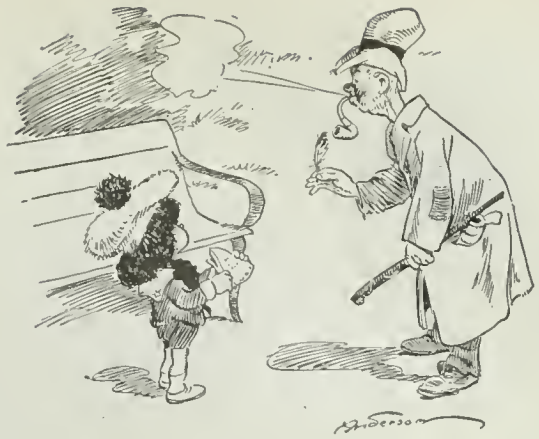
"Can't say which, sir. I had only a moment's view of your daughter, and have never met her to know her name. But the moment's sight of her was enough to tell me that I love her, sir!"

"And you come here to get my decision without consulting or even seeking an acquaintance with my daughter?"

"Yes. You see, sir, the time is short. Yesterday I came across your daughter and a young man in the park. Just as I had made up my mind that I loved her, I heard the young gentleman tell her that he was coming here to-day to ask you for her hand in marriage; so I hurried right along to get in my bid ahead of him."

"Young man," gasped the fond parent, "it's a foregone conclusion that you will accomplish what you start out to do. And you've certainly got the nerve! So go ahead and obtain an introduction to the daughter of your choice and do the rest. You've got my consent!"

CHARLES C. MULLIN.



SEDUCTIVE.

"Le' me take yer pie fer a minute, sonny, an' I'll show yer how I kin eat it an' balance a feather on me nose at de same time."

A DISCREET POLICEMAN.

Boy—"Alderman O'Rourke and old man Riley are having th' divil av a scrap just around the corner!"
Officer—"Which is on top?"
Boy—"Alderman O'Rourke."
Officer—"Shure, thin, ut's as much as me job is worth to interfere!"

"You talk about your shocks of hair,"
Said Uncle Ezra Fitch.
"I jest received a dreadful scare
A-pullin' 'Mandy's switch."

News.

THE ROAD which has been running from New York to Boston has got there.

Mr. Jones recently went to his office, leaving the lid off the family jar. An explosion resulted.

Miss Jenks, who was seen to take a street car at the foot of Main Street last night, has been arrested.

Miss Mason has been having trouble with her eyes. Yesterday they persisted in running up and down the columns of the morning paper. Then they became fastened on the picture of a departed friend, and at last reports they were glued to the opposite wall.

Professor Seeley, in a moment of deep thought on Friday afternoon, threw his eyes into the fire.

When Mr. Morton arrived at his office this morning he had a young lady on his arm. Dr. Smith is the attending physician.

On Tuesday the night editor, while following a train of thought, walked off a high trestle and fell into a reverie, but his injuries were slight and he is now able to be at his desk again.

Everything looks very bright to-day. It is reported that one of our early risers swept the landscape with his eye.

ADA T. DRAKE.

Sarcasm.

ONE day, when Eve, in joyful mirth,
Perambulated on this earth,
She gazed at Adam's scant array
Of fig-leaves—two or three, they say—
And said, as only woman can,
"It's a good thing clothes don't make the man."

Acts Daytimes.

Mrs. Knox—"Why did you refer to her as a great actress?"

Mrs. Bangs—"Why, a good many of her acquaintances think she is a perfect lady."

A Natural Churner.

WILD-EYED DISCOVERER WOULD UTILIZE AN AMAZON TREE.

AN ANGULAR man, whose chief characteristics were a wild eye and a rusty frock coat, entered the office of a prominent investment concern. Through some fluke on the part of the office-boy, he gained admittance to the private office of the president.

"I wish to present an idea," the visitor said, without parley, "that will revolutionize the great dairy industry of this country."

"What is it?" asked the financier; but, even as he spoke, he touched the little push button on his desk marked "alarm."

"You are doubtless aware that down on the Amazon there is a tree whose sap consists of a fine grade of milk."

"I have heard of that nature-faking tree," said the financier.

"Well, my idea is to transplant this milk tree from the peaceful valley of the Amazon up to the southern coast of America, where hurricanes and cyclones would continually shake this tree."

"What then?"

"This churning would produce a fine grade of butter! Now the Natural Churn Company (Inc.), capitalized at five million dollars"——

Just then the clerks rushed in and led the discoverer away.

PETER PRY SHEVLIN.

Poet—"Have you read my last poem?"
Friend—"I trust that I have."

A PLEASANT KIND OF COOLNESS.
Although there was a coolness between them, her face wore a beatific expression.

A FAIR DIVISION.

Youngboy—"Why, Stoutleigh, I thought you were in Paris with the wife, enjoying yourself."
Stoutleigh—"That's all right—division of labor, doncher see? Wife's in Paris an' I'm enjoying myself."

The Philanthropist.

THE JUVENILE grammar class was wrestling with the sentence, "A philanthropist gave to his servant a beautiful cottage in the suburbs."

"Now, then," continued the teacher, "we have before us a positive statement, embracing a subject, a predicate, and an object—do you understand?"

"Yes-sum," chorused the class.

"Very well, you shall have a test. Come, Thomas; what is the subject?"

"Cottage" (doubtingly).

"Why, no, child! *Philanthropist.*"

"Oh!"

"And the predicate, William?"

"Servant" (confidently).

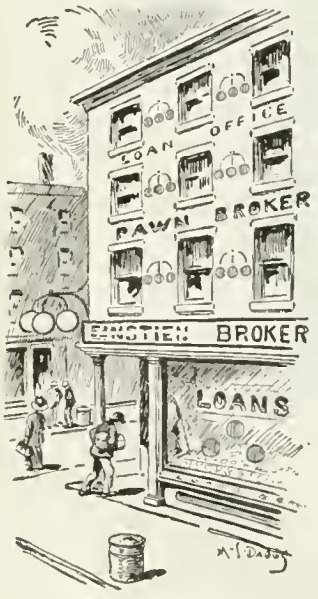
"Mercy, no! Gave is the predicate; but what is the object, Casey?"

Silence.

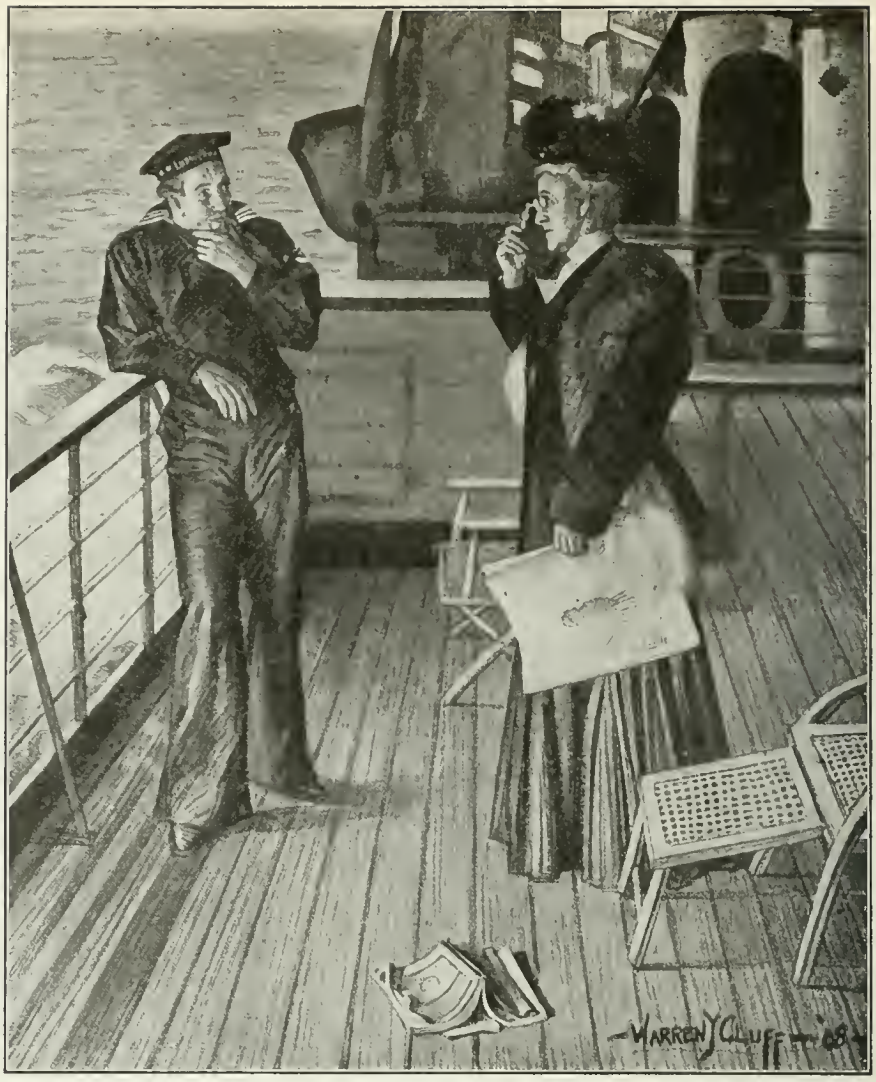
"Come, come! It's quite apparent!"

"*I guess he was stuck on her,*" ventured the lad.

NOT ONLY can the leopard not change his spots, but neither can anybody his kin—worse luck!



SOME HARD-LUCK STORIES.



SIMPLE.

Passenger—"How do you feel, my good man, when the giant waves come tumbling over the ship?"

Old salt—"*Wet*, ma'am—*werry* wet!"

Drawing a Line.

IT IS an East Side barber-shop. An Irishman enters to be shaved. He takes a seat and barber proceeds to lather him.

Barber is suddenly called into an adjoining room, where he is detained some time.

During his absence the barber's pet monkey jumps from his resting-place, seizes the brush, and proceeds to finish lathering the Irishman's face. Then he takes a razor from its case, strops it, and turns to the Irishman to shave him.

Irishman sits up suddenly. "Shtop that!" he exclaims. "Ye kin tuck th' towel in me neck an' put th' soap on me face, but, be gorrah! yer father's got to shave me!"

Noncents.

WHOEVER has gazed on a bright copper cent
Has noticed, unless I'm mistook,
The proud aborigine's classical face
And remarkably in-a-cent look.

Generous to a Fault.

Cohn—"Einstein settled mit his creditors for fifty cents on der dollar."

Levy—"Mein gracious! his liberality vill make him a pauper."

Murphy's Dilemma.

MURPHY, evidently under the weight of a hilarious jag, was zigzagging his way along the country road. Meeting a minister of the gospel, he straightened himself up and asked,

"Can yez tell me how fur is't frum here to White Plains?"

"About four miles," answered the clergyman; "but, my good man, you have a long road before you."

"It ain't th' lin'th of th' road that's thrubblin' me at all, at all, yer rivirence," hiccoughed Murphy. "It's th' width of it."

REAR VIEW OF ANDREW JACKSON JOHNSON IN HIS PRISON SUIT.

A Limited Luxury.

TWO Irishmen were discussing the phenomenon of sleep. Said one, "Oi hear as wan av thim poethry lads calls it 'bald nature's hair-reshtoorer.'"

"Yis," assented the other; "shlape's a grand luxury. It's a pity a man can't kape awake long enough to inj'y it. Jist whin he's thinkin' phat a foine long shnooze he'll be hovin', begorra, it's marnin'!"

An Explanation.

Police justice—"Jackson, this affair looks to me more like a common dog fight than a case of assault and battery. You claim this man assaulted you, and that you did not even try to defend yourself; yet he bears the marks of your teeth in seventeen places. How do you account for that?"

Jackson—"Well, boss, it was jest like dis. He hurt me so when he was a-poundin' of me, dat I had ter have sumthin' ter bite on, or I couldn't 'a' stood it."

Continuous.

THE WEARY model gets no rest;
Her life o'errun with woes is.
She poses all the day with zest,
And all the night reposes.

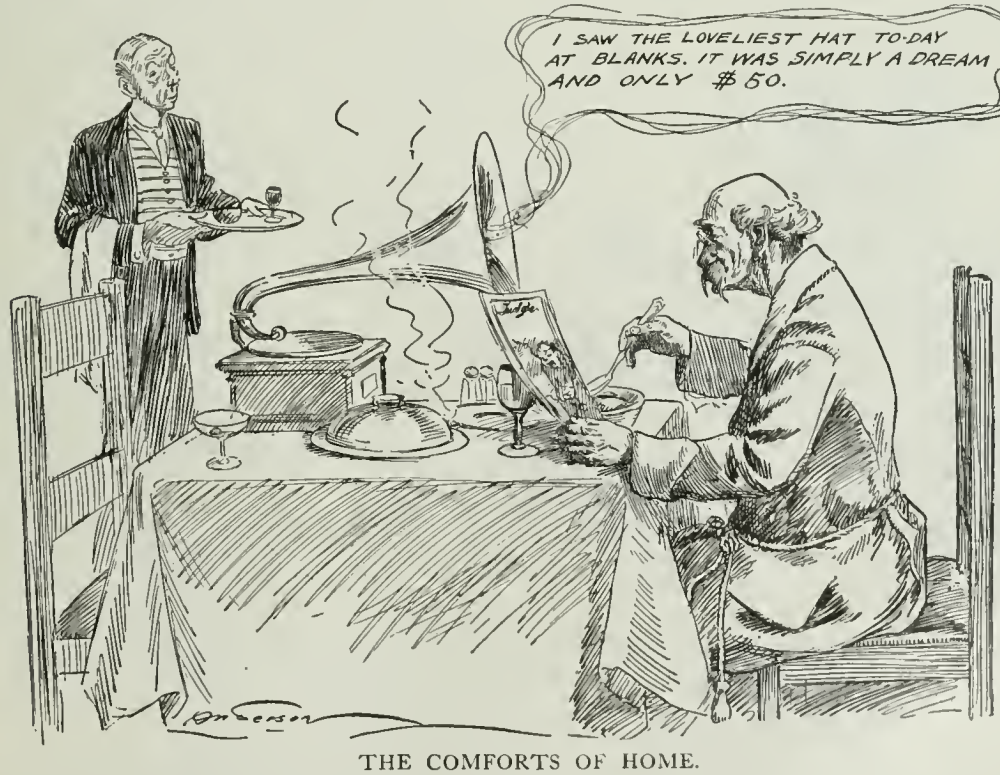
Knew His Rights.

Landlady—"What's the matter with that pie?"

Boarder—"'Tain't fit for a pig, and I ain't goin' to eat it."

Spiritual Information.

"AHA!" said the Pullman porter, as he drew the flask from under the passenger's pillow, "I have learned the secret of his berth."



THE COMFORTS OF HOME.

Old bach—"James, take off this record and put in the 'Where was you last night; it was one o'clock before you got home—one.'"

Comedian Scored.

IT WAS a wet and stormy night. The wind howled and hissed round the rattling windows.

"I guess you've heard a noise like that before," remarked the villain insinuatingly.

"Sure," replied the comedian pleasantly; "but I guess you never did."

PRACTICE.

New clerk—"I should like two weeks' vacation, sir."

Boss—"What! Why, this is only your first week with us."

New clerk—"Yes, sir; but once I get accustomed to the position I may be able to stand it longer."

Bad Gin.

Mrs. Podunk—"I dew think it's outrageous to send our fleets over to Japan."

Mr. Podunk—"Oh, 'shaw, ma! it's jest on a friendly visit. Why is it outrageous?"

Mrs. Podunk—"Why, them sailors will be full on them Japanese jinrikishas the hull time."

Advantage of Proving Superiority.

"PA," boo-hooed the chastised son, "if I had let Willie Simmonds lick me, instead of me licking him, would you've whipped me just the same?"

"Yes; but remember that in such a case you would be getting two lickings in place of one!"

In Oklahoma.

Keeper—"I don't know what I shall do with No. 1323."

Assistant—"What's the trouble?"

Keeper—"He's too far gone to run around here at large and not quite crazy enough to send to the Legislature."

"NO," said the eminent scientist, "I have never seen a Plymouth Rock hen lay a corner-stone, but I have frequently seen a pineapple layer cake."

Retold.

LITTLE drops of water,
Little lack of sand,
Make the frenzied panic
And the wiser land.

FISHIN' TIME.

I.

FISHIN' time's a-comin'!
I've a kind o' feel
Soon we'll hear the hummin
Of the nickel reel;
See the line a-flyin'
Through the quiet air,
And the fly a-lyin'
On the water there.

II.

Sort of have a feelin'
Trout have got a hunch
That the bell's a-pealin',
Callin' 'em to lunch;
Lurkin' round the water,
With their eyes so bright,
Lookin' for a sorter
Sop for appetite.

III.

When the grass is greenin',
And the trees awake,
And the birds are preenin'
Down along the lake,
Isn't any doubtin',
To my knowin' eye,
That the time for troutin'
Is a-drawin' nigh.

IV.

When your knees is shaky
And your spine is limp,
When the garter snake he
Straightens out his crimp,
When the bees is buzzin',
When you hear the lark,
And the piney rozzin
Oozes from the bark

V.

When the kids is stretchin',
Yawnin' in the schools,
Then's the time for fetchin'
Out your fishin' tools;
Droppin' all your duties,
Family forsook,
For the speckled beauties
Waitin' for the hook!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

DID YOU EVER!

Did you ever descend in the night, with the view
Of smashing a burglar chap burly,
To find it was only "the girl" in a stew
To tackle her wash good and early?

In the Padded Cells.

"WHO IS that young man there, repeating to himself, 'Eighty-nine, ninety, ninety-one,' all the time?"

"He was saving a thousand coupons for a meerschaum pipe, and the company went bankrupt on his nine hundred and ninety-first."

RUSHING THINGS.

Young patriot—"Golly! that beats firecrackers all holler."

Together.

THE rich man and the poor man
Are together raised or crushed.
The freight car will be empty
When the auto's toot is hushed.

Careless.

"WHAT'S the matter with the candidate?"

"'Sh! He's very ill."

"Isn't it rather sudden?"

"Very. He smoked a cigar from the wrong pocket."

A Fable.

AS THEY came out of church, so impressed was Brown with the Rev. Dr. Bishop's discourse on the problems of life in this sad world that he could not forbear exclaiming, "Beautiful, beautiful!"

Said his wife, "I think you are a very poor judge. The rim is entirely too large, and those flowers are very, very unbecoming!"

Not Such a Good Hand.

Judge—"What have you to say as to the charge that, while the husband of one woman, you married three others?"

Bigamist—"Simply this: that having four of a kind isn't what it is cracked up to be."

Police.

Jonesby—"That Chicago man who slept two weeks was arrested yesterday."

Smithson—"What was the charge against him?"

Jonesby—"Impersonating an officer."

BY SHOULDER cold and marble heart
Full oft my love was froze,
But the greatest chill I knew not till
I got the tilted nose.

PAINTING THE LILY.

Jealous He—"What makes his lips sweeter than mine?"

She—"Chocolate."

Jealous He—"Huh! He's mean—he eats it all himself."

She—"Possibly. But I get the flavor when he kisses me!"

Her Testimonial

By Norman H. Crowell

SHE WAS tall, bony, and evidently strong, for as the pill agent came up to the door she was in the last stages of heaving a half-grown Newfoundland dog out of the rear window. The agent coughed slightly as he witnessed this feat of arms, and passed the remark that it was a fine day, although it looked like a frost was due.

"Ye're right, stranger — hain't disputin' you thar, nohow," said the woman, as she wiped the dog-hair off her hands and approached the door.

The agent tilted his hat back with a professional gesture and placed his elbow familiarly against the jamb of the doorway.

"Madam," he said, in a far-away voice, "the last time I had the pleasure of looking upon your form, now glowing with health and the strength of man — er — of womanhood, you were a pitiable object. Racked by disease, miserable from pain, and helpless from incurable maladies, you spent a melancholy existence. You were gaunt, hollow"——

"What're you talkin' about, stranger?" broke in the woman, as she elevated her shoulders slightly and squinted at him in a dangerous manner.

"This, I believe, is Mrs. Arabella P. Yocum?" inquired the agent easily.

"It shore is; an' what of it?"

"Am I right in asserting that Bedloe's Little Bilious Bullets cured you of weak back, nervous prostration, insomnia, and night-sweats? Your picture and testimonial are familiar"——

"Hol' on, young man—jest a second. Be you the man that sold me them Bedbug's Bilious Bullets? If so, I want words with you consarnin' them pellets."

"Yes, madam; that was my pleasure, I admit," responded the agent.

"An' maybe you are the literary light what edited up them thar testimonials what has been runnin' in our paper every week senct. Be you?"

"Why, I—that is, perhaps"——

The woman reached forth and seized the agent by the collar and gave a yank that made his heels crack together. Then she slammed him down on to the solid end of a section of oak log, and pulled out a bunch of newspapers from a pigeon-hole near at hand.

"I've got cake in the oven an' it's burnin', but I've got time enough for you to read that. Read it good an' loud, an' don't miss any."

The agent tremblingly took the paper and focused the spot indicated by her long, red forefinger. Then he loosened his collar and began weakly, but with a gradual gain in power.

"'Before taking Bedloe's Little Bilious Bullets I was a physical wreck. My liver was worn to shreds, my kidneys were afloat, and my groaning drove my husband to drink. My heart was so weak that a fly lighting on me sent me into convulsions. My oldest son left home and was jailed for horse-stealing just before I began using the bullets. At this period I was a living skeleton, and the doctor said there was no hope for me. My daughter then eloped with a negro bartender. But Bedloe's Bullets cleared away the dark clouds. After using

INFERENTIAL.

Lady from Boston—"I'm so worried about my daughter! Her head is full of anarchic theories."

Lady from Cheyenne—"Goodness me! Ain't there nothing you can put on it to get rid of 'em?"

only two crates of them my daughter got a divorce, my son broke jail, my husband signed the pledge, and I was cured. To-day I can run faster, jump higher, kick harder, and yell louder than any man in Pike County. Arabella P. Yocum.'"

The agent finished reading and laid down the paper.

"Well?" snapped the woman fiercely.

"Well, this is the strongest testimonial I ever saw for the bullets. It is delightful to read"——

"Delightful? Say, Mister Agent, the minute I clapped eye on that testimonial, I said to myself, says I, 'Arabella, there's goin' to be trouble with them pill men, shore as you're born an' breathin'.' The time has come—it is here—an' I reckon maybe Arabella P. Yocum is goin' to know if this Bedloe man is financially sound."

"What do you mean, madam?" said the agent weakly.

The woman reached in behind the stove and withdrew a large, shiny Winchester and began slipping big, brass cartridges into its insides. Then she chucked it shut a time or two and pushed up her sleeves.

"Have you got fifteen dollars in money on you, agent?" she suddenly inquired.

"Why—er—yes, I have."

"Lay it on the table!"

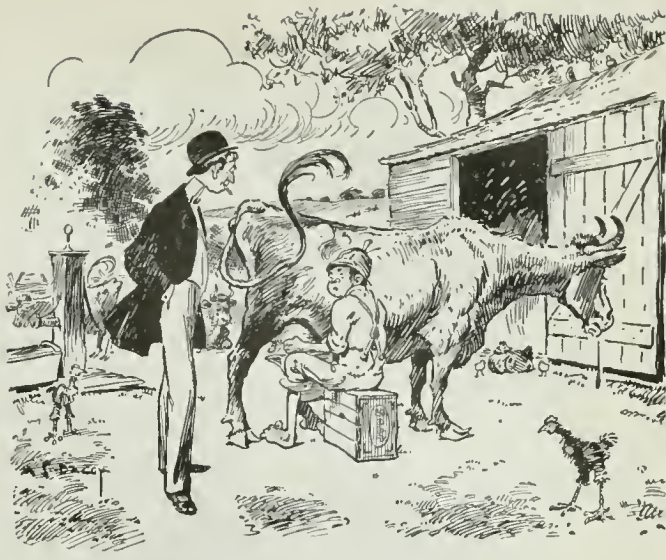
The agent looked sheepish a moment, then slipped three fives to the position mentioned.

"Good-day, stranger!"

"Good-day, madam—fine weath"——

"GIT!"

He did.



A HARD MILKER.

The boarder—"How much milk does that cow give?"
The milker—"She don't *give* none. What yer git yer got ter work hard fer."

Couldn't Afford It.

Congressman Blank (after buying voter a drink)—"My friend, can I rely upon you to support me?"

Crimson-nosed friend—"Sorry, gent; but my wife's kickin' now 'cause I don't support her."

So Thoughtful.

Mr. Westend—"You seem very happy to-night."

Mrs. Westend—"Yes, indeed. That jewel of a maid is not going to leave me after all."

Mr. Westend—"Why, I thought you told me only the other day that she was going to Mrs. Murrayhill's?"

Mrs. Westend—"Yes, she was; but Mrs. Murrayhill died this morning. Was it not sweet of her?"

Of all our human aspects,
There's nothing half so queer,
As to see a fellow telling
A joke you cannot hear.

The only sight that's queerer,
It really seems to me,
Is to see some fellows getting
A point you cannot see.

A Cure-all.

HAVE you a wart? Have you a receding chin? Have you a bunion? Have you any money? Come to us! We will take it away from you. Dr. Onion, adv.

Enough Left.

Mrs. Benham—"You took the words right out of my mouth."

Benham—"I don't seem to have done a complete job."

A Lesson in Horticulture

By E. A. Wader

MY NEIGHBOR Brown came to the garden fence and said,

"How do you do your grafting?"

"My grafting?" said I.

"Yes—grafting apple trees. I want to try it myself."

"Oh!" I exclaimed. "Yes, yes! Well, in the first place, I begin by lying; that is, I lie in bed and think the whole thing out in every detail. I watch my opportunity, and on the first fine day I steal a few hours from my business. Then I borrow a saw—a steel one—and with it I rob the tree, upon which I wish to graft, of some of its larger branches. This I try to do in such a way that the loss of the branches will not be noticed. These limbs should not be left lying—that is, lying on the ground; they are unsightly and may attract the attention of passers-by. They should be hustled behind the lattice-work screen at once. So far, so good. Now, let me see—oh, yes! I rob another tree of a few twigs having buds on them, and insert them in the ends of the sawed branches on the tree. Then I take some beeswax and tallow and melt it together. This must be thoroughly worked—work it for all you're worth, to make it pliable. Finally, with this I try to hide all appearance of the graft—from sunlight and air; and there you are—the job is done."

PUGNACIOUS.

The voluble one—"I can always remember striking faces."

Pat—"Begorra! ye'll niver wake to recolliction av ye poke moine."

"I see," said Brown; "and I think I'm foxy enough to do the trick the first time trying. Many thanks."

Shortly after, I heard Brown telling his wife how I explained the process. This is the way he had it:

"First," he says, "you must be a good liar; then you watch your chance and steal a half day from the company's time. Then you steal a saw; then you defraud the tree of some branches, which you must hide, so nobody will get on. Then you rob somebody's tree of twigs, put them in the ends of the branches, and cover your tracks with beeswax and tallow."

Said Brown's wife, "I don't think that man can be trusted; he has two kinds of grafting mixed; and, besides, he didn't tell you where to steal the apple trees."

"Over the Hill."

THERE was once in the service a gunner,
At hitting the target a stunner;
But after a lark
Hit a four-masted bark,
And has since proved a very good runner.

Not Well Spent.

SENATOR BEVERIDGE was showing a colored constituent about Washington.

"That is the weather bureau," said the Senator. "The government spends a lot of money on the weather now."

Colored constituent—"Ya-as, sah; an' it's a heap wuss now dan when dey didn't."

ALL ABOUT HER.

Winkle—"See that little woman in black over there? I'll bet there are more men crazy about that woman than any woman in town."

Hinkle—"What makes you think so?"

Winkle—"Well, she's the matron out at the insane asylum."

The Tri-weekly Train.

A NEW ENGLANDER was traveling in Texas on a new railroad.

"Hello, neighbor!" he called out to a fellow-traveler. "How about the south-bound train? How often does it run?"

"She's a try-weekly," said the Texan. "She runs down one week and tries mighty hard to get back the next."

A Time-saving Query.

Stranger (in office of *Courier-Journal*)—"What are your advertising rates?"

Proprietor and editor—"How do you want 'em quoted—in eggs, vegetables, butter, cordwood, cider, maple syrup, or dollars and cents?"

A Little Widow.

A LITTLE widow now and then
Plays havoc with the single men.
—*Houston Post.*

Because a widow loves these men
Like mother, sweetheart—and some then.

Or a Swindler.

Mrs. Dewtell—"I do think Mr. Hankinson is the meanest man I ever heard of, without exception."

Mrs. Jenkins—"Why, what's he been doing?"

Mrs. Dewtell—"Sued a man for alienation of his wife's affections and set the damages at only ten dollars."

THE BOY FOR THE JOB.

Employer—"Are you truthful?"

Young applicant—"Yep; but I ain't so darn truthful as to spoil your business."

MARRIED, HIMSELF.

Mrs. Peck—"Henry, listen to those wedding bells!"

Henry Peck—"Wedding bells! You mean lemon peals."

Digs Them Out.

"DO YOU have any literary people in your town?" asked a guest of Mr. Booth Tarkington out in Indiana.

"There goes Hiram Spaydes—that man with the pick and shovel on his shoulder," replied Mr. Tarkington. "He has produced some of the best cellars every season."

A Withering Glance.

I ONCE had a doggie named Spark,
Who met with an auto at dark.
It gave him a glance
That pressed out his pants,
And tore off a part of his bark.

Ready for Them.

Friend—"Now, if I were building a house, I'd"——

Owner—"Step around the corner, please, and you'll find a house I'm putting up to carry out the ideas of my friends. This is the one I'm building to suit myself."

Her Proper Sphere.

Madge—"Where is she going for the summer?"

Dolly—"To one of the seaside resorts, I should say. I heard her tell a friend she had nothing to wear."

A FELLOW from Detroit wants to know the scientific name for snoring.

"Sheet music," John.

Everybody Happy

By Ralph Bergengren

AN INVETERATE theater-goer had noticed, in a certain New York theater where the play is changed weekly, another patron apparently as inveterate as himself. But there was this difference between them: One came for the play, but the other, an oldish gentleman, spent the whole evening reading his newspaper, or sometimes a rather heavy-looking book, in the smoking-room. He didn't smoke, but he just sat there comfortably and read.

He was there the same evening of each week, and finally the observer's curiosity got the better of him.

THE BIG STICK
still meets with approval in some quarters.

He dropped down in the next chair and started a conversation.

"It's a pretty good play, don't you think?" he remarked tentatively.

The other looked over the top of his newspaper.

"Haven't seen it," he replied. "Used to see 'em when I was young. All very much the same thing."

"In many particulars," agreed the play-goer. "Still, you must admit that there are differences. Every generation has its own school of acting and playwriting. I see you here frequently."

"Every Saturday."

"Indeed! Well, that beats my record. You evidently enjoy acting even if you find the plays somewhat monotonous."

"Not a bit."

"And yet you keep coming?"

"Every Saturday."

"I'm afraid I may seem inquisitive—but perhaps you have a relative in the company."

The oldish man looked indignant.

"I should hope not," he responded. "I've a wife and three daughters, but, thank fortune! they're not on the stage."

"If they're like most wives and daughters," hazarded the other, "I should think they would want to be here with you."

"They do."

"And you never bring them?"

The older man laid down his newspaper.

"This is a comfortable sort of room, isn't it?" he queried.

"Yes."

"Comfortable chairs, good light—all that sort of thing?"

"Excellent."

"Might as well be here as anywhere else, eh?"

"I suppose so."

"Wouldn't care to have your own wife and daughters going to the theater alone, would you?"

"Not if I had any."

"Don't have to see the show if I don't want to?"

"Evidently not."

The older man picked up his paper again.

"Well, that's the way of it. Wife and daughters down there in the audience. Me up here with a good book or the evening paper. Show over—all of us home together and everybody happy. Man's first duty to make family happy; second duty to be happy himself. And, Lord bless you, sir! I don't have to see the show, even if I were interested in it. I hear it all the way home."

A SUMMER resort—Borrowing one's neighbor's lawn ower.

OPPOSING VIEW-POINTS.

Boarder—"You poor old mutt! What fun do you get out of life?"

Poor old mutt—"We sees you things hoppin' 'round at this time o' year—that's fun."

A Transparent Confession

An Original Melodrama in One Chapter

By Charles H. Fitch

JOLLY little Mrs. de Verre had been married seven years and hadn't even had a quarrel. But that's nothing to do with it.

Her cut-glass was disappearing! Had been disappearing for the past year, several pieces every week!

This morning it was a beautiful cut-glass sugar bowl. It was gone—absolutely gone! And she prided herself on her large collection. It was her only hobby and mania.

"Henry de Verre," she began at the breakfast table, "the sugar bowl has 'went'!"

Henry looked up from his coffee with a glassy stare. "Sorry," he muttered. Henry had a glass eye and was a man of few words.

"You're the boss, Henry. I always said that you wore the pants in this family. And I searched those pants last night, but I didn't find any."

"Any what?" asked Henry, looking at his wife furtively.

"Pawn tickets!"

"Theodosia"—Henry's voice grew deep as he spoke his wife's name—"I did not pawn your cut-glass. Neither was it stolen by burglars. *I ate it!*"

"What!" screamed Mrs. de Verre.

"Before I inherited my wealth," continued Henry, rising from the table and putting his hand to his forehead, while the hurdy-gurdy below played jiggly music, "I was a glass-eater in a dime museum. Then I reformed. Later I married you. But you tempted me! Have been tempting me for the last seven years!"

"Good heavens! With me cut-glass?"

"Yes; I was always used to the choicest of cuts."

"And in the summer, when you were hot, Henry, you ate the frost"——

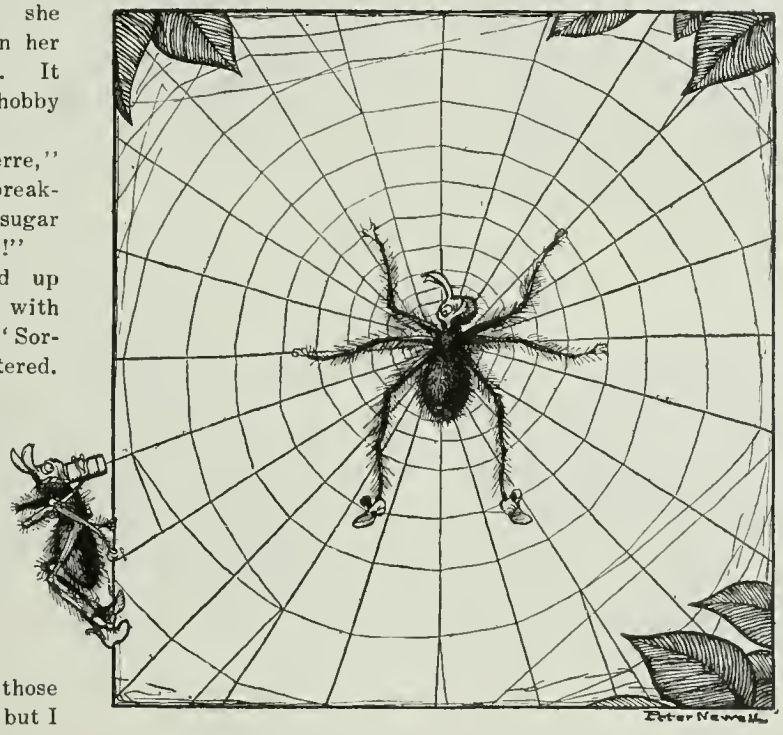
"Yes, the frosted glass, Theodosia!"

"And in the fall, when you were sick and the doctor said that you must eat pills, and Willie's mar"——

"Yes, that's what happened to Willie's marbles."

"Oh, that I had done this in time!" wailed Theodosia. "Why didn't I send for it—'Dr. Cutting's Celebrated Cure for the glass-eating habit. Put it in hubby's coffee every morning.' But I will not desert you, Henry. Hand in hand we will fight this curse. You shall not suffer in secret! To-night we dine on isinglass—together!"

They embrace. (*Curtain.*)



HELLO, CENTRAL!

A Long Stay Expected.

"DAUGHTER, I have a request to make."

"All right, pa."

"I have just wound that eight-day clock. Will you please wind it again before that young man goes?"

They Killed Him.

Smithson — "Poor chap! I understand that he was clubbed to death."

Jonesby—"Yes. He belonged to four, I think."

His Youthful Start.

JIM COOTES, the old, gray-headed good-for-nothing and village failure, led the boys down to the red bridge and pointed up the stream to where a tumbledown sawmill had half fallen in the dam.

"Thar!" said he proudly; "up thar, et thet sawmill, 'swhare I got my start."

Dressed Up.

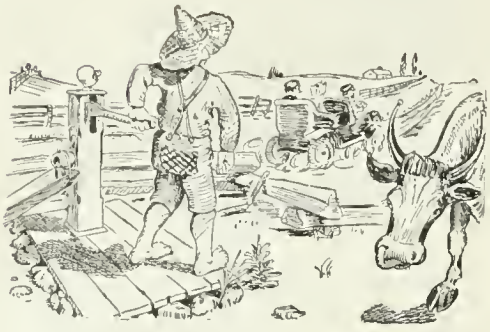
WHILE mounted on top of a bbl.,
A stump speech was made by O'Fbl.
But you couldn't, they say,
Hear him ten feet away,
So loud was his wearing apbl.

A Village Hampden.

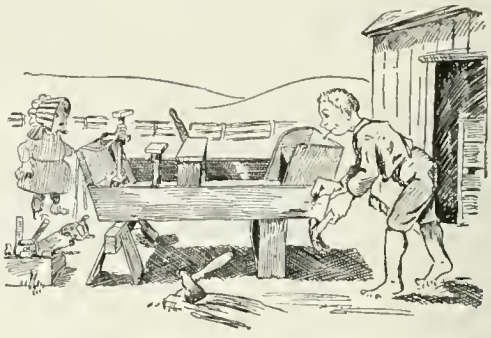
Amro—"Abner has got it in fer the Standard Oil Company."

Ebenezer—"I should say he had! He lets all of his lamps burn all night—says he's goin' ter do all he kin ter exhaust the resources of the Standard, b'gosh!"

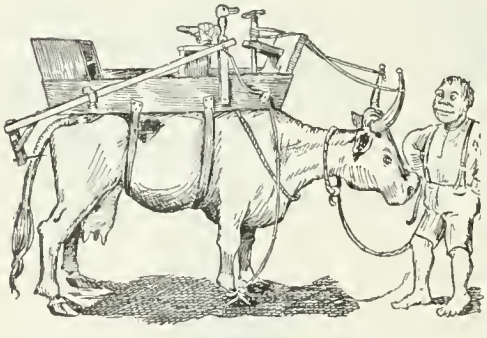
LITTLE JOE'S AUTOMOBILE.



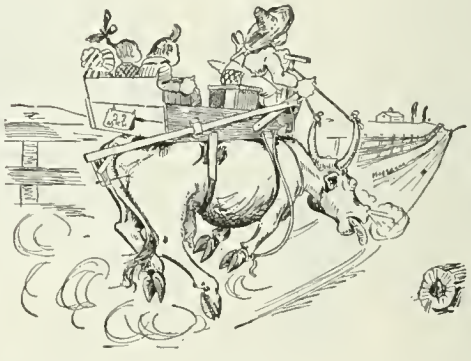
1.



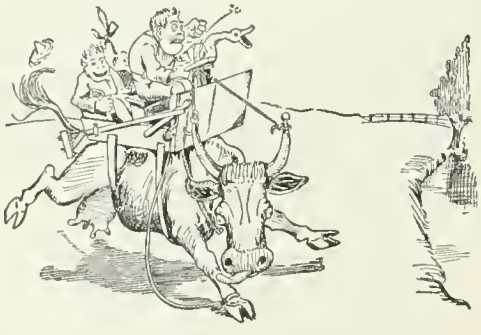
2.



3.



4.



5.

6.

NOTHING OF IMPORTANCE HAPPENED.

A WEALTHY New York gentleman, on account of ill-health, was told by his doctor to go up to the mountains for about two months. When going away he gave instructions that no matter what happened he should not be advised.

At the end of two months he came back, and on meeting his footman at the station, he could wait no longer for some news and he said, "Henry, has anything happened?"

The footman replied, "No, sir."

The man kept on asking the footman until the latter said, "Well, sir, only this happened—your dog died."

"Is that so!" said the man; "but tell me, how did he die?"

"Oh," said the footman, "he ate some burnt horseflesh."

"Where did he get burnt horseflesh from?"

"You see, sir, your stable burned down and six of your horses were killed."

"Then how did the stable catch fire?"

"It was this way, sir," said the footman—"the flames from the house"——

"Why, you don't mean to say that my house is destroyed!" said the man, quite nervous.

"Yes, sir," replied the footman; "the flames of the candles were blown on to the curtain by the wind and the house caught fire."

"Why, I have no candles in my house! I use nothing but electricity."

"I know," said the footman; "but your mother-in-law died"——

"From what?" interrupted the man.

"Some people say that she could not stand the shock."

"What shock?" interrupted the man.

"Well, you see, your wife ran away with another man." Joseph Pelezzari, New York, N. Y.

THE RIVAL SALESMEN.

A COUPLE of salesmen for two rival fireproof safe manufacturers chanced to meet in the lobby of a hotel, and each began praising the particular make of safe that he was representing.

One of them said, "Just to give you an illustration of the superiority of our safes, I will tell you of a test we made recently. We put a living rooster in one of our safes, built a huge fire around it, and left it in this intense heat for twenty-four hours. When we opened the door of the safe, the rooster stepped out, flapped his wings, and crowed, as lively as when we first put him in."

"That is nothing," remarked the other salesman. "Our company made the same test, putting a living rooster in a safe and leaving it in the fire for twenty-four hours. But when we opened the safe, the rooster was dead."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the first salesman; "so I thought."

"Yes," returned the other; "he was frozen to death."

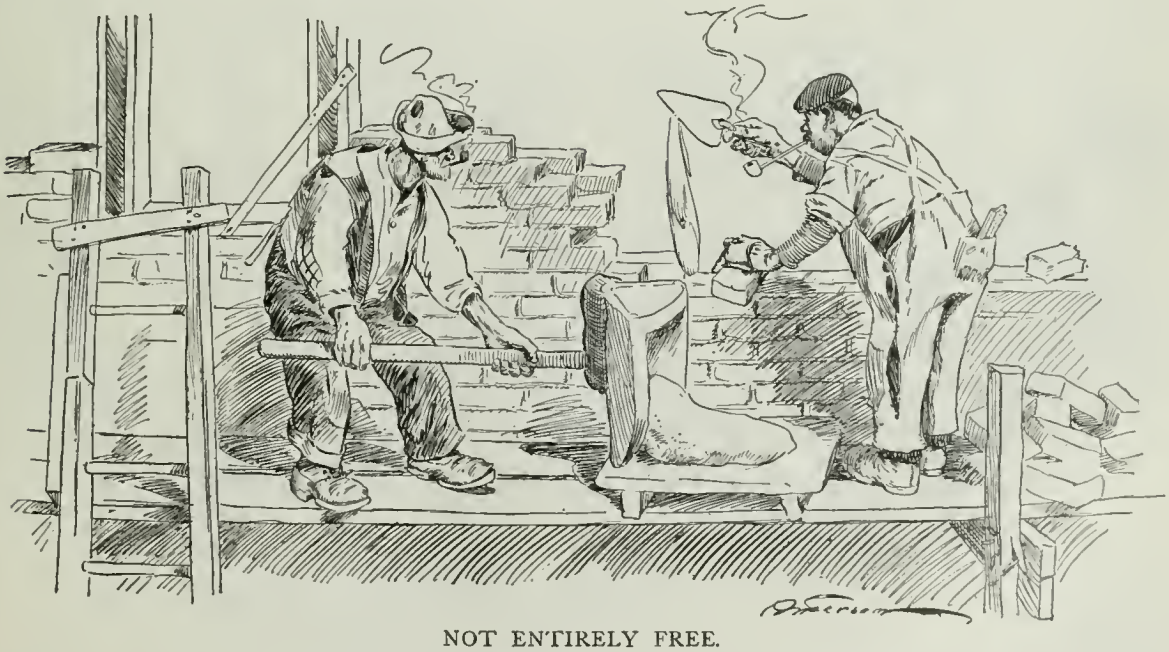
W. B. Otto, Chattanooga, Tenn.

RECIPROCITY.

"Here is a little flower fer yez, Bridget," said patrolman McFarrin, gallantly bowing and extending a full-blown, blushing rose through the open kitchen window.

"An' be gorrah, I'm afther a returnin' of the complimint," quickly replied the unapproachable culinary queen, as she heartlessly dumped a sifterful of the principal ingredient of the staff of life down upon the hapless head of the guardian of the law.

Max F. Cunningham, Flora, Ill.



NOT ENTIRELY FREE.

"Pat, did ye know Oi wor a Free Mason?"
"How th' divil kin thot be, mon, whin ye jist towld me ye hod a woife an' tin childer."

Stretching a Joke.

ONCE there was a country boy who came to the city to forge his way in the world.

He secured a position in a wholesale grocery, working conscientiously and faithfully. By stint and sacrifice he saved a nice portion of his earnings, until at the end of two years he had about two hundred dollars in the bank to his credit.

Coincident with this date chronicled above, a well-dressed and smooth-talking agent of a Nevada gold-mining company came along and met the country boy. After some clever descriptions regarding the marvels of wealth buried in the shaft of a certain mountain and the immense quantities of glittering treasures dragged from the bowels of the earth, the two hundred dollars were transferred from the bank to the agent, and a pretty engraved share of stock with the name of the country boy upon it was carefully packed away in the tray of his trunk.

A month passed and then a letter came. On the outside of the envelope was the name of the Nevada mining company. On the inside was a check for one thousand dollars, the first monthly payment on one share of stock.

Moral—Some humorists try to carry a joke too far.

JOHN H. MCNEELY.

The Real Test.

"SOME people believe a man cannot smoke and be a Christian. Do you?"

"I've never tried any of your cigars."

Natural Inference.

Knicker—"Jones is wrapped up in his auto."

Bocker—"When did the accident occur?"

DIRT CHEAP.

Simply Great.

THE train dispatcher opened the door of the waiting-room and let loose.

"T'ain f'r Blubb'er, Rummin', Blib-Blib, Wh' P'ains, Do'ces' Ites, Redin', an' Kins'on! Ga' num'um!"

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed the college freshman. "Isn't that a bully yell?"

Another Stage Victim.

MARY made an awfus fuss
Getting hit by an omnibus.
Thinking of it makes her wince.
She's been stage-struck ever since.

Incumbered.

Magistrate—"You are willing to go bail for John Preston and offer your farm as security? Have you any incumbrance on the farm?"

Farmer—"Oh, yes; my old woman."

THE SUICIDE CLUB.

President—"Brothers, another section of subway has been opened, and the new reservoirs will soon be full. On to glory!"

The Summer Boarder's Kick

By A. B. Lewis

CALKINS, the city chap, who had spent a few weeks in the country and expected spring chicken, roast beef, and ice-cream three times a day, was bidding the landlord, an aged farmer, good-by at the depot, and he thought it would be a good time to relieve his mind.

HARD TO GET OUT.

Finnigan—"An' is there anny money in goats?"
Hennigan—"There is in thot wan."
Finnigan—"So?"
Hennigan—"Yis. He ate me pocketbook this marnin'."

"Your so-called hotel," he said, "would be a paradise for people who had been wrecked on a desert island six or seven years, but"——

"Wa-al, that's real good of ye to say so," broke in the farmer, who thought a compliment was intended.

"Oh, you can keep the change," continued the man from the city, sarcastically. "The meals you serve would probably tickle a longshoreman to death, but"——

"By gum! but it's kind of ye to praise Sary's cookin' so!" enthusiastically interrupted the landlord again. "She'll be as proud as a settin' hen when I tell her."

"Yes; she ought to be proud of her work. She'd be a gem on a canal-boat, but"——

"She would, hey? Wa-al, I've allus said Sary could lay over anythin' in the county on cookin', an' now you come along an' back me up in it. Why, I hev to chase the hired man away from the table with a club, or he'd kill hisself eatin'."

"Oh, he'll kill himself if he lives with you a little longer. And those corn-husk mattresses your guests have to sleep on. Say, they're the limit!"

"They be, hey? Wa-al, it's jest fine of ye to say so! By gum! but Sary kin stir up a bed! Slept like a baby, hey?"

"Yes; just about as much as most babies sleep at night. You must have heard me moving around at all hours, but thought I was anxious for breakfast time to come around, so that I could have some more of that hash you serve."

"Jest what I told Sary—jest what I told her! She kinder thought you was tired o' hash, an' how tickled she'll be when I tell her you couldn't sleep fur thinkin' of it!"

The man from the city was wondering how he could make his kick better understood, but when he saw tears of pride and gratitude in the old farmer's eyes, he gave it up as a bad job and boarded his train with a sickly smile on his face.

A Modest Singer.

I DO not care who makes the laws
Of this great land of mine,
If I can only sing her songs,
And get one bone per line.

Misunderstood Each Other.

"THE second girl on the left is gorgeously painted," whispered the gentleman with chin whiskers.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the bald-headed man. "I thought they were tights."

SOME men never head a procession until they're dead.

NO GROUNDS FOR LYING.

Seaver (in railroad eating-house)—"Waiter, waiter! this coffee tastes like lye. Why in thunder do you serve such stuff?"
Waiter—"Well, to tell you the truth, it is four parts lye. We serve it that way to dissolve the sandwich so it can be digested."

INFORMATION WANTED.

Ticket agent—"Well, what is it? Don't keep the other people waiting."

Weary—"I merely wish ter know, sir, if de nort'-bound t'rough freight is on time."

A "Stand-by" All Right.

Landlady's son (addicted to nickel literature)—"Say, pardner, what's meant by 'stand by to repel boarders'?"

Mr. Newcome (sadly eying his dessert)—"Stewed prunes!"

Conclusive.

First doctor—"Do you consider the operation absolutely necessary?"

Second doctor—"Surely! The only way we can possibly find out what ails him is to have a post-mortem."

A Contingency Foreseen.

"I UNDERSTAND," observed the visitor, "that there is talk of investigating some of the corporations that you are interested in. I hope you are prepared to welcome such a move."

"We shall be prepared," replied Senator ——. "In fact, I may say that preparations on the part of the company have been in progress for some time."

The Retort Courteous.

Street railway superintendent—"I don't think we can use you any longer. Your cash register doesn't ring often enough."

Conductor—"I have got rheumatism and can't reach up to the register cord."

Superintendent—"All right. I think you need a long vacation."

Conductor—"I am much obliged to you for allowing me to run the car as long as you have."

Superintendent—"Don't mention it. I'm much obliged to you for bringing the car back."

Laying On of Hands.

Carsone—"I believe in the laying on of hands."

Gebhart—"You do?"

Carsone—"Yes; I cured my boy of swearing with it."

Johnny's Career as an Office Boy.

MONDAY, hired.
Tuesday, tired.
Wednesday, fired.

Partly Making Good.

Suburbanite (Monday morning)—"What do you think of that, Mary?—a letter from the cook I hired Saturday, canceling her engagement."

His wife—"The mean thing! What reason does she give?"

Suburbanite—"She says she has decided to cut out the kerosene circuit for the present, but if we'll move to town she'll give us a trial."

Probably.

First skeptic—"How do you suppose Noah could see during all that flood and darkness?"

The believer—"He probably had arc-lights aboard."

WRONG DIAGNOSIS.

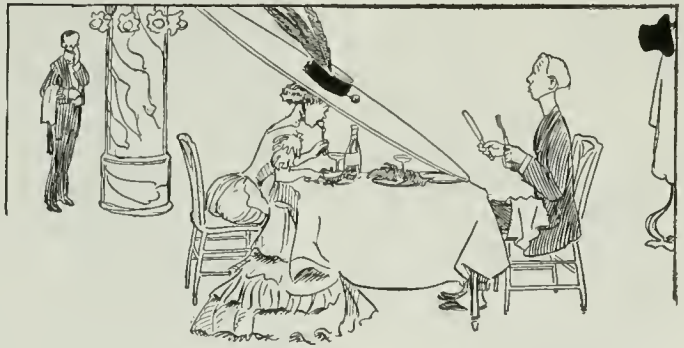
He—"I feel rotten. I didn't sleep all last night."

She—"Dear me! Insomnia?"

He—"No—er—poker."

THE "MERRY WIDOW" HAT.

The hat on the beach.



In the lobster palace.

Theater attendant—"Check hat here, lady."

At the picnic.

Ma, Pa, and the Baby

By LA TOUCHE HANCOCK

SCENE.

A parlor in a flat. SHE is discovered, rocking the baby in a cradle.

SHE—Late again! And it's my birthday! I will stand it no longer. After having given the maid an evening out in honor of the occasion, and cooking the dinner myself, he thinks fit to be an hour late. Business, I suppose. Bah! I—oh, here he comes at last!

HE—(Enters quickly and goes toward her, making as if to embrace her.)

SHE—How dare you? You can spare your caresses!

HE—(Pauses, looks at her dubiously, and attempts to take her hand.)

SHE—Don't touch me! All is over between us. I will not—no, I will not endure this treatment any longer!

HE—(Gives a look of astonishment.)

SHE—Oh, you needn't feign surprise! I'm ashamed of you!

HE—(Sighs and sits down.)

SHE—Yes; naturally, after having been out amusing yourself, you need a little repose.

HE—(Rises to offer her his seat.)

SHE—Don't disturb yourself. I'm sorry I waited for you. It's now nine o'clock, and——

HE—(Points to clock.)

MOTHS.

SHE—Pshaw! That clock is slow, and you are perfectly aware of it.

HE—(Takes out watch and looks at it.)

SHE—Your watch is no better. I wonder you didn't stay out all night, while you were about it. I suppose it never occurred to you that it was my birthday?

HE—(Nods affirmatively.)

SHE—Don't wag your head like a mandarin!

HE—(Smiles indulgently.)

SHE—You look as if you'd been enjoying yourself hugely—in low company, I'll be bound. You're not very entertaining at home. I suppose you only put on your engaging manners like you do your dress clothes—when you go out!

HE—(Opens his mouth to protest, and makes motion as if to soothe her.)

UNDER FIRE.

May—"There were several army officers there, but not one of them asked me to dance."

Belle—"And they are accustomed to the smell of powder, too."

SHE—Keep your blandishments for those who appreciate them. You can't deceive me. Who was it this time?

HE—(Shrugs his shoulders and lights a cigarette.)

SHE—You can't deny you went somewhere on the way home.

HE—(Assents.)

SHE—Of course. I knew it.

HE—(Lays back in chair impatiently.)

SHE—Please don't sulk. I abominate sulkiness in a man. Well, if you're not going to speak to me, we'd better separate.

HE—(Looks at her with surprise.)

SHE—You've nothing to say even to that? No, don't answer me. Don't attempt any apology.

HE—(Wheels his chai to window, with back to her.)

SHE—That's right! Insult me! Haven't I always been a good, faithful wife to you? Why are you considerate to every one but me?

HE—(Turns his head over chair and looks at her with friendly gesture.)

SHE—Yes, that's all very well; but it seems extremely hard for you to show any sympathy for the woman who loves you.

HE—(Gets up and advances toward her.)

SHE—Not another step! I insist on knowing everything you've done since you left the office!

HE—(Smiles.)

No chance for Snoozer to nap during fly-time——

——until he spied his wife's unfinished piece of fancy work of spider-web design

SHE (sobbing)—This is only the beginning of my misery!

HE—(Stands aghast. Then again he approaches her.)

SHE — No; you've broken my heart. My poor mother told me how it would be. She said I would find you out some day.

HE—(Whistles in astonishment.)

SHE—Now you're swearing under your breath. Why, why did you deliberately select this day of all others to make me miserable? I know you forgot all about it.

HE—(Shakes his head.)

SHE—Oh, don't make matters worse by denying it!

HE—(Takes a step toward the cradle.)

SHE — Don't touch her! You've no feeling for either of us. Why don't you speak?

HE — (Loses patience and walks up and down the room.)

SHE—Why did I marry a man with such a temper?

HE—(Raises his hands in astonishment.)

SHE—Can't I make you see how terribly you treat me?

HE—(Drops his hands in despair.)

SHE — Not a thought of me while you're away! Why can't you think of my happiness sometimes?

HE — (Gives a chuckle and puts his hand in his pocket.)

SHE — Utterly callous—utterly—

HE — (Takes hand out of pocket and hands her a velvet jewel case.)

SHE—I'm—(seeing the case and reading the inscription) — "To my dear wife on her birthday." So it was to buy this you were late? Oh, you dear hubby, I do love you!

(They embrace, and the baby cries with fervor.)

A CINCH.

Teacher—"You must be a good boy and study hard, and maybe you'll grow up to be a great man and have your birthday celebrated, too"

Bobby—"Wot good 'ud dat do me? I wuz born on de Fourth uv July."

[AUTHOR'S NOTE—The careful reader has observed that in all this conversation the husband did not say a word. As usual, the woman did all the talking.]

Desperate Remedies.

IT WAS just before daybreak —the darkest hour of the night. The shutters of a third-story window in a large summer hotel noiselessly opened and a heavy object was cautiously lowered to the ground. A young man in fashionable clothes, gripping a heavy hand-bag in his teeth and an umbrella and a cane under his arm, slid hurriedly down the rope to the ground. With nervous fingers he untied his suit-case, tiptoed out of the yard, and started at a trot across lots to the station a mile and a half away.

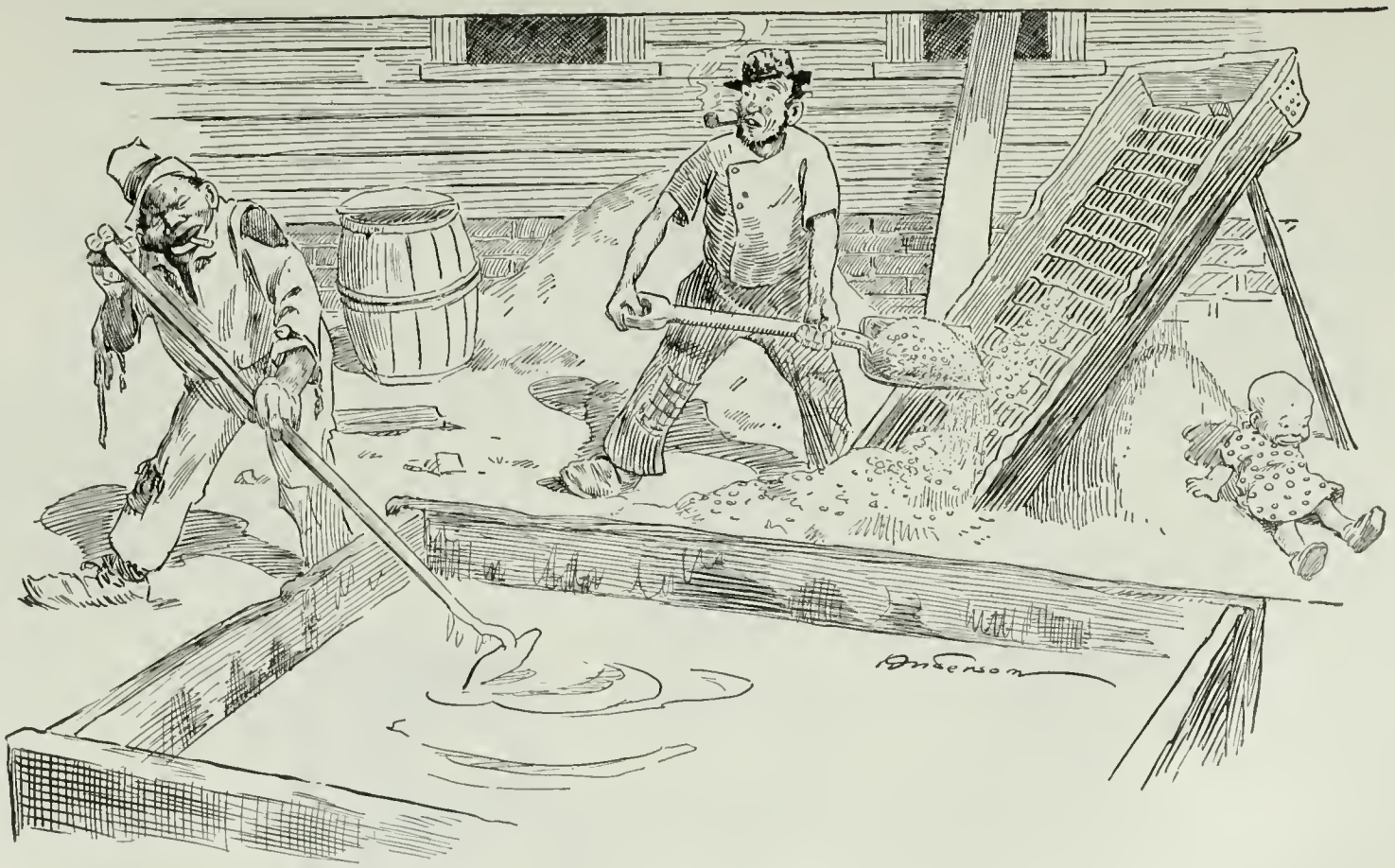
The first golden beams were dancing across the eastern hills as the young man neared the depot. The sleeper whistled sharply for the station and he quickened his pace into a mad run, heedless of his aching arms and the sand in his low shoes.

"It's a bad get-away," muttered the young man three minutes later in the smoker as he wiped his steaming face, "but my bills are all paid. I left tips for the servants and a hurried note explaining that an uncle had died in Honduras or some other place. It certainly was a desperate chance, but the only means I could think of to get away from that straw ride the girls have planned for to-morrow."

DON. CAMERON SHAFER.

HIS SAILS full spread, his rudder swinging wildly, his craft shipping water as it bears away, hell-bent for nowhere—such is a blusterer.

PARTICLE OF SMOKE, CONTAINING FOURTH OF JULY MICROBE, HIGHLY MAGNIFIED.



SPECIAL OPPORTUNITIES.

Sam—"Yes, sah; Ah used ter know all de greates' statesmen an' jedges an' senatahs when Ah lived in Washin'ton"
Pat—"Yez don't say so! Oi suppose ye wor wan av th' attaches there."
Sam—"Yes, sah. Ah wuz 'tached to a swell saloon."

On Business Principles

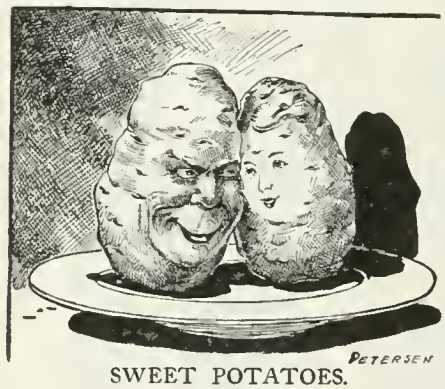
By E. MIRRIELEES

I HAD had Peter plant hyacinths on my Uncle William's grave and they had bloomed and faded; then I had had him plant roses, and *they* had bloomed and faded, and still the murderer of my Uncle William was undiscovered.

As my Uncle William's heir and business successor, I felt this condition of affairs bitterly, and it was as the result of brooding over it, and over his dying charge to me, that I at last determined to engage my friend Keene to ferret out the mystery. Mr. Keene was a gentleman, nominally a lawyer, who dwelt, quite retired from the world, in the heart of Brooklyn. Only myself and a few intimate friends knew that, in fact, the profession of law was his pastime, and that his real occupation was the hunting down of famous criminals and the solving of those important problems which had already baffled the law-enforcing world.

It was the very simplicity of my case which so far had kept me from him. Finally, however, despair drove me to an appeal, and hardly had my messenger had time to return from the great man's retreat, before Keene himself followed in person, to gain from me a few additional details. I offered to show him the room in which the murder had been committed, but he refused with characteristic decision.

"No—tell me about it. There's not much to a simple thing like this. No use climbing stairs."



SWEET POTATOES.

"It's on this floor," I answered; "but I can tell you. It was on the evening of the seventeenth of April at about seven-forty o'clock"——

"Never mind the hour."

"Well, I won't, then. It was on the evening of the seventeenth of April that I determined to come downstairs"——

"I don't care what *you* did!" cried Keene, springing out of his chair. "Get to the murder!"

I looked at him in perplexity. I was afraid these little interruptions would make me inaccurate.

"I'm sorry," I said, "I can't tell the story any other way. I've told it so often." And I went on with my recital.

"That I determined to come downstairs and get my book from the library. I was reading 'Peter Pan.' I opened the door and saw my Uncle William lying on the floor, with the remnant of a wallet clasped in his hand; his skull had been fractured by some blunt instrument. There was no one in the room, for I looked; but there was a low window opening on the street, through which a murderer might have come. My uncle recovered consciousness only once. That was long enough to seize my hand and say, 'Willy, discover my murderer! I charge you, discover my murderer!' Then he died."

"That's important!" Keene broke in. "That's

THOSE MOUNTAIN-RESORT GIRLS.

Lady boarder, at same house—"Oh, Mr. Spriggins—John—won't you please pick that sweet spray of columbine on your way up?"

THE SUCCESSOR TO THE BIG-FISH STORY.

Mr. Throttle—"Yes, sir; I just gave her a little more juice, and she hit it up to a ninety-mile gait—made the distance in two-forty-two flat!"

HE SPOKE FEELINGLY.

Motorist—"I suppose all the police around here use stop-watches?"
Native—"Haw! They relies most on their own judgments. Stop-watches is too accurate."

awfully important! Are you sure that's just what he said?"

"Exactly. He said just those words. Then he died."

"I see," said Keene thoughtfully. Then what you want to do is"——

"To discover him! I don't care so much about getting back the money—there was eight thousand in that wallet—I don't even care about—er—exposing the villain. But I must fulfill my uncle's dying charge."

"I see," Keene repeated, this time more thoughtfully. "Well, how much are you willing to pay for it—to cover expenses, of course?"

"Twenty thousand dollars," I answered firmly. It was a large sum, but peace of mind is worth something; and, besides, I had underestimated my Uncle William's life insurance by exactly twenty thousand. "We have found out a few things," I went on. "The detectives have discovered that the murderer brushed against the window casings in getting in, showing that he was a large, stout man who had difficulty in passing. He must have seen my Uncle William from the street, and from that they thought his eyes"——

"Don't tell me what *they* thought!" Keene checked me. "Can't you see *I'm* thinking?"

He sunk his head in his hands for a minute or two. Then he rose, reaching for his hat and cane. "It's perfectly simple," he said. "Just put yourself in the murderer's place and decide what *you'd* do. Can you be at home to-morrow night? No? Well, the night after? And you'd better give me a check for half that money now, and have the rest by you."

On the night in question I remained at home, pacing up and down my library in a state of great excitement. Would Keene come himself? Or would the murderer be dragged in by policemen? I was so deep in speculation that I was only half conscious of a low tapping at the library door until the door was slid softly open from without. A thin, undersized young man stood on the threshold, peering near-sightedly at me through heavy glasses. He held an evening paper in his hand.

"Good-evening," he murmured, when I noticed him. "I am speaking with Mr. Herrick?"

"Yes, with Mr. William Herrick," I

LUNAR INHABITANTS ARE FOND OF POINTING OUT TO THEIR CHILDREN, ON A CLEAR NIGHT, "THE WOMAN IN THE EARTH"

assured him. I suppressed the accustomed "junior" with a sigh.

The stranger started slightly at the name. "Then I think we have a little business together," he said, after a moment. He closed the door carefully, and, coming forward, laid the paper he was carrying in the circle of light on the table. I noticed that it was open at the "Wants" page. One advertisement in the column was heavily starred.

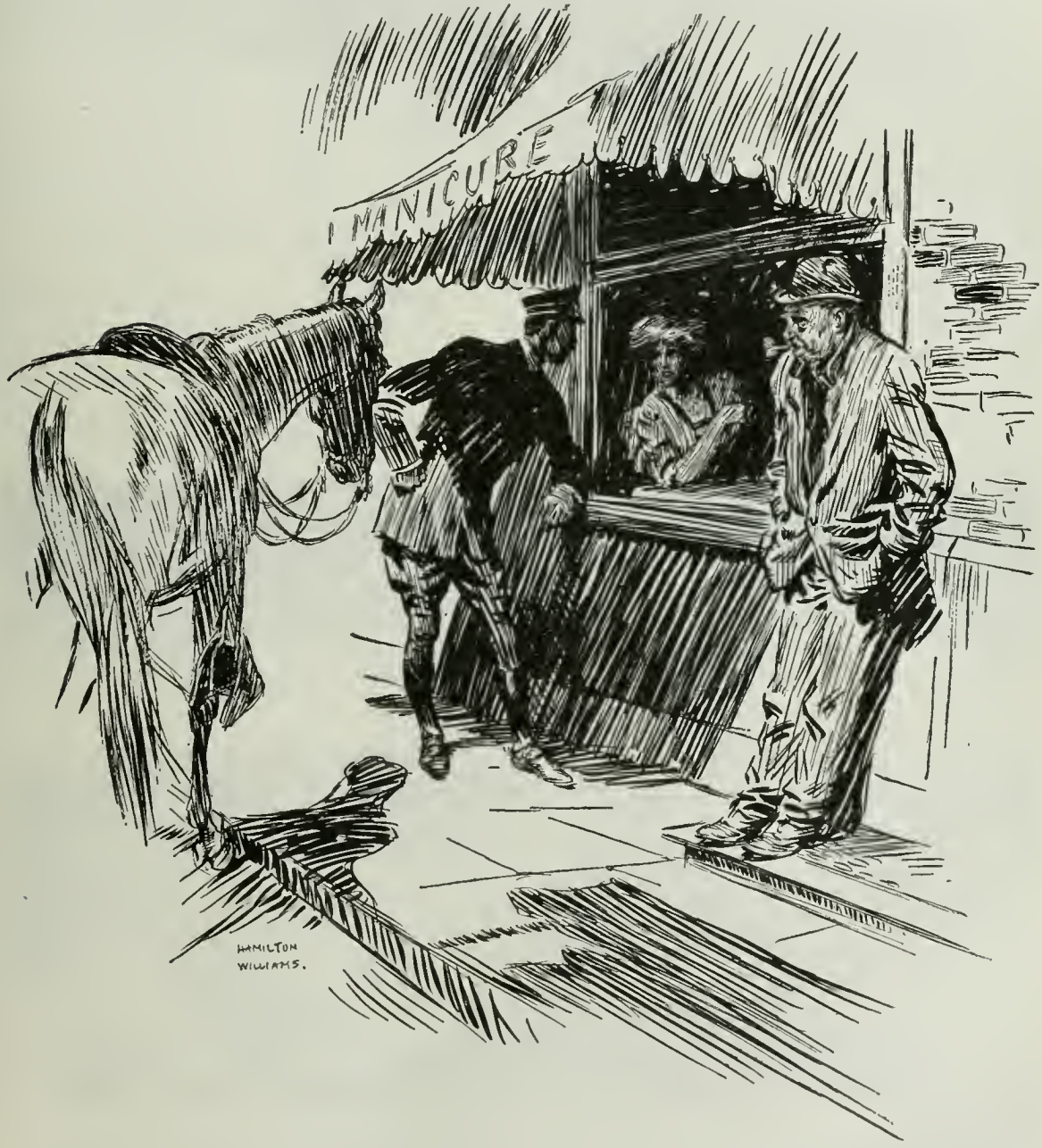
> "*$10,000 Reward*—If the slight, near-sighted man who, on the evening of April 17th, murdered a gentleman in his library will call at the house of the gentleman in question, between the hours of seven and nine, he will receive the above reward. No questions."

I laid down the paper, half dazed. I recognized the hand of Keene; but the genius, the superlative cleverness of his move left me breathless. He had put my appeal directly to the man himself; he had even omitted giving a house number, so that none but the right man might apply. And yet, when I glanced at the newcomer, a doubt stirred within me.

"I'm the man," said the stranger. "My name is Mills, and I did it. I was sorry to do it," he added, "but I needed the money."

"You are—not large," I ventured.

Mr. Mills shook his head. "I'm very strong. I've been a gymnasium worker all my life. Besides, I had my cane. I came quietly in through the window, and Mr. Herrick was sitting with his back to me—why, just



THE OLD PLAINT OF THE CIVILIAN.

"Gee! if I had a pair o' dem dinky pants an' some shiny leg-mitts, mebbe I wouldn't have a string o' dames."

sit down in that chair for a minute, and I'll show you''——

"No—no, thank you," I demurred. "I quite believe it was you."

"Well, then," Mr. Mills suggested. His eyes dropped significantly to the heading of the advertisement.

I went to the safe, unlocked it, and counted out the money. I looked over my shoulder once or twice as I did so, but my guest remained standing on the farther side of the table. I felt a little ashamed, then, of having looked, but you can't help being nervous. When the money was counted, I laid the roll of bills on the straw hat which Mr. Mills had deposited on the table. "And now," I said impressively, "I hope that you'll"——

"Reform" was the word I meant, but it was "prosper" which came.

Mr. Mills smiled feebly at me and nodded. He seemed to be struggling against some embarrassment.

"See here," he said at last. "I understand you can't feel very kindly to me, but I want you to see how it was. I'd like to talk the matter over."

I waved my arm toward a chair; he seated himself on its edge.

"I told you I needed the money," he repeated, in a firmer voice. "I was not in debt, but I was not established in any way of life. I took that eight thousand and invested it in the stock of a small drug-store. I have gotten on nicely in a small way—I hope to own my building before long—but, all the same, it has worried me that my start was not entirely honest. You know how those things can trouble a man. I've fairly brooded over it. So when I saw this offer—and I knew it would be a long time before I could take that much out of the business—I decided to get the matter off my mind."

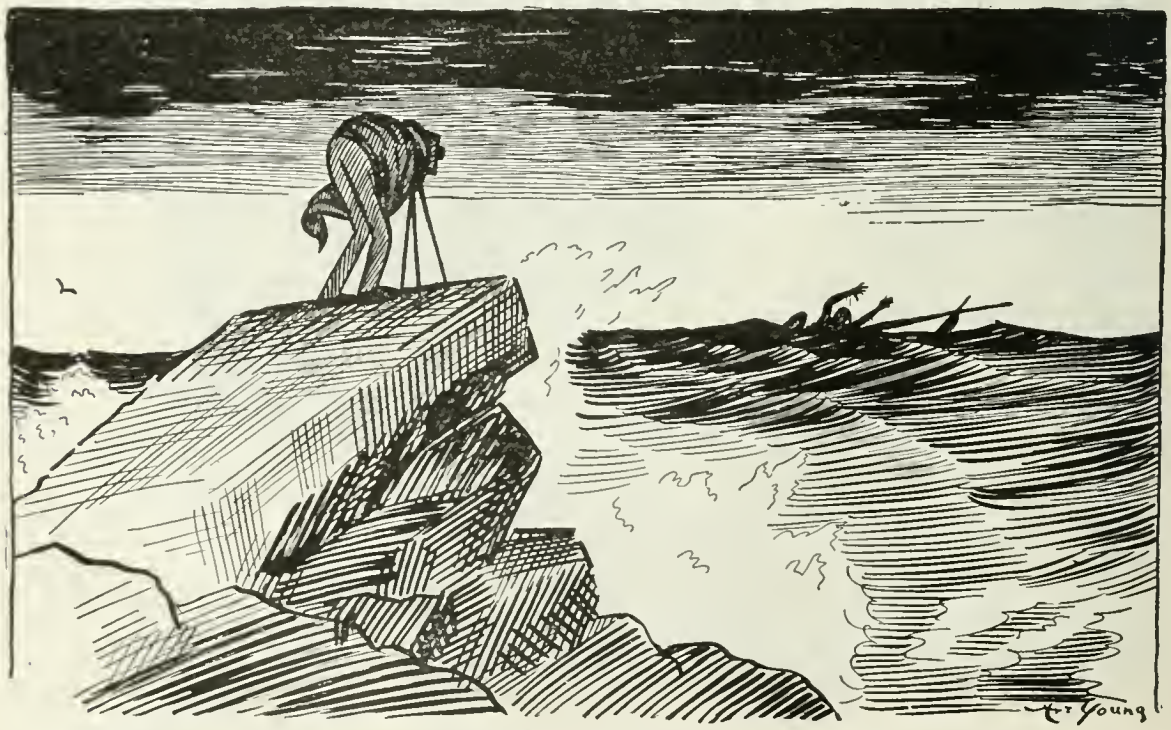
He laid a part of the roll of bills on the table.

"There!" he said, rising; "there's your eight thousand. It's going to be a great relief to me to know that

ACCURATE.

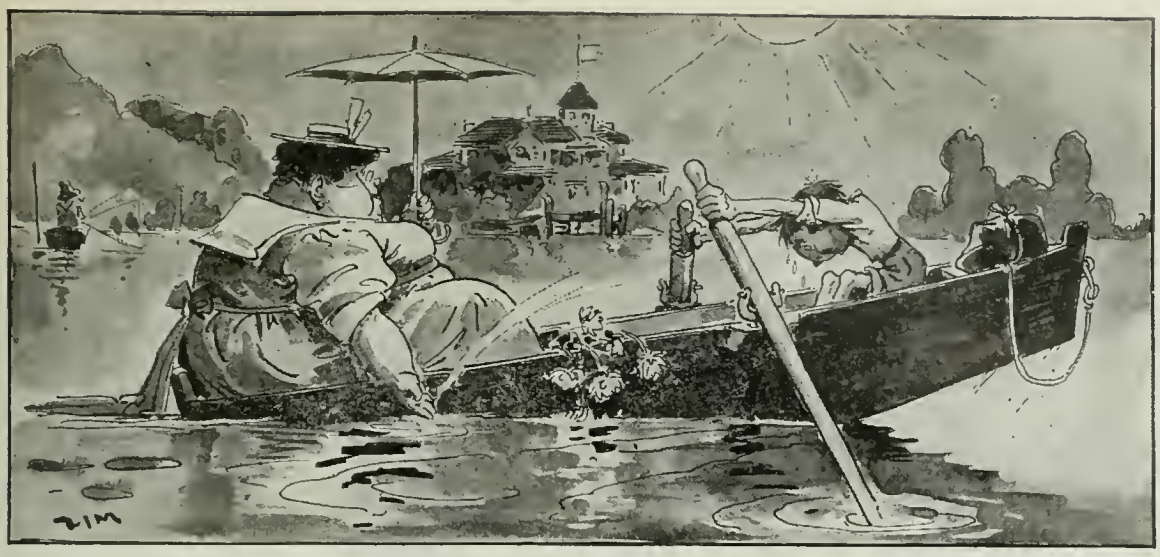
Landlady—"My other tenants complained of the noise last night. You assured me that you retired early."

New tenant—"So I do, so I do—early in the morning."



ANNOYING.

Photography enthusiast (while drowning man calls for help)—"Confound that fellow! How does he expect me to do two things at once?"



A BAD OUTLOOK.

Mrs. Weighty—"Rowing so much will make you real strong when you grow up to be a man."
Slimmy (the boatman)—"I don't believe I'll live to grow up, mum."

everything I have invested is my own." He hesitated a moment, twirling his hat between his fingers.

"I—I hope there's no hard feeling. It was a very clever advertisement," he murmured.

I rose, too. I was even more embarrassed than he. As he said, there could not be a very cordial relation between us—he had undoubtedly murdered my Uncle William. But, on the other hand, eight thousand is a good deal to get back unexpectedly all at once. Besides, I'm collecting my uncle's rents now, and we frequently open that library window for ventilation.

"Do you mean to—will you—call again?" I ventured, as he vanished through the door.

Didn't Matter Much.

THE LOVE-SICK young man ran up the steps and was met at the door by a very pretty young lady.

"Constance," he said eagerly, as he held out his hand to her, "did you get my letter this morning?"

"No," carelessly returned she; "I presume Vivian took it."

"Vivian!" The swain blushed profusely. "Why, that letter was addressed to you!"

"Yes; but Vivian and I are twins and look alike, you know. Indeed, our most intimate friends often mistake each for the other!"

"But your names are nothing alike," stammered the bewildered young man. "I wrote 'Constance Withers' very plainly on the outside of that letter. I don't see how any such mistake could be made."

"Oh, it wasn't a mistake! Anyhow, it doesn't make much difference."

"What? Constance, that letter contained more than you think! In it I made apology for my too ardent actions before you last night; and, furthermore, I sent it to ask you if—if you would be my"——

"But it belonged to Vivian!"

"Are you crazy? I beg pardon! I meant—goodness gracious! how has Vivian anything to do with the letter?"

"Because when you made love last night you mistook Vivian for me!"

CHARLES C. MULLIN.

Observations of a Sport.

SOME people are temporarily embarrassed all the time.

Many a man goes fishing and comes home with a hunted look.

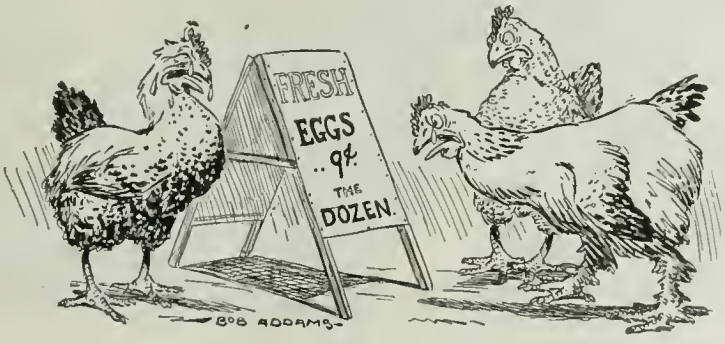
Jug not—that ye be not jugged.

The best gamblers don't gamble.

Trumps are sometimes found in the discard.

The piper has been overpaid — and we are still dancing.

ROBERT CARLTON BROWN.



POPULAR SONG.
"Ain't it awful, Mabel?"

"THERE'S something on foot."

"Why do you think so?"

"I saw him going into a chiropodist's."

His "Pitty Itty Picture"

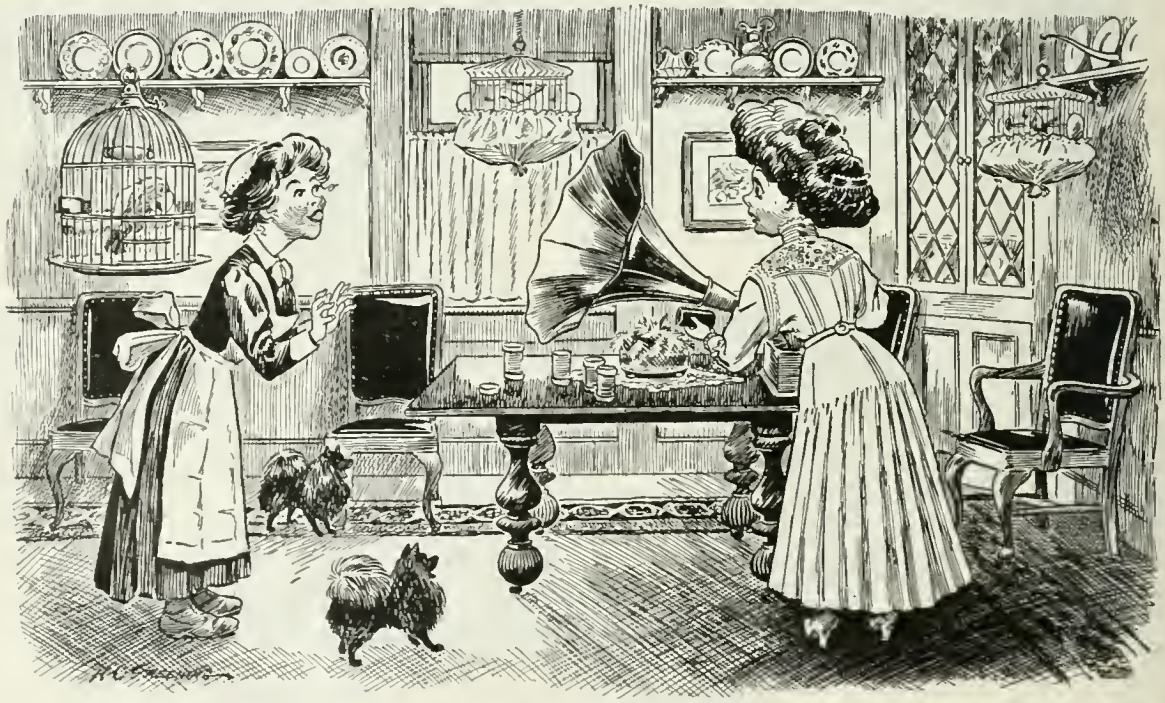
By MAX MERRYMAN

"YES; IT'S the very first time he ever had his photograph taken, so, of course, we want to get the very best picture possible, and —no, grandma; I don't think, after all, that we'd better try to have it taken with his little rattle in hand. Do you, Aunt Harriet? You see, he would be apt to want to shake the rattle at the very moment when the photographer wants him to be perfectly still; but I don't believe we can get him to keep perfectly still for ten seconds. He is really the most active child I ever saw, Mr. Photographer. He doesn't even lie still in his sleep. I really think that it is nervousness more than anything-else. The doctor says that the child is perfectly well. In fact, I never saw a healthier child. He has never been sick a minute, and he is six months old today. I didn't want his photograph taken any earlier than that, for I think that a baby hardly ever has much expression until he is about six months old, although every one says that our little Reginald is different from most babies in that respect. His Aunt Lucy was saying yesterday that he had the most intelligent expression of any—oh! I want several negatives taken, and see which one I like best. His grandma — that is, my mother here — wants one just head and shoulders; and his other grandma is very anxious to have a full figure, with him lying on a pillow we brought with us. His Aunt Lucy wants us to try and get a profile of him for her, for she says he has really a remarkable profile for a child of his age; and I want one picture with him in my arms, and his dear little cheek cuddled up to mine; and then we think it would be nice to have him and his two grandmas taken together; and I want one with him and my mother

AN ACCURATE PHRASE.

"Where in blazes have you been, Tom? I haven't seen you for a year."

"I've been in New York blazes. I'm on the fire department, an' this is me day off."



INFORMATION WANTED.

Nora (just over, listening to her first phonograph)—"Wondherful! An' shall Oi give it bird-seed an' sich, loike th' others, or do it ate at th' table w d yez?"

and myself all in it, showing three generations. I think that—better not fuss with his hair, grandma. Those little curls are about right, and I hope they will show good in the picture. So many people rave over his hair. My sister has a baby boy, ten months old, and he hasn't a third as much hair as our baby has; but then he has never been real well, and he weighs a pound less than our baby, and—yes; we will be ready in just a few minutes. We want to slip on his best dress. We brought it with us in a box, so that it wouldn't be all mussed up by him wearing it. Then we brought his best little cap, that his Aunt Jennie sent nim from out West, and we want one taken with it on to send to her. This odd little rattle we brought is one his grandma had when she was a baby, and she thinks it would be nice to have it in his hand when it is taken. I am expecting his father in every minute. He said that he would meet us here at—here he is now! Here we are, papa, baby and all, and—see him hold out his little hands to his papa! He did that when he was only four months and one week old, and a friend of mine has a baby, eight months old, that has never yet held out its hands to any one. I want one photograph with the baby in his father's arms, and—be careful, papa! Don't get the child excited, or it will be so hard to get him still for his picture. The moment he sees his father he wants to romp and play. He is so full of vitality and—no, Aunt Kitty, I don't believe that we'd better all go into the operating-room with him. I think that if his papa and his two grandmas and I go it will be enough. Too many might distract him and make it hard to keep him still. Is your father coming in, papa? You know, he said when he was over to the house last night that perhaps he would try to come in, and we thought that maybe we would have him and you and the baby taken together, as you all have the same name. I do think that it is nice to hand down a family name from one generation to another, and—yes, we will be ready in just a moment, as soon as—now, mamma's baby is going to

GUESS THE BOY'S HOME TOWN?

Resident—"Be you lost, Bub?"

Summer boy—"That's a personal matter that I decline to discuss with an individual with whom I have had no previous acquaintance, nor even a formal introduction."

A DIPLOMATIC HUSBAND.

His wife was always kicking because he spent his time while home from work in doping up the stock market She said stocks made fools of people.

So he gave wifey some shares in a mine, and she was up early every morning to get the paper.

ACCURATE, BUT MISLEADING.

Pa—"I think you should make a reduction in his case. He only eats one meal a day."

Lady—"*One* meal a day? Well, well! Yes; I can make a reduction. When does he take this one meal?"

Pa—"From about eight a. m. till twilight, as a rule."

have his own, owney, itty picture taken, so he is, and he must be ever and ever so—what? Baby isn't going to cry! Oh, my, my! Tut, tut, tut! He won't cry long. He never does. A cousin of mine has a baby that will cry all night, but, of course, the poor child isn't well. I don't think that well babies ever cry much, and I know that—papa, you'd better step out of sight until I get him ready. He wants to go to you when you are around. I do hope that the pictures will come out good. You see, we want to have some of them enlarged if they are good, and, as I say, it is his first photograph, and—baby doin' to have his own, owney, pitty itty picture taken—yes, he is! The picture man will show baby itty bird—yes, he will! Baby must be good. Hand me a safety-pin, some one. Have you his little comb, grandma? Aunty Lou, supposing you moisten a corner of my handkerchief with water. There is a tiny smooch on one cheek. There, I think he is about ready. I do hope the picture will come out good! We mean to have more taken on his first birthday, and every birthday after that, and—no, papa, I'd better carry him into the operating-room. Tome, baby, and have his owney, own, pitty itty picture taken!"

The "Cord" That Wasn't Lost.

"PINE knot," the woodman said;
"I'll soon return to yew.
The train I take on the Oakland branch
Leaves this here town at two."

She saw him board the waiting train;
His face was all a-beam.
They took his trunk and threw it in,
As the engine got up steam.

All spruced up, home at last he came,
A poplar man of mark.
She met him there, and at each kiss
Her little dog-wood bark.

STOVE, STOVE, WHO'S GOT THE RANGE?

Old Jones (settling argument)—"I tell yeh, Congress did right not to vote the people's money fer no four battleships. Why, them navy fellers is thet extravagant an' keerless thet they're all the time losin' an' mislaying their stoves. Every ship—I read it myself—hez range-finders onto it!"

A Square Deal and a Square Meal

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

ADVICES from Washington state that the gum on the back of the postage stamps is made of sweet potato. This is all very well as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. If the public gum is to be made of food-stuffs, why, in a republic like this, should one man's taste be permitted to prevail over another's? We do not all of us care for sweet potatoes, and we cannot be compelled to even by the great I Yam himself, for all his big stick and its power. The sweet potato is not a bad thing, but there are thousands of us with cultivated gastronomic tastes who prefer other edibles, like Camembert cheese, canvas-back duck, lobsters, shrimp salad, and so on—there are even people who can eat squash with relish. Wherefore, why sweet potatoes exclusively? Are all these other tastes to be ruthlessly ignored because some bureaucrat likes sweet potatoes? We trow not—not, at least, if this is the age of the square deal. It is therefore respectfully suggested that the Post-office Department vary that recipe a bit, and give us a more extensive menu. Let the one-cent stamps be gummed with sweet potato, if you will, but on the twos let us have a hint of pickled oysters; give us a three-cent stamp flavored with stewed rhubarb; a four-cent stamp with pumpkin pie; put mint sauce on the nickel stamp; and so on up to the highest denomination, catering as the stamps rise in value to the more expensive tastes. Surely if the man who never buys anything more expensive than a penny stamp is entitled to his sweet potato—and nobody denies that he is—the chap who buys a dollar stamp should be able to get something for his money in his gum—as the office-boy says, he should get what is gumming to him—ruddy-duck, pate de foie gras, or even a hint of a Bronx cocktail, if that is what he likes.

While we are on this subject, we feel constrained to interpellate the Post-office Department also on the point as to when it proposes to obey the mandates of the pure-food law and stamp its gum with a statement of its ingredients?

Johnny's Fourth.

JOHNNY blew his eyebrows off.
"I don't care," said he.
"I can make another pair
With a cork, you see."

When his fingers went he said,
"Who cares, anyhow?
I won't have to practice on
The piano now."

When his legs departed he
Still remained quite cool.
"Good!" he chortled. "Now I sha'n't
Have to walk to school."

So it went. By slow degrees
Johnny blew away,
Celebrating with much zest
Independence Day;

And when night came on the scene
Johnny cried with glee,
"Now there's nothing left, pa won't
Have to bury me!"

HORACE DODD GASTIT.

A TERRIBLE THREAT.

"Now, look here, wifey! If you don't stop nagging me I'll never button you up the back again."

A RUSHING BUSINESS.

A CITY-BRED man, who had never been to the seashore, decided one day to make the trip.

Arrived there, he remembered an old saying that sea water was good to bathe aching feet in, and straightway he took a bucket and proceeded to the seashore.

He noticed a party of men near the water, and, thinking they owned the sea water, he asked, "What do you charge for a bucket of your water?"

"Twenty-five cents," answered one of the party, who was out for a joke.

The city man handed over a quarter and filled his bucket.

After bathing his feet in the salt water and finding same beneficial, he decided later in the day to go and buy him another bucket for another bath for his feet.

He accordingly took his bucket and proceeded again to the shore. The tide had now gone down and the water was at low ebb.

"H'm," he mused; "those fellows must have been doing a rushing business since I left!"

Benjamin J. Strauch, Memphis, Tenn.

A GOOD REASON.

THE OTHER day the school of a local town was visited by an inspector. Wishing to test the knowledge of the junior classes before leaving, he asked the following question:

"Can any of you tell me why Adam was made a man?"

The class meditated for some time. At last a little girl, sharper than the rest, exclaimed, "Please, sir, if he was made a baby there wouldn't have been anybody to nurse him!"

Walter Willse, Jersey City, N. J.

MORE LOVE—LESS DIVORCES.

MORE of our rich papas in America should follow the same manner of testing the affections of the adventurous, commercial-minded, moneyless wife-hunters—both those of our own nationality as well as the empty-headed, titled foreigners who are "ramping" on our hunting grounds—that "Uncle Zeke" did in Austin some time since. After several months of violent protestations of love made for his daughter, it was at last understood that the father was at their marriage to give his daughter a house and lot. "Uncle Zeke" was a sly old coon, and to test his future son-in-law's affections, he said, as they were smoking their pipes,

"Mr. Crow, I has been cogitatin', an' has come to de 'clusion not to donate Matildy dat ar house an' lot on Austin Avenue."

Mr. Crow sprang to his feet and, sticking his stovepipe hat on the side of his head, said,

"In dat case, sah, our future relations done ceased to exist from dis moment, sah."

"But, Mr. Crow, I was gwine to say"——

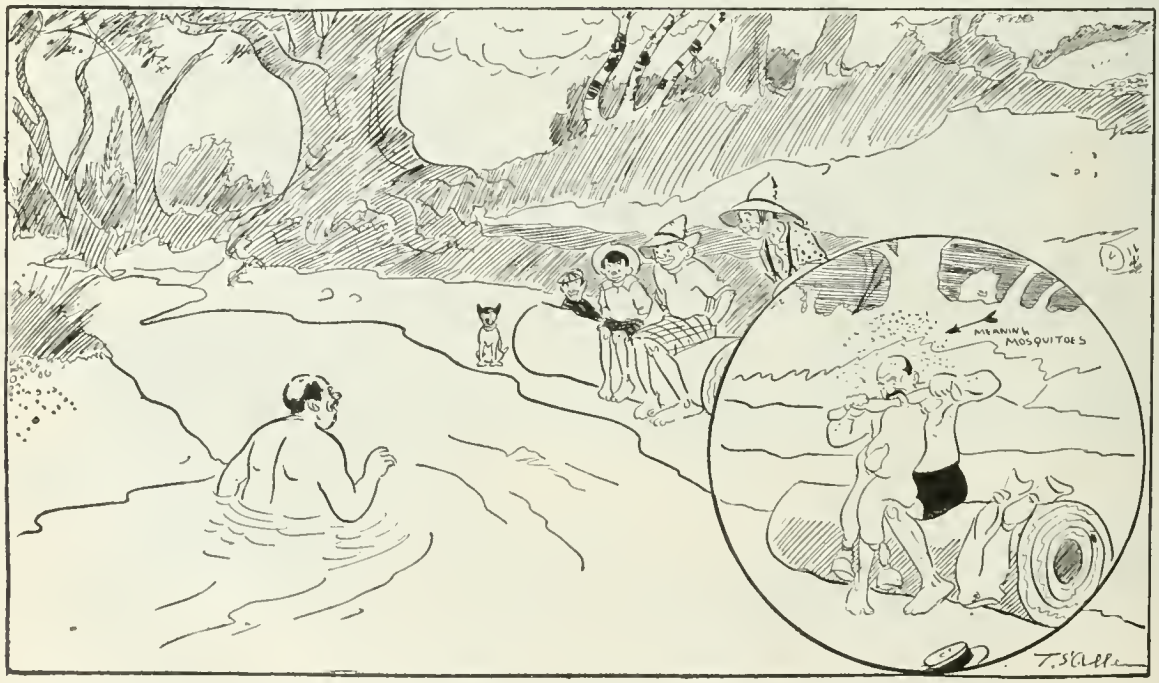
"Oh, go hire a hall an' invite yer friends to attend de meetin'!"

"All right, Mistah Crow. Our relations has done ceased to exist, but I only wanted to say dat dat house am too small, so I am gwine to gib Matildy dat two-story cottage on Peacon Street, wuf twict as much."

Jim tried to explain, also; but when "Uncle Zeke" solemnly lifted a boot the size of a ham and pointed to the door, James Crow refused to linger.

Alice Rollins Crane-Morajeska, Redondo Beach, Cal.

A BUTCHER in Euknow, with a tobacco heart, was told by his doctor to give up smoking hams.



THEY HELPED HIM TO RECALL HIS BOYHOOD.

1. "I tell you, boys, it makes me feel twenty years younger to be back here in the old swimming-hole once more!"

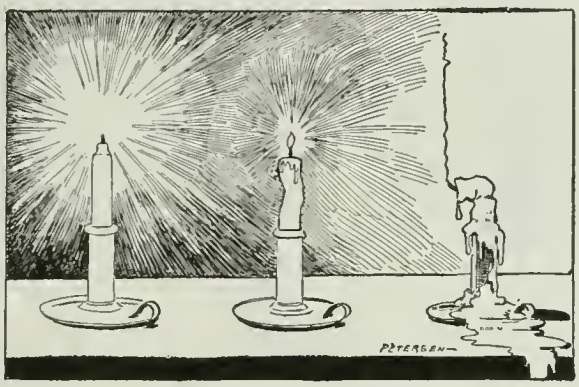
2. Somewhat later.

A Close Game

By CHARLES L. FUNNELL

SPEAKING of close games always puts me in mind of a game we played a few years ago.

It happened in our game with the Sluggers. They came to Lemonhurst to play us, and we used a couple of those new balls, made in two parts, you know, and are "guaranteed to last a full game." The first inning went off fine, but in the beginning of the second we went to the bat, and Bill Nigh, our center fielder, was up. Pretty soon he seen a slow in coming his way, and he stepped back and lammed it. It hit on the edge of his bat and so went almost straight into the air. Bill, he set sail for first and then went off on the other tack for second. Seeing he had head winds for third, he started his auxiliary and went around third on two wheels and crossed the plate at a record. When he got there, though, he was surprised to see everybody rubbering skyward instead of waiting to slap him on the back. The ball hadn't come down yet. Well, the umpire he looked plumb through the rule-book five times and couldn't find nothing to fit the occasion, so he allowed he'd give it five minutes to come down, and if it didn't show up then he'd resume the game. Well, would you believe it, that ball never come down. We resumed the game, and the stand was pretty nervous because they didn't know just where that ball would come down. We resumed with the other two-piece ball, and we didn't get a run the rest of that inning. The score was three to one in our favor when we went to the bat in the third. Our second baseman got up, and, being a south paw, he favored ins and walked into a nice one just as it crossed the plate. The ball busted in two pieces, and our man ran to first. The pitcher stopped half the ball and shortstop the other. The pitcher being rather slow didn't catch on to the racket, but shortstop threw the half he got to first and put him half out. Pitcher made the motion with his half and

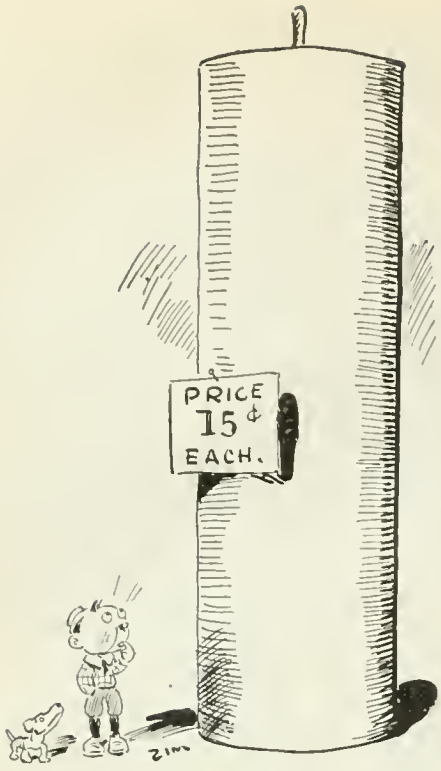


"THREE WICKS."

Courtship. Marriage. Divorce.

TRUE ENOUGH.

He (thinking aloud)—"The way these women claim to be independent and then become slaves to a silly fashion! Why, these absurd big hats tickle me half to death."



IMAGINATION.

How that expensive, big, red firecracker looks to the small boy on Independence Day.

runner went to second, where he was put a fourth more out by the half of the ball first threw to second. Force of habit made the runner leave second when pitcher made the next motion, and he was caught on third by second base's half of the ball, making him altogether seven-eighths out. Third threw his half to pitcher, and catcher threw his at the same time, and, while pitcher was trying to catch on, the runner got in, making one-eighth of a run. Now the pitcher stuck the pieces together and threw them both to batter. Before they reached the plate, though, they parted company, and the first piece the batter knocked right into first's hands, but the second, which came a minute later, he lammed out for a home run, making one-half a run. Then the umpire, who had been teaching the scorekeeper algebra so he could keep score, called for the other ball which hadn't come down yet. So we sent a kid after a ball made all in one piece, guaranteed not to get the divorce fever. Well, the rest of the game we made four runs and they five, so the final score was seven and five-eighths to six in our favor. I said final, but the next day, when their pitcher and catcher were having a catch in our field, before taking the train for home, the catcher suddenly went into a conniption fit and began jumping up and down to beat the band. Looking in the same direction as the catcher had been gazing when taken with his fit, the pitcher saw the cause of his excitement in the shape of a baseball, a good way off, but rapidly approaching. Following a sort of second nature developed by ball players, he got under it and caught it. Then it dawned on him that it was the same ball that Bill had hit the day before. He promptly called the umpire, who identified the sphere and declared Bill out, and the final score six and five-eighths to six in our favor. That was the closest game I ever see.

A Philosophical Poem.

WHAT a wonderful thing is one's nose—
The guide to wherever one goes.
It bows low when we pray,
And is first in the fray,
And it tells, with its smells, all it knows.

What remarkable things are one's ears—
Undismayed by whatever appears.
Though they keep far apart,
They are loyal at heart—
Each tells one whatever it hears.

And consider one's fingers and toes—
Arranged, five together, in rows.
If they grew on one's back,
What convenience we'd lack—
And one couldn't lie down, I suppose.

RANDOLPH HARTLEY.

DELICACY.

"How'd yo' like ter do dat fo' me fo' life, Miss Johnsing?"

One on the Soda Clerk

By N. H. CROWELL

THE DAY was hot and business at the soda fountain had been of the rush description. The clerk at the upper end was enjoying a breathing spell when a tall, thin man in a bamboo hat dashed in hurriedly and walked briskly up to the bar.

"Just give me half a glass of water, will you?" jerked the newcomer, as he threw up his elbows and "lit" on a stool. The clerk obligingly drew half a glass of water and slid it in front of him, bracing himself for further orders.

"A slice of that lemon—just a wafer," suggested the newcomer, with sudden interest.

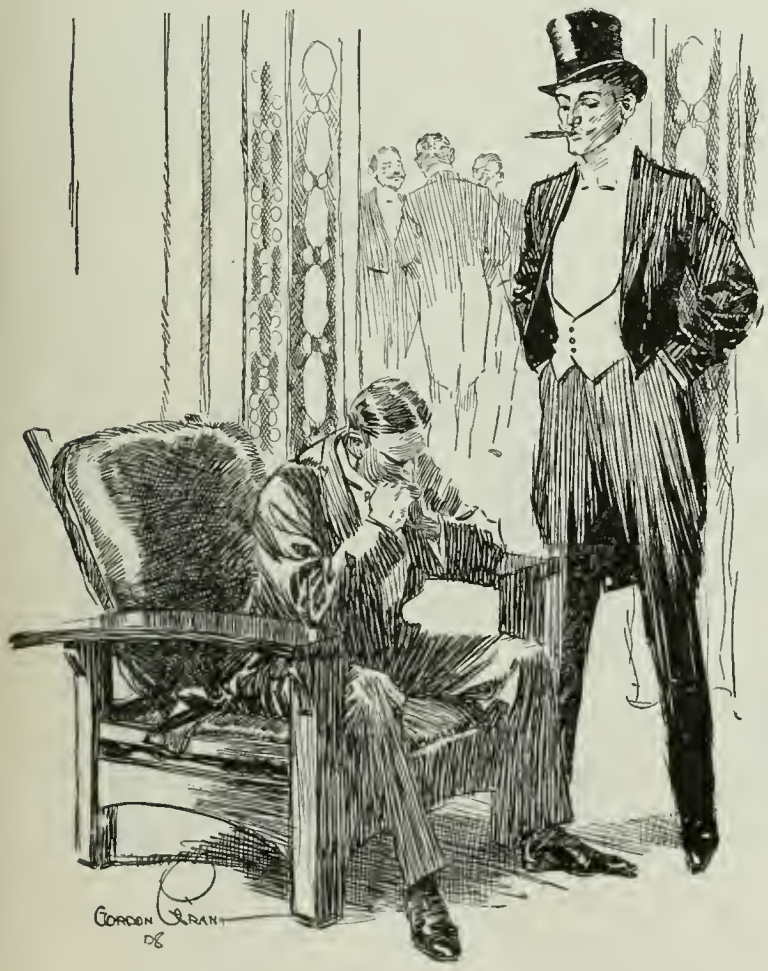
The clerk, though slightly bewildered, complied. The man dropped the lemon into the water and then put both hands into his coat pockets. His right hand brought up a pint bottle of whiskey and his left produced an egg. Skillfully cracking the egg with a blow he dumped the contents into the glass, following it immediately by three stiff fingers of the liquor. Diving into a vest pocket he produced a sprig of green that proved to be mint. This went in and the man then slightly rose on his toes and scanned the array of condiments and flavors before him. Suddenly he shot out a long arm and clutched the cinnamon shaker.

A few dashes of cinnamon and he seized a soda spoon from a near-by rack and began stirring the mixture dexterously. When a bead appeared on top he withdrew the spoon, yanked the glass to his lips and drank the contents in six big, satisfying gulps.

Setting the empty glass down carefully, as he wiped his taffy-colored mustache with a handkerchief, he rose slowly to his feet.

"Gee! Ain't this a warm one?" he remarked, as he tugged at his collar in an effort to loosen it from his neck.

Then he went out, leaving the clerk weak in the knees and absolutely speechless. He had been up against the very latest.



'TWAS ITS NATURE TO.

"Hard luck, old chap! But you were interested in that airship that the government was going to buy—how about that?"

"Oh, that went up long ago."

Also, Consarn It.

UP IN the mountains I would hie
And have a cool time in July
At some resort hotel up nigh
The summit.
I'd have the finest time, you know.
There's just one reason I don't go—
I can't accumulate the dough,
Gol dum it!

I've often planned a gay career
Of life at Narragansett Pier.
I've figured that most every year
Would bring it;
But somehow, and I don't know why,
When to the ocean I would fly,
My roll of long green turns out shy,
Gol ding it!

Last year I swore that I would go
To Coney for a day, you know,
And take a dollar bill or so
And burn it;
But when that long-expected day
Arrived I found I had to stay
And hustle for my weekly pay,
Gol durn it!

ROY K. MOULTON.

Two A. M. Maxims.

AN ICY reception befits a skate.

A pickled husband gets into family jars.

People who live in stone houses should throw down the glass.

Half a bun is better than low bred.

Little pitchers hold long beers.

The wages of gin is breath.

IT IS reported that last Sunday, at Swamphurst, N. J., two mosquitoes became intoxicated with rage at a mosquito bar.

A TIME AND PLACE FOR EVERYTHING.

Passenger—"Do you seamen often see the sea-serpent?"
Captain—"Only when we're ashore and off duty, sir."

It Was the Other Nursery She Wanted.

AN ANXIOUS mother determines to ring up the day nursery to ask for some advice as to her child. Calling for the nursery, she is given Gottfried Gluber, florist and tree-dealer. The following conversation ensues:

"I called for the nursery. Is this the nursery?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I am so worried about my little Rose."

"Vat seems to be der madder?"

"Oh, not so very much, perhaps, but just a general listlessness and lack of life."

"Ain'd growing righd, eh?"

"No, sir."

"Vell, I vill dell you vat to do. You dake der scissors und cut off aboud two inches from der limbs und"——

"Wha-a-at?"

"I say, dake der scissors und cut off aboud two inches from der limbs, und den turn der garten hose on it for aboud four hours in der morning"——

"Wha-a-at?" And the receiver vibrated at her tone.

"Turn der garten hose on for aboud four hours in der morning, und den pile a lot of plack dirt all around und shprinkle mit insegt powter all ofer der top"——

"Sir-r-r!"

"Shprinkle mit insegt powter all ofer der top. You know usually it is noddings but pugs dot"——

"How dare you, sir? What do you mean by such language to me?"

"Noddings but pugs usually causes der troubles, und den you vant to vash der rose mit a liquid breparations I haf for sale here"——

"Who in the world are you, anyway?"

"Gottfried Gluber, der florist."

"O-o-oh!" rather weakly. "Good-by."

W. B. HANSON.

Precautious.

De Style—"Does he fear hydrophobia?"

Gunbusta—"You bet! Why, he won't even eat a Coney Island frankfurter."

Man's Inhumanity.

(WITH THE LATEST IMPROVEMENTS.)

SIR JASPER, the Fire-eater, was still for a moment. "Yon prisoner," he meditated, "was once acquainted with a friend of the cousin of mine enemy. Now, let me devise something lively, even energetic, for him."

Sir Jasper ran over the list of familiar atrocities on his fingers, toes, and the legs of a passing centipede.

"Naw," he saith at length. Sir Jasper was sad and kicked a passing cur into the next county.

"I' faith," he declared, "I know of several things that should keep him interested for a spell, but I can't seem to strike on that deliciousness of agony that I seek."

Sir Jasper musingly sliced off the ear from a page who had attracted his attention.

"But hist, and hold, methinks I have it. Dog!" he bawled at one of his loving servants, who drew near on hands and knees.

Sir Jasper indicated the prisoner.

"Take that, and put him in a dress shirt that scratcheth under the collar, and send him to a dinner."

As Well As Could Be Expected.

Patient—"Do you think raw oysters are healthy?"
Physician—"I never knew any to complain."

Knicker—"It doesn't always pay to be polite."
Bocker—"No; end-seat hogs are never sugar-cured."

HOW HE WORKED IT.

McCoffey—"Gee whiz, Bill! you look pretty prosperous to be caught eating in a lunch-wagon."
O'Sinkers—"That's how I keep looking prosperous."

A LITTLE BLACK KING VISITS NEW YORK TO STUDY CIVILIZED METHODS.

1.

Upon landing the little black king became very much interested in our many automobiles. One in particular struck him quite forcibly.

2.

Then a short trip through busy Broadway gave him a fair idea of our excellent heating system.

3.

At the Flatiron building he gained some experience in aerial navigation.

4.

Presently the little black king returned to his home and his people, where a banquet was prepared in his honor by his own hands. And after the sumptuous repast his dusky majesty spoke at length of his experience in civilized New York and declared that civilization was all right, provided it was stewed down in a kettle and well seasoned.

Clubton's Venture in Keyholes

By GEORGE FREDERICK WILSON

CLUBTON, fortunately for all concerned, was a bachelor.

It required a half-hour of ceaseless effort to fit the key. One minute it would be laboriously scratching its way to victory, only to be widely swerved from its course the next by a convulsive hiccough. Clubton was beyond swearing. A mirthless laugh, a minute's rest, and then another tedious and fruitless effort. Round and round the key circled, and then, with a quick jab as though he were spearing fish, Clubton would bring it and his fingers against the hard panel of the door.

When, finally, the keyhole was located and the key safely inserted, Clubton grasped it convulsively with both hands and brought his entire weight to bear upon it. He turned the key slowly, fearing that his hands would slip from it, and because of his full weight against it, the door suddenly swung inward and Clubto sprawled upon the floor.

Dazed, he arose slowly, guiding his course by the wall, and groped his way to the button and switched on the lights.

He closed the door, and, getting a whiskbroom, brushed carefully his clothing. He next divested himself of the major portion of his personal adornment and threw all in a heap upon the floor. Then he crawled into bed and was shortly fighting a nightmare.

He awoke late the following morning considerably refreshed and feeling chipper. Clubton was an old-timer, and "the-morning-after" headaches were a thing of a dim past. The lights were still burning in a vain attempt to outdo the sunshine. His clothing lay in a heap where he had thrown it, save for one shoe which still encompassed his right foot, the other posing grace

"UNCLE TOM'S CABBIN'."

CUT RATES.

Mrs. Mulchacherty—"Phat's the price of this mate a pound?"
Butcher—"Dot iss dvendy-doo cents."
Mrs. Mulchacherty—"Thin lit me have three cints' worth, and don't be afther givin' me all bone"

fully on the chiffonier where his hat should have been. The hat itself was discovered in the region of the small of his back, upon an investigation of a peculiar and uncomfortable pain in that portion of his anatomy.

ASLEEP AT THE SWITCH.

Clubton's groan expressed only disgust.

"Confound it," he growled, flinging out his arms in helpless rage. "Why can't I get into this room without a lot of useless endeavor to locate the keyhole. It's that confounded hot hallway that puts me in this condition. Don't I know?" he snarled, as though some one had disputed the statement. "I'm never in a maudlin condition when I'm in the street and can breathe the fresh air."

Grumblingly he removed the balance of his clothing and went into the bathroom.

There, during his ablutions, he raged inwardly over his inability to locate the keyhole on his first effort. The helpless, useless rage gradually expanded into an idea, and the idea grew amazingly as he fed into it concentrated thought.

He was smiling when the bath was completed—and smiled all the way down to his office, where the sign on the glass of the door proclaimed to all that he was an electrical engineer.

Instructing his clerk against interrupting him, he went into his private office and locked the door. It was Saturday, and few came to be turned away.

During all of an hour Clubton pored over the contents of an electrical library, then he abruptly left the office, to return a half-hour later with a brown paper parcel. In this parcel were a large lock, key, and door bracket, and over these he spent an hour of labor, at last breathing a contented, soul-satisfying sigh.

He dined at the club and afterward strolled about,

awaiting a full house. At nine the rooms were well filled with members and their friends, and Clubton begged that all assemble in the smokeroom.

His request was hilariously responded to, and when all nad quieted down, Clubton mounted a chair.

"Gentlemen," he began, "this is the night of your emancipation. All of you—no, I refuse to make exceptions—have upon divers occasions drunk deep of the flowing bowl. Aye, so deep that when you reached home you found it serious and difficult labor to locate the keyhole. Gentlemen," he added, bringing into view a lock and key, "I wish to introduce to you to-night, Clubton's Magnetized Keyhole, the Abe Lincoln which is to give you freedom. Note the absence of all mechanical features. It is just a plain lock and key doctored with electrical juice. The secret of its marvelous power can be yours alone, as you need but have your personal nightkey treated. I magnetize the lock and key. Note the result."

A "RAH-RAH AVIS."

He extended his arms until a distance of about two feet intervened between the lock and key. Then he gradually diminished the distance, and, when it was within a foot of the lock, the key and Clubton's arm were jerked swiftly to the lock, the key inserting itself speedily and properly.

"Hold tight to the key, gentlemen, and it will guide you. No more suspicious wives. All is well with you. Before you close the door, withdraw the key, as the circuit between the bolt of the lock and the bracket is then broken. Come up, boys, and place your order. Prices are right."

It is reported upon authority of the club steward that seven men were painfully injured in the rush which ensued to place an order with Clubton.

OVERWHELMED.

"You look sore about something, Hank."

"Sore is no fit term for it, Bill. Just imagine the humiliation of one seeing part of himself decorating the hat of a molasses-colored cooness!"

THE CATCHES OF THE SEASON.

The backwoods photographer gets ready for the demands of vacation fishermen.

An Enterprising Agent.

"NOW, SIR," said the agent, "I am sure I have got what you want. Now here is a new patent paper cutter, sir, that I am selling for twenty-five cents. It is the best in the market, never tears the pages of an uncut book"——

"Very nice, indeed," interrupted his victim; "but I have no uncut books, and so"——

"I suspected that, sir," returned the agent. "That's why I have brought along this beautiful, uncut copy of Fox's 'Book of Martyrs.' Three hundred pages of elevating reading, embellished with beautiful pictures. Just the thing for a center-table in this superb binding"——

"I haven't got a center-table," said the victim; "so you see"——

"Fine!" said the agent. "Let me show you the catalogue of our company's furniture. It is all of the very best make, and a center-table like that in the picture on page twenty-two will prove an ornament in your parlor"——

MUST HAVE STOLEN IT.

Judge—"What's the charge against the prisoner?"
Officer—"Carrying a concealed weapon—I found this hook on his person."

"But I haven't any parlor—I have no house, my friend. Consequently"——

"Glorious!" cried the agent. "I represent the Own Your Own Home Company of"——

"Oh, thunder!" said the victim. "Here's your quarter. I'll take a paper cutter."

Invincible.

"YOU Yankees are eternally bragging about your possessions," said the British tourist, as the travelers visited Vesuvius; "but tell me, my friend, where in all the splendors of your country have you anything to equal this volcano?"

"Out in Lincoln, Neb.," said the American.

"Never heard of it," said the Englishman contemptuously. "What do you call it?"

"William Jennings Bryan," said the American.

Brevity.

A TRAVELING salesman was thunderstruck upon being presented with a telegram which ran:

"Twins this morning—more later. Sadie."

UP IN MILLINERY.

Calf (startled by Wild-West runaway,—"Oh, ma! pipe the cow with the '*Merry Widow*' *horns*!"

HE WAS JUST "SHOWING" HIM.

Little Isaac—"I thought you said ven I came to New York dat you vould 'show me a good time'?"
Uncle Abraham—"Vell, don'd you see it?"

A Blossom Fancy.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

OH, FILMY, silken blossom,
Of finest wind-spun gold,
You fill my dream with fancies
That can't be sung or told.

You are a meadow fairy,
Disporting in the breeze,
And as I watch your dainty
And frail embroideries,

I touch my harp in rapture
And sing in accents gay,
"This blossom will be sweeter
When it has passed away;

"Because when it, a blossom,
No longer nods and sighs,
'Twill be the gorgeous pumpkin
That makes the pie of pies."

Equal to the Occasion.

Tourist—"My physician advises me to locate where I may have the benefit of the south wind. Does it blow here?"

Landlord—"My! but you're fortunate in coming to just the right place! Why, the south wind always blows here."

Tourist—"Always? Why, it seems to be blowing from the north now."

Landlord—"Oh, it may be coming from that direction, but it's the south wind. It's just coming back, you know."

HIS GEOGRAPHY AT FAULT.

Visitor—"Do you live here, little girl?"
She—"No; this is my aunty's house—I am from Providence."
Visitor—"Oh, are you?"
She—"Oh, no, R. I."

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.

"Is not your brother a jolly fellow? So full of spirits! He kissed me a moment ago under water."
"He *must* be full of spirits!"

Her Bag.

BY LURANA W. SHELDON.

'TWAS just a tiny jeweled thing
That dangled on a chain;
A gewgaw to which women cling
In sunshine and in rain.
He looked upon it as a toy,
A plaything for the hand—
A bauble easy to destroy,
It was so frailly planned.

Alas! she dropped the thing one day
Upon the windy street,
And he was paralyzed, they say,
At what fell at his feet.
The clasp had opened; on his knees
He clutched a gross or more
Of everything one ever sees
Within a dry-goods store.

A Slight Misunderstanding.

"DO YOU take any periodicals?" asked the new clergyman on his first round of parish visits.

"Well, I don't," replied the woman; "but my husband takes 'em frequent. I do wish you'd try to get him to sign the pledge."

Philos (sagely shaking his head)—"There is nothing new under the sun."

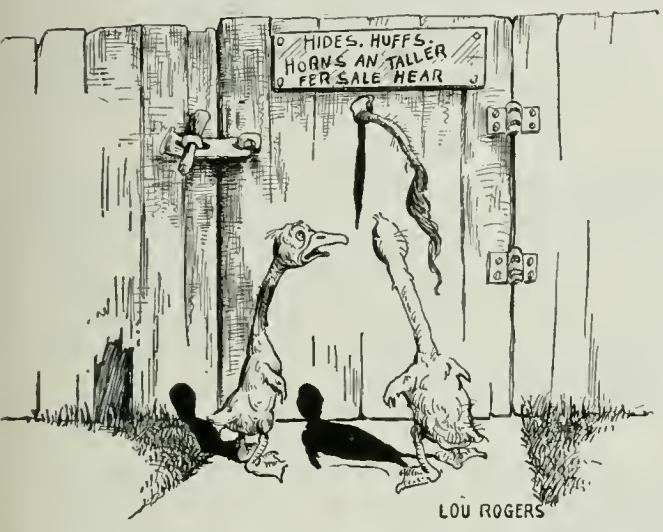
Justwed (with timid reluctance)—"Have you seen my baby?"

The Howl of the Hack.

BY HAMILTON POPE GALT.

THE EDITOR has scissors long,
A glue pot, large and full of strong
Adhesive glue,
Placed handy, too.
Of what he prints he clippeth half;
The rest is written by the staff.

The editor will seldom fail
Rejection slips to send by mail;
And often ships
Acceptance slips
By freight; while, painfully and slow,
His checks around Cape Horn must go.



THE MYSTERY OF A COW'S TAIL.

One little goose (to the other)—Naow, haow do you suppose thet durned caow crawled through thet thar knot-hole?"

WHERE HE AIMED.

City sportsman—"That may be some other hunter I am aiming at, and not a deer at all. It is very dangerous for him to move so quietly."

Indian guide—"Huh! Him safest of all."

A Cruel Inquiry.

"I'M SUAH," said Chollie Softleigh with a drawling lisp, "that I don't know what I shall do when I get out of college. Mothah wants me to be a minithtah, but I have a leaning toward litratchah."

"Did you ever think of becoming an actress?" she asked cruelly.

Horse-power.

"HOW MANY horse-power is your machine?"

"It's too heavy for one horse, so I generally use two."

NO DANGER.

"Ah know fo' positive fac' dey is paris green on dat melon."
"We don't eat de green; we eat de red."

When the Scorcher Died

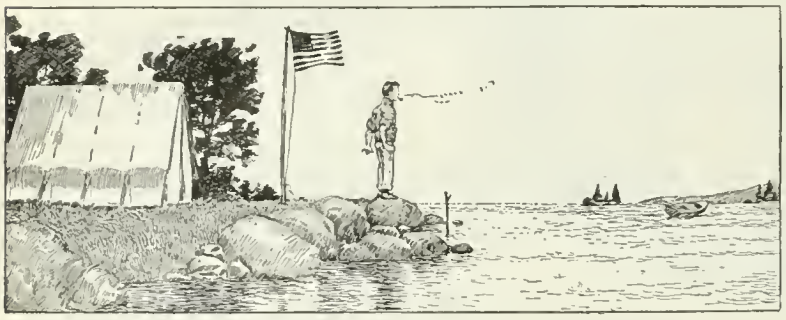
By LOWELL OTUS REESE

THE SCORCHER gave a terrifying "Honk, honk!" and prepared to drive through the Jasper Gates; but just then the barrier fell, and he barely saved himself from smashing into it by throwing on the safety clutch.

"Here!" he demanded. "What's this?"

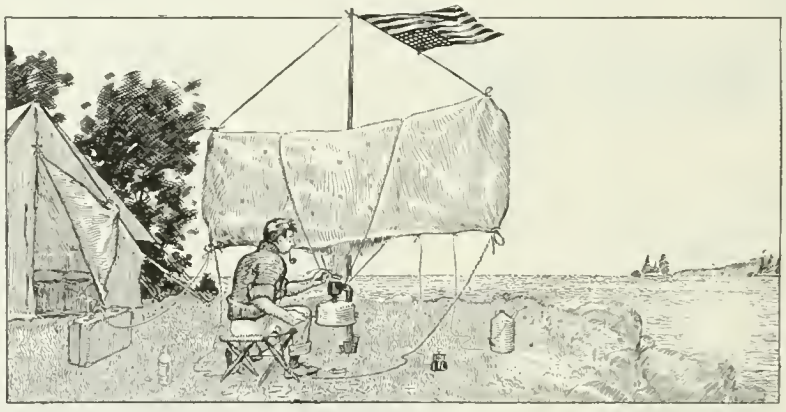
"You can't take that thing in here," said St. Peter firmly.

ADVANTAGES OF A MODERN CAMPING OUTFIT.



1. Stranded on an island in the wilderness, his boat adrift——

"I'd like to know why!" fumed the scorcher. "Down on earth I've been used to getting everything I want. I won't stand for it"——



2. ——he remembers his pneumatic mattress and the oil stove——

"There's nothing doing, bo!" said St. Peter. "We're a peaceful set of citizens up here, and there's an anti-automobile ordinance tacked on to our city charter. If you come in here you must leave that snort-wagon outside."

The scorcher was true to his creed. "If I can't have my machine in Heaven," he said indignantly, "I won't go in there!"

"Very well," said St. Peter indifferently. "Then there's only one thing for you to do—take your machine and go to Hell."

He gave the scorcher a road map, showing the way down. Thanking him with the courtesy which characterizes automobilists in general, the scorcher turned down the Broad Way.

"At least," he thought, "they ought to have a corking cinder path down there." And at the thought he threw over the High and was soon lost in a cloud of star-dust.

Charon scratched his head and looked doubtful as the scorcher whizzed to a standstill upon the Ferry. But the silent old ferryman said nothing and rowed on across.

"Where's the Speedway?" demanded the scorcher, as they approached the landing.

Charon stroked his beard and spat into the water.

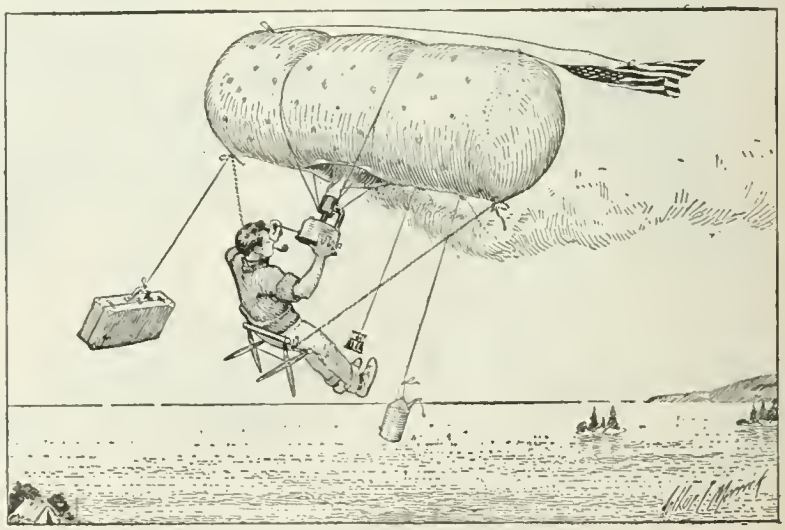
"Ask the Boss," he said, pointing toward the red-hot gates.

The scorcher knocked. The Devil appeared, peeped through the wicket, and gave a yell of terror.

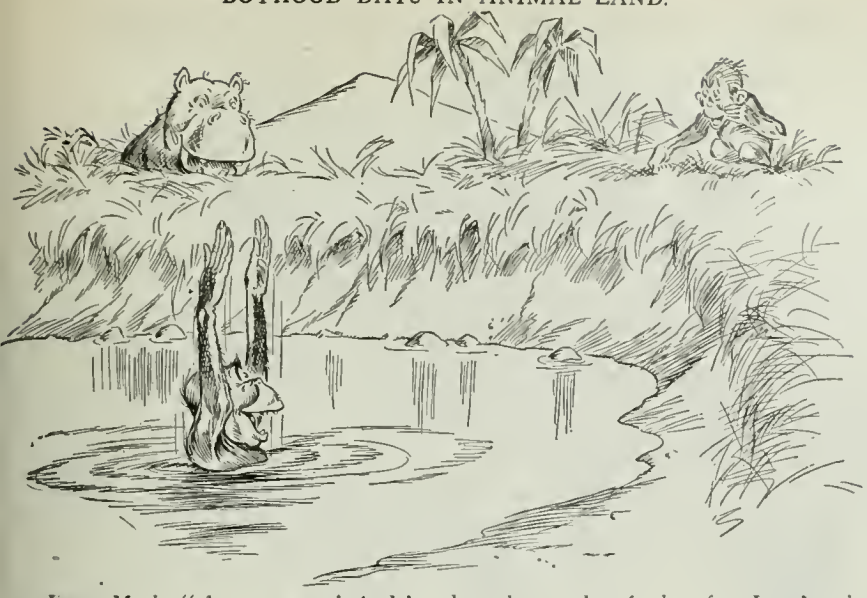
"Throw that machine into the Styx!" he said. "You can't bring it in here!"

The poor scorcher looked utterly dejected. "And I thought it would make such a hit in this place!" he said.

"You made hits enough on earth!" said the Devil cuttingly. "Of course I know it would be a star addition to my list of tortures, but even the Devil has a little compassion. Honestly, I wouldn't have the heart to spring that thing on my subjects. Besides, Hell is getting an awful reputation as a smelly place, and I've simply got to draw the line somewhere.



3. ——and soon he is on his way toward home and mother.



Jimmy Monk—"Aw, come on in! It's only *so* deep, and perfectly safe. I can't swim, either."

Throw that thing into the Styx or else clear out!" and the Devil banged the wicket shut. The scorcher turned his beloved Juggernaut around.

"Ferry me back!" he said to Charon. "I'll spend the rest of eternity in Yuma. I know it's worse than Hell, but I'd rather be there with my machine than in Heaven or Hades without it."

And all Hell breathed a sigh of relief when he went.

A Proposal and Acceptance.

A YOUNG colored man asked permission of his employer to use the telephone, as he wished to speak to a colored girl employed at another residence. Upon receiving consent, he explained, "You see, it's dis way. I loves dat gal an' wants to ask her to marry me, but, 'fore de Lord! I ain't got de grit to ask her 'word out of mouth'; an' so I wants to use de 'phone. I'll jest call her up.

"Hello! Is dat Dinah?"

"No. Will call her."

"Hello! Dat you, Dinah?"

"Ye-as."

"Dinah, you knows I thinks a heep of you."

"Ye-as."

"An' I bin tryin' to make you think a heep of me."

"Ye-as."

"I more den thinks a heep of you. I loves you, Dinah."

"Ye-as."

"Now, Dinah—I—er—wants to ask you if you will marry me?"

"Ye-as, indeedy! Who is dis what's talkin' to me?"

The Lady's Opinion.

A CERTAIN member of Congress from New England went to a Southern State some years ago to make a few campaign speeches. It was his first experience in the South, and he had considerable to learn. One day he stopped at a farm-house for dinner.

"I'm sorry, ma'am," he said to the lady presiding, "but I don't eat hot bread."

"Why don't you?" she asked, being quite as inexperienced in Northern customs as the congressman was in Southern.

"Because it is indigestible and unhealthy."

"What kind do you eat?"

"Cold bread, always."

She looked him over carefully, sizing up his scrawny form from every point of view, and after the survey she remarked with a sniff,

"Well, it seems to me that it's about time you had a change of diet."

Diplomacy.

"I'M SURPRISED at you."

"What's the matter now?"

"Why, your wife tells me you've invited the grocer and butcher to your party to-night!"

"Well, what of it?"

"Think of what you owe society."

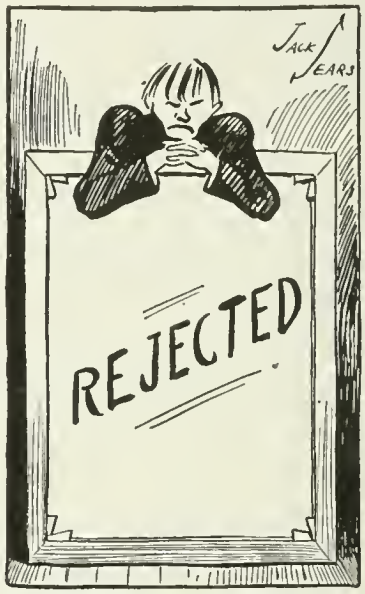
"Yes; but think what I owe my grocer and butcher!"

Jimmy Monk (as Willie Hippo jumps into pool)—"Help! Gurgle, splosh! Glub, blub! Help! it's over my head!"

A Musical Education in a Nutshell

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

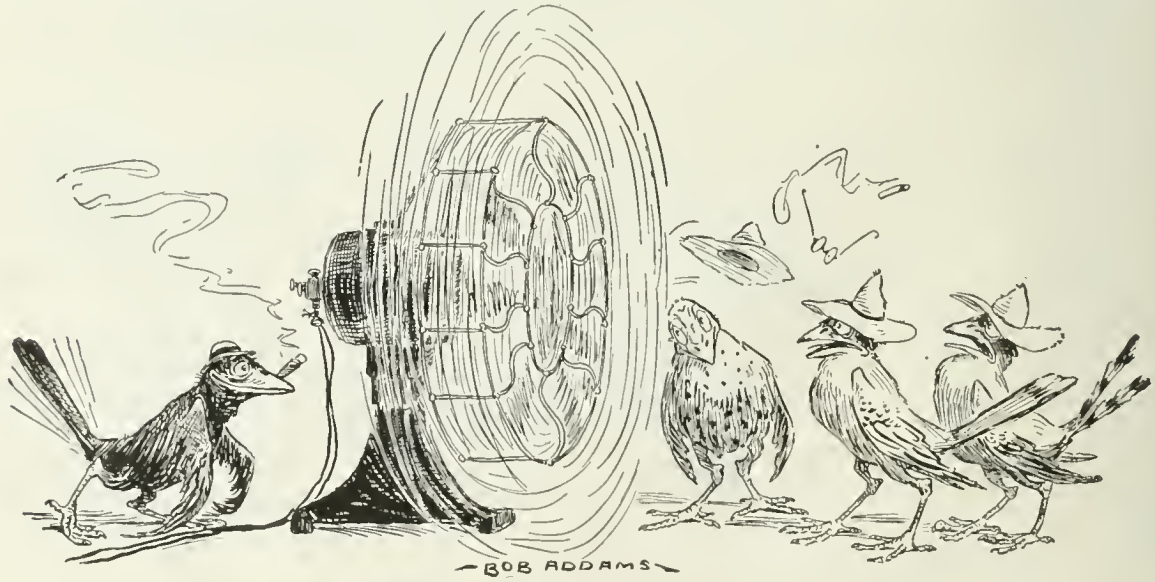
THERE was, some years ago, a writer upon musical topics in a German periodical who gave a cleverly comprehensive method by which the musically uneducated should be able to detect whether or not the composition to which they were listening should rank as a masterpiece. "If the music goes 1-2-3-hop-hop-hop, or 1-2-3-boom-boom-boom," said he, "you may depend upon it that you are listening to unmitigated rubbish. But when you hear music that sounds as if a number of well-arranged notes were stuck into a barrel and energetically stirred about like a sort of harmonious oatmeal porridge, then you may assume that it is a fugue, and at once compose your features into an expression of profound satisfaction. If, later on, you fancy that the notes are dropped on the floor, and from time to time asserting themselves again in a quiet, dreamy sort of way, then the piece is probably a nocturne; and nocturnes, as you are probably aware, are very high-class music indeed. When the notes seem to arrive in truck-loads, and each truck contains a different sort from the one that has preceded it, and when the series of vans appears to take an unreasonable length of time to pass a given point, then the masterpiece is doubtless a symphony, and the symphony is the greatest musical creation yet produced by the masters of music. Finally, when it seems as if the notes had been tumbled down helter-skelter, then vigorously shoveled up into a heap, and blown into the air with a dynamite cartridge, that is a rhapsody; and the rhapsody is, on the whole, the most popular variety of good music extant." The writer of the above doubtless lived too soon to continue and add to his formulæ the further assertion that if the notes bring to you that feeling of lassitude which conjures up visions of cold broiled lobsters and the odor of gasoline and talcum powder in equal propor-



HIS WEDDED WIFE.

"Never will I marry—I am wedded to my art. Art is my wife," he told his friends.

And his art mastered him.



STRANGE SIGHTS OF THE CITY.

Farmer bird—"Gosh all hemlock! thet's the spryest squirrel I ever saw."

IT WAS A 1905 MODEL.

Driver—"What's the matter?"
Constable—"You are under arrest for cruelty to automobiles. You have no right to overload a poor old machine like that."

YOU'RE NEXT.

Kid—"Say, mister, ain't it about time yer t'rowed away dat butt?"
Leisure Lawson—"Sorry, me boy—very, very sorry, I assure you: but I just picked it up myself, don't-chew-know?"

tions, you will instantly recognize it as the composition of that famous and popular composer, Herr Broadway, of New York.

The Snake (⌣⌒⌣) Curve Ball.

BY EDWIN L. SABIN.

IN THE golden days of summer,
When with Skinny, Red, and Fat
On the pasture-lot of Homeville
You indulged in two old-cat,
You remember—aye—the presence
Of that wizard 'mongst you all,
Who possessed the magic secret
Of the snake (⌣⌒⌣) curve ball!

'Tis the mastery of all things
Given boyhood, nothing less,
That enables him to sock 'em
Wriggling like the letter S;
While the eager batter flushes,
'Wildered by the mocking call,
"Aw, I fooled you! Aw, I fooled you!
That's a snake (⌣⌒⌣) curve ball!"

See those fearsome, long contortions!
Hear the quick, triumphant shout,
Which apprises all newcomers,
"I can throw an in-an'-out!"
Tens of thousands, why your homage?
Clarkson or Waddell are small
When compared to freckled urchin
With his snake (⌣⌒⌣) curve ball!

You, no doubt, were that brave pitcher—
("Watch me make it do it!" "Gee!")
Spiting scoffers, baffling science.
("Can, too—can't I, Fat? Now, see!")
"Papa," "captain," "judge," "professor"—
Oft may honor's mantle fall,
But there's none like to the mantle
Of the snake (⌣⌒⌣) curve ball!

IT ALL DEPENDS.

Adrian Absyntheface—"Maud, I want you to put this under your pillow to-night and dream of me. Will you?"

Maud—"Well, that depends upon what I eat before going to bed."

Come Home, Father.

BY M. WORTH COLWELL.

"FATHER, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock on the dashboard strikes *one!*
Don't fuss with the car any longer, pupah,
You can't get the old tub to run!
The cylinder's cracked and the timer won't work,
And mother's been waiting since tea,
So tether the car to a post, father dear,
And come home on the trolley with me!
Come home, come home"—etc.

"Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The speed-meter clock's striking *two!*
The night has grown colder, the rear tire's flat,
And mamma may fret about you.
The cam-shaft is twisted, the pump's out of gear;
Perhaps before morning shall dawn,
Ma may grow real angry and want a divorce—
Come quickly, or she may be gone!
Come home, come home"—etc.

"Father, dear father, fly home with me now,
The clock's striking *three*—it's struck out!
Don't fool any more with magneto and coil;
The wires have grounded, no doubt!"
The child's plea was answered—the answer was short,
Which the night winds repeat as they roam;
The gas-tank exploded—some noise and some smoke,
And father and daughter blew home!
"We're home, we're home!"—etc.

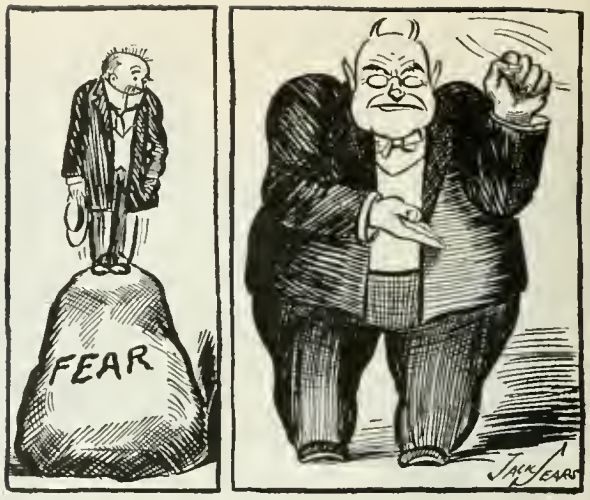
Down to Brass Tacks.

"EVER stopped to think where you will go this summer?" asks the friend.

"Well," answers the other, "we think we will go to southern Europe for a while, then run over into Switzerland and Germany, then go on through Russia and Siberia, and come back by way of Japan, the Philippines, and Hawaii."

"My! That's a splendid tour!"

"Yes, we think we'll take it; but we know blamed well we'll go to Atlantic City maybe twice during the summer."



THEY DISAGREE ON DETAILS

"I am afraid of Mr. Big," says Mr. Littleman, "because I don't know what he'll do."

"Littleman is afraid of me," says Big, "because he *does* know what I'll do."

NEEDED RENOVATION.

New pastor—"Perhaps you don't know, my boy, that I am your new pastor?"

Kid—"Maybe I don't, but I tell you now, that old meetin' house of ours certainly needed pastorizin'."

HE SPOKE HASTILY.

"Allow me to take you down to eat, Mrs. Scrambledegg-face."

"Oh, thank you! It's so good of"——

"Not at all. Your husband has made lots of little sacrifices for me."

The Threat.

THE Bingses, mother and daughter, had long outstayed their visit at their country friend's house. Moreover, they evinced no sign of going away, nor did the mother seem to be in any way affected by the strong hints to go which the overtaxed hostess threw out from time to time. Finally, forbearance exhausted, the entertainer decided to reach the mother through her daughter. So one day, calling the little visitor to her, she said, "Maimie, when do you expect to go home?"

"Oh, I'm sure I don't know," was the careless reply. "We've several other places to stop at yet."

"Well, when do you go on to the next place?"

"Can't even tell that. Mamma says it's immaterial to her just when she'll leave here."

"But, my dear child," exclaimed the exasperated hostess, "doesn't your mother realize how high living is these days?"

"Oh, yes; she knows how high it is. That's why we left the city."

"Well, Maimie, I cannot afford to entertain visitors any longer, and I wish you'd tell your mother that at once!"

"Is that an insult?" rejoined the child, turning haughtily to the speaker.

"Why do you ask that, child?"

"Because when we're insulted we go on to the next place!"

Judgment.

BY CARLYLE SMITH.

NO CRITIC of my neighbor let me be,
No flaws in him, I pray thee, let me find;
Or if, perchance, some blemish there I see,
To it and him may I be ever kind.

But of myself, as Father Time rolls by,
Let me be critical of my own ways,
And so reform my erring self that I
Won't care a rap what anybody says.

The Poet Sings.

BY B. J. DASKAM.

ONE DIFFERENCE only, Chloe proud,
Between your love and mine—
While you've forgotten all you vowed,
I get six cents a line.

And, Daphne, though your melting glance
Was bought with violets,
Don't think that I'd neglect a chance
For lightsome triolets.

Oh, Phyllis, oft you've strained my purse
On loving pleasure bent;
But, now we're through, it might be worse—
You've helped to pay the rent.

L'ENVOI.

Ye poets, when your lady's kiss
Grows cold, pray don't repine,
But scribble off some stuff like this
And get six cents a line.

A Work of Supererogation.

HENRY dislikes being bathed and argues with his mother over every square inch of his four-year-old anatomy.

One night, when his patience was especially tried by what he considered wholly unnecessary work, he exclaimed,

"Oh, mamma, couldn't you skip my stomach? Nobody *ever* sees my stomach!"

Additional Comforts.

"I SEE your rates here are double on rainy days," said the drummer. "What is the reason for that?"

"Sir," replied Landlord Sparerib, "a careful examination of this hostelry will convince you that all our rooms are furnished with baths at that time."

SIR.
"YOU ARE HEREBY ORDERED TO PLACE 1,000 DOLLARS IN THE CENTER OF THE TABLE, A DARK MAN WITH A COLD "BLUFF" AIR WILL "CALL" & TAKE THE MONEY." ASK NO QUESTIONS BUT SKIDOO,
THE BLACK HAND.

"THE VOICE OF THE BLACK HAND."

STRIKING THE HOT IRON.

THE FOLLOWING is the conversation carried on between a blacksmith and his helper; both, as it happened, stuttered.

Blacksmith's helper—"Sh-sh-shall I h-h-hit n-n-n-now?"

Blacksmith (who is holding a piece of heated iron on the anvil for the helper to hit)—"Y-y-y-yes, h-hit it n-n-now."

Blacksmith's helper—"Sh-sh-shall I h-h-hit it h-h-har-hard?"

Blacksmith—"Y-y-yes; h-h-h-hit it h-hard."

Blacksmith's helper—"Sh-sh-shall I-I h-h-hit it h-hard n-now?"

Blacksmith—"N-n-no; i-it's c-c-cold n-now."

Stanley E. Williams, Seattle, Wash.

CERTAIN.

"HOW TIRESOME you are," said the wife of his bosom. "I can never get a straightforward answer. Can't you be certain about anything?"

"Wise men hesitate," he replied loftily; "only fools are certain."

"Are you sure of that?"

"I'm quite certain of it."

"Oh!" was all she said.

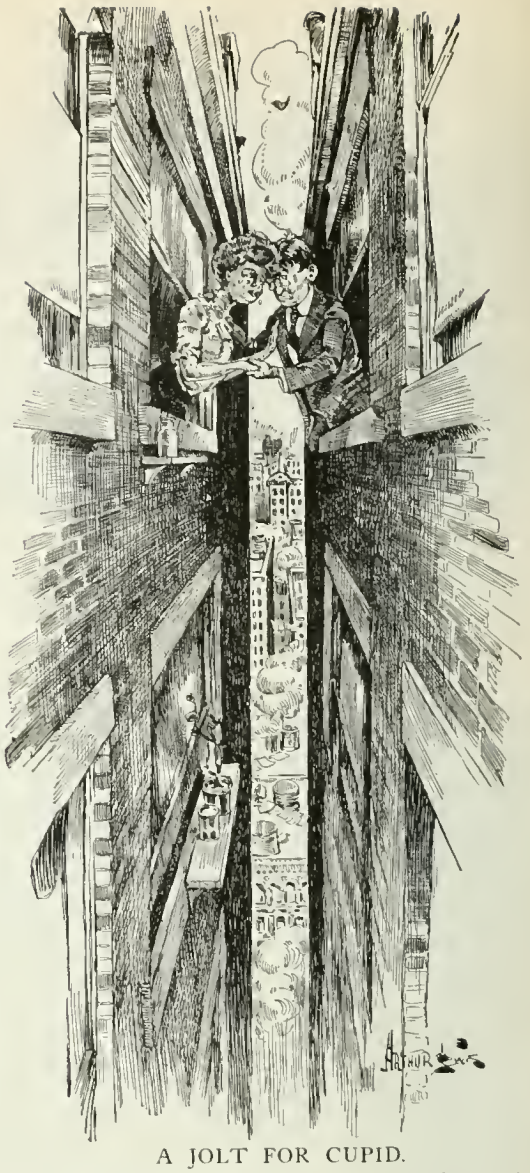
Seale B. Johnson, Jackson, Tenn.

AN EMBARRASSING POSITION.

A PRETTY young kindergarten teacher got on a crowded car and, seating herself, nodded and smiled at a handsome gentleman opposite her, and upon discovering the fact that she had mistaken him for another, said in a sweet voice,

DISAPPOINTED.

She—"I was *crazy* when I married you."
He—"You were—but we all entertained hopes of your recovery."



A JOLT FOR CUPID.

"Have you heard the news, Charlie? It's perfectly dreadful!"

"Why no, sweetheart. What is it?"

"Some horrid person is going to build an apartment house between us. Boo-hoo!"

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I thought you were the father of two of my children."

The horrid crowd giggled.

She got off at the next corner.

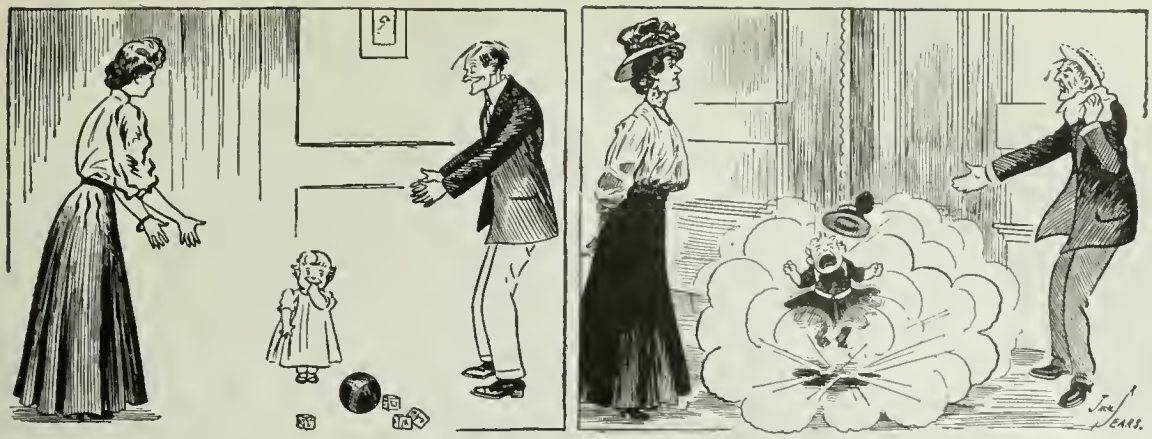
Mrs. James W. Gault, Eaton, Col.

WHAT HE WAS WAITING FOR.

A MAN who was so full that he couldn't even stand on his feet was standing about midnight clutching a lamp-post, when a policeman accosted him, "Here, my man, why don't you sober up and go home?"

"In fact," answered the drunk, "that's just what I am after doing. You see, the whole street is turning round and round this lamp-post, and, when my own house reaches here, I will just step in the doorway."

Ben J. Strauch, Memphis, Tenn.



CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

Mother—"Hear him! He says 'mamma.'"
Father—"Oh, no! He says he wants to come to papa."

Mother—"He wants you! There, there! he says he wants papa."
Father—"Confound it! can't you hear him saying he wants mamma."

Gray's Elegy.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene."

BY WILLIS LEONARD CLANAHAN.

FULL many a gem of purest ray
Is born to blush unseen;
Full many a flower that smiles to-day,
Full many a leaf that's green,
Will never make the dreamer pause,
Nor his fond gaze entrance,
Because—why, can't you see?—because
It never had no chance.

Full many a brave Demosthenes,
Full many a Cromwell bold,
Full many a Milton—more the cheese
Than e'er was John of old—
Are sitting round the country store,
A-wearing out their pants,
Because—as hinted heretofore—
They never had no chance.

DID SHE MEAN INTO A FAMILY TREE?

Count—"Come with me to my ancestral home!"
Clara—"Impossible, count! I cannot climb!"

Reflections of Uncle Ezra

By ROY K. MOULTON.

CERTAINLY it is gettin' so nowadays you can't tell from a feller's clothes and hair-cut whether he is a rube or a genius.

Many women are not as bad as they are painted.

When I see a widder wearin' crape twenty-five or thutty years, I always think that her husband must have died before she got very well acquainted with him.

If Roosevelt gets too strong with his nature-fakin' charges, he will git to be disliked in my town for bein' too pussonal. Those of us who ain't got false teeth have got glass eyes, cork legs, artificial hair, cold-cream complexions, or dyed whiskers.

Hod Peters, of our town, is so stingy he makes his wife write all her letters in shorthand, so as to save ink.

It may be all right to belong to the Four Hundred, but, by gravy! I'd hate to have any of the Four Hundred belong to me.

They say accidents will happen in the best of families, and, accordin' to reports from Pittsburgh, most of them do.

I never see a married woman who didn't cry at a weddin' and wish the couple much joy while she was wipin' her nose.

Don't make fun of an old maid. A woman who is an old maid at thutty may be a dashing young widder at thutty-five with a life-insurance roll.

Job may have had boils, but, by jing! he never grabbed his wife's hot curlin'-iron in a dark bedroom and put it in his mouth by mistake for a cigar.

The government laws on substitution may be pretty strict, but they can't prevent us from usin' a good old buckwheat pancake for a porous plaster.

Anybody can write for a magazine, but it won't be sent unless the subscription is paid in advance.

Education is a great thing. A school teacher who is extra efficient can get thutty-five dollars a month. A plumber gets five dollars a day.

Hi Huggins says he can't afford an automobile to take his gal out ridin' in, but as long as the old gray mare lives he has got a good spark-plug, anyhow.

I know a feller who is usin' four hoop snakes for rubber tires on his buggy, and I ain't any nature faker either.

WATCHING IT WARILY.

Bonesy Bates—"Well, how's things?"
Languid Leary—"Pretty good; I got me eye on a job."
Bonesy Bates—"Aw! wot's eatin' youse?"
Languid Leary—"Nuttin'; youse'd keep yer eye on a bull if youse wuz in a field with one, wouldn't yer?"

Notes from the Basswood Bugle

By ROY K. MOULTON

HANK TUMMS has broke the record. Now he can't have any more music on his phonograph.

Miss Pansy Tibbits, who has been away to cookin' school, made a fine hickory-nut cake last week. Old Bill Tibbits ate seven pieces and has been laid up with the indyspepsia. Come to find out, Pansy forgot to crack the hickory nuts before puttin' them in the cake.

The county-fair folks are advertisin' a race for green trotters. Who ever see a green horse? Nobody but some nature faker, perhaps.

The only trouble with huckleberry pie is that it gits all over a feller's ears too much.

Old Cap Whipple has only got one tooth, and when he gits through eatin' an ear of green corn it looks like a corkscrew. The cob, not the tooth.

There is two grades of society in this country, pianola and phonograph.

It is more pleasanter to have a photograph taken than to have a tooth pulled, but it seldom appears so on the photograph.

The only time Cal Stebbins's face gits thoroughly washed is when he eats a piece of watermelon.

Hotel soap always seems like a piece broke off from a soapstun griddle or footwarmer, judgin' by the absence of suds it makes.

The *Bugle* office has had a half-column of obituary and two columns of Ladies' Aid Society resolutions set up for Grandma Jenks for nine years, but as Doc Hanks says she is now out of danger we will sell the same mighty cheap to some other person, who is expectin' to die, by the name of Jenks.

This was quite a busy week in our town. A medicine lecturer on the street Monday evenin', a dog fight Wednesday afternoon, an organ grinder Thursday mornin', and the usual mid-week prayer meetin' Thursday evenin'.

Nothin' stands out more prominenter than a wart on a feller's nose unless it is a foreign hotel label on a new dollar-ninety-eight suit case.

Miss Euphemia Mudge, our poetess of passion, has resigned as poet-laureate for the tombstun works and expects to accept a lucrative position on some New York magazine soon, if she can get it, which is rather skeptical at this writin'.

Hank Tumms is such a strong union man that he won't patronize any railrud that don't run into a union depot.

Last time Grandma Perkins went to New York she says to the conductor, says she, "Does this train stop at New York?" The conductor says, says he, "By ginger, I hope so, because if it don't there will be about the goldingest smash-up that you most ever see!"

Elmer Spink says them New York fellers that come out here summer resortin' ain't so blame stylish after all. He ain't seen one of them yet with a celloid collar on, and the fellers around here have been wearin' them for a year or two. Elmer has had his pretty near three years and it is just as good as new, if not better, as it now fits his throat better than former.

Them foreign noblemen must be a tough lot. We see that an indictment has been issued down to New York that has got twenty counts in it.

The Basswood Corners Silver Cornet Band gave a concert on Main Street last Thursday evenin' free gratis for nothin', but nobody heard it, as everybody was down to the railrud depot to see the eight-fifteen come in, and she was an hour late.

Hod Peters fell down-stairs last Wednesday and broke three ribs and seven commandments.

A drummer from New York was in our midst the other day, sellin' goods. We haven't heard whether he is a bass or snare drummer. Miss Amy Stubbs, our milliner, says every drummer is a delusion and a snare.

Grandpa Bibbins went to church in the rain last Sunday, and is now at home, sufferin' from inflammatory religion.

TWO VERSIONS.

Patty (recently affianced)—"Philip says he will love me when I'm old."

Brother—"When you mould! Don't believe him, Sis. Men like girls when they are young and fresh."

HIS DESERTS.

Pausing at Alcove G, in the lower corridor of Hades, we observed a young man dancing a jig on a red-hot radiator.

"And who is that?" we inquired

"Why, that is a street-car conductor who used to tell people to 'step lively,'" responded the guide.

Mrs. Hi Huggins has taken in washin' by the day or week so long that Hi has been able to save up enough soap wrappers to get a good, double-jointed, bamboo fishin' rod.

Last week we inserted an adv. in our lost-and-found column, to the effect that the galoot who stole an umbreller at the meetin'-house lecture the night before had better bring it to the *Bugle* office or be prosecuted. Fifteen cords of umbrellers have been throwed into our backyard since that time, and they are still comin'.

Hank Tumms is gettin' to be quite a successful author. He has had two recommendations for Curemall and three for Binks's Tonic accepted within a month. Hank says the road to literary fame is some arduous, but he expects to remain on top as long as folks continue to make patent medicine.

Elmer Spink is gettin' quite well acquainted down to New York. He can call three bartenders by their first name. He asked a policeman where the Battery was the other day, and the policeman told him it was out to the ball ground.

The Saucy Seesaw.

A GIRL bade her escort named Chaucer
To tilt on a teeter and toss her.
Said she, with a thud,
As she fell in the mud,
"Such a ssucy seesaw I ne'er ssw, sir!"

To the Belle of Monday.

BY ALICE E. ALLEN.

WRING out, wild Belle, with swish and swash,
With cloud of steam and rub-a-dubs,
With squeak of wringer, creak of tubs—
Wring out, wild Belle, the weekly wash.

Wring out the old, wring out the new;
Wring lightly, Belle, and have a care—
That sheet is tearing. Let it tear;
'Tis thus we tell the false from true.

Wring out that shirt-waist home-designed;
It ne'er shall vex my spirit more.
I'll send it to the heathen poor
To help re-dress some womankind.

Wring out that slowly fading frock
Of ancient form and last year's sleeves;
That shirt quite à la mode of Steve's,
And Maud's newfangled fancy stock.

Wring out odd shapes of every size—
The ever-narrowing under vest,
The worn-out socks, and all the rest—
Wring out, wild Belle, to the wild skies!

ALL TALK is not cheap. For instance, back talk to a magistrate has not infrequently cost a man fifty dollars as an alternative to going to jail. And then there is Bryan.

A JUVENILE SUGGESTION.

"Grandfather," began Jimmy, as he gazed thoughtfully at the aged man's shining head, "why don't you tell yourself a hair-raising story?"

A DIAMOND PLOT

Possible purchaser—" But what makes these lots so high-priced?"
Isaacs—" Vell, mine friendt, they vas all diamond-shape, und much more attracdive und oxpensive."

LOVE AND GHOSTS

By MARION FOSTER WASHBURNE

THEY had been dipping amateurishly into the mysteries of the hidden forces. They had tried lifting one of their number—the heaviest—by the tips of their fingers, all breathing together. The experiment had failed, because never could five of them manage to take three long breaths in unison without laughter. Next they had tried mind-reading.

"Wasn't it wonderful, Harold?" Marcia asked. "Why, when you held my hand I seemed to know exactly where to go. I wasn't afraid. I went down those dark cellar stairs and up to that ash-heap and found that hidden ring as easy as could be. What do you suppose did it?"

"I don't know," Harold answered. "It seemed to me that something strange went from my hand to yours."

"Do you think any one else could have led me in the same way?" Marcia asked.

"No, I don't," said Harold shortly. "I think there has to be some sort of a sympathy between the person whose mind is read and the one who is doing the reading. Don't you?"

"Perhaps," she said.

Above them on the stairs others were wondering over the same occurrence. Every one had a ghost story to tell. To no one had been denied the touch of some experience out of the common.

"Goodness!" cried Marcia, rising with a little shiver, "I shall be afraid to go home. It must be almost midnight now."

Harold and Marcia were glad to get away and be alone together for the walk home. It was not easy to talk while their hearts were beating so loud.

Marcia broke the silence. "Aren't you almost afraid to pass that queer old house to-night?"

"What house?"

"Why, the Haunted House. Harold, let's go round the other way. It'll be just about midnight when we get there."

"DAT AM YO' BRIDAL VEIL, HONEY."

"Nonsense! You don't suppose I'm afraid of an old house! What's there to it, anyhow? Just a little forlorn house standing alone in a big yard."

"Wouldn't you think that old woman would be afraid to live there alone? They say that once her husband lived there with her and they had several children; but one by one they died. All the funerals went out from that front door and down the street. They say she will live there until her own funeral carries her away from that same front door. Oh, I hope that will never happen to me, Harold!"

OUGHT TO BE DUG OUT.

Blank—"They say there's a lot of money in farming, nowadays."
Blink—"Ought to be, the way these rich city fellows are dropping money into it"

"It won't. I'm not going to die first."

Marcia gasped. Never had he spoken so openly before. For a wonder, she could find no words with which to rebuke him.

They drew nearer to the Haunted House. The moon, driving through the mist, lit these rising white forms now and then. The house, a brown, battered cottage, was surrounded by an overgrown, unkempt garden. Marcia caught Harold's arm in a tighter grip.

"Look, look!' she whispered fearfully. Harold turned his reluctant eyes away from her enticing face and looked across the street. What he saw there stopped him where he stood. There was, indeed, something white moving in and out among the shadowy trees.

"It's a ghost, Harold! It really is!"

"No, it isn't! Of course it isn't!"

"I dare you to go and see." The intoxication of that calm assumption of his of a few minutes ago was rising to Marcia's brain. She felt she must say or do something—she didn't care just what. Ghosts were nothing compared with the thought that Harold was actually planning a life for them together.

"Pooh! I'd just as leave go as not. But what's the sense in it? I'd rather stay here."

"I dare you! I dare you! Oh, see, Harold! It's truly there!" Harold covered the clutching hand on his arm with his other hand, and they both faced about to look more searchingly into the depths of the old garden. This time they not only saw the crouching, moving, white figure, but a wavering cry came to their ears.

"Oh, do go! It seems to be in trouble. Go and see what's the matter."

Now, Harold had no relish for this job. Another look into the mysterious garden made him hesitate again. Something was moving about there. Again the wavering, faint cry came to his ears.

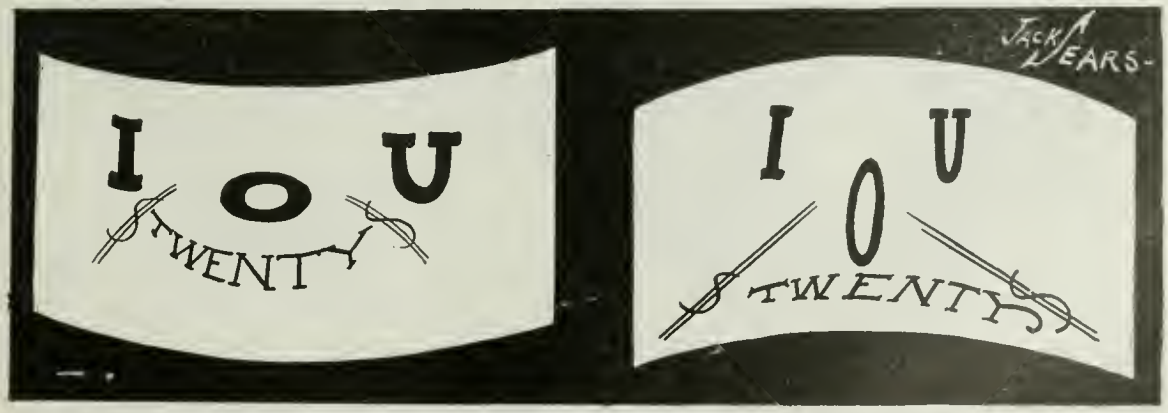
Marcia gave him a little excited push. "Oh, go!" she urged. "You aren't afraid!" Harold turned to her indignantly.

"I'll go because you want me to. But, if I go, you've got to give me my reward when I come back."

"And what's that?" Marcia looked down. Harold bent nearer.

"A kiss!" he said, and then dashed across the street, fairly afraid of his own boldness.

He moved over the wet grass silently. Plainer and plainer he saw before him that white thing. It was, without doubt, the form of a woman. As he drew



INANIMATE EXPRESSIONS.

When your friend asks you for a twenty. When you ask him for the return of the twenty.

nearer he saw not only her white gown, but her gray hair. She was stooping and peering behind the bushes. She drew nearer the house. As she reached the steps, he heard again that plaintive cry.

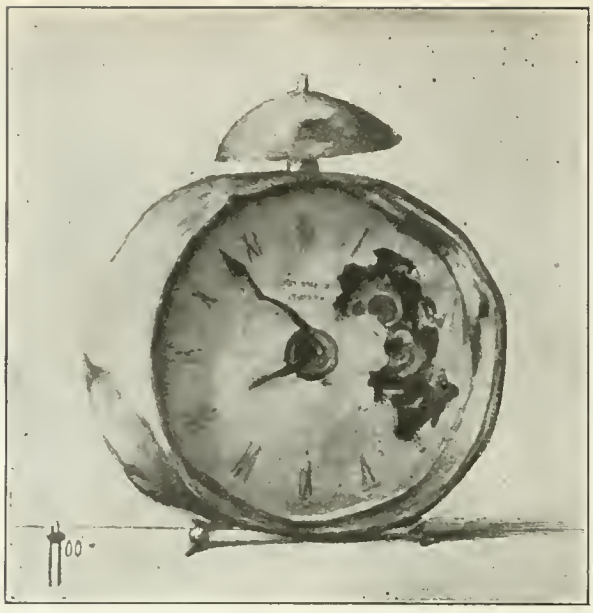
At first he could not make out the words she cried, but in a moment they reached him, clear and unmistakable:

"Kitty, Kitty, Kitty!" called the ghost.

Even more noiselessly than he had entered, Harold slipped away out of sight. He did not allow himself to laugh until he was half across the street.

"It was only an old woman looking for her cat," he called to Marcia. "And now I get my reward!"

"Oh, no, you don't!" cried the girl. She picked up her skirts and fled on fleet feet down into the mist-filled hollow. He pursued her. The mists caught them and hid them. Do you think he got his reward?



AN OLD TIMER.

Her Roughing Outfit.

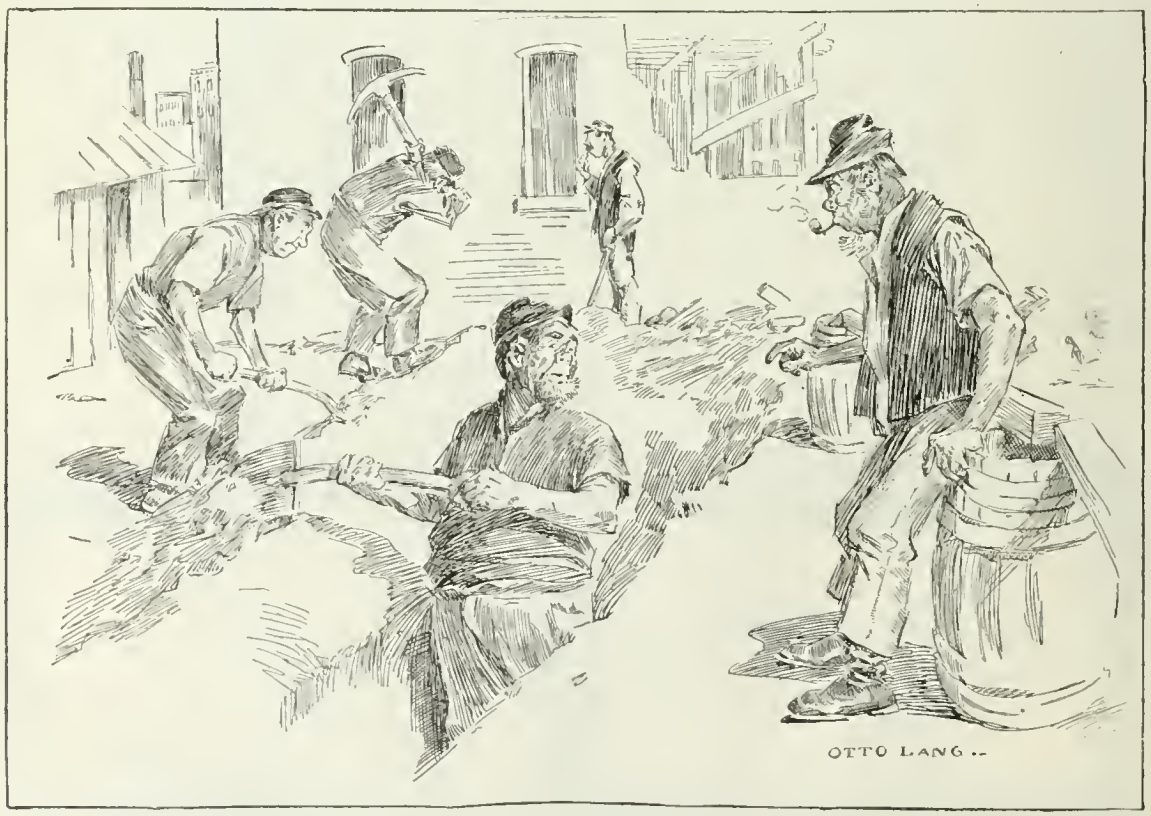
WITH our prying X-ray,
In her grip we discern
The latest French play,
A cure for sunburn,
Some open-work socks,
Some chocolate creams,
A Japanese box
Of gloves that are dreams,
Collections unique
Of puff-balls and lace—
She will rough it a week
At a camping-out place.

A Preference.

"SHALL we have Tommy Noodlepate for dinner?" asked Mrs. Wiseacre.

"No, my dear," said Professor Wiseacre. "I'm fond of calves-brains, but I think they are better for luncheon than for dinner; and besides, they are not served on the hoof this year."

"WHAT'S done to kill time there?"
"Oh, the bored walk."



A CURIOUS FACT.

"Tim Murphy's a loafer. He quits th' job ivery fifteen minutes an' shtays away an hour."

Cupid and the Summer Girl

By LA TOUCHE HANCOCK

SHE SAT on the shore and gazed into the distance. Her age was not uncertain—quite twoscore and more. Very likely she had been beautiful in the far off, but she had certainly lost her good looks. A lack of exercise had aged her, and she was distinctly Maypoley; in fact, hardly an enticing picture. Evidently she thought so herself, for, as she gazed, she murmured, "Oh, that I could be beautiful again, and live forever!" Then she blinked. (She had a peculiar habit of blinking her eyes just like an owl when exposed to the daylight.) Resting her head on a small rock, and humming that old, old ditty, "I wish I had some one to love me," she reclined almost at full length. Some distance away was another rock, on which she fixed her eyes. So great was her concentration that she presently fancied—no! it could not be! She blinked again. Yes, it was a diminutive, half-clad figure approaching her, carrying a bow and arrows. The form approached still nearer. It stood before her.

"So," said a voice, "you wish to be beautiful and live forever?"

The words were spoken in such a chummy, half-humorous way that she was encouraged to reply, "I do most certainly!"

"Well," and the little god looked her up and down, "it's not difficult to make you live forever, but"—he made a closer scrutiny of her features—"it will be rather a hard task to make you beautiful."

She blinked at the rudeness of the remark.

"Pardon me!" went on Cupid; "I am as blunt as some of my arrows. Tell me your name."

"Green," she replied, with a tiny blush.

"Green? And your first name?"

"Olive."

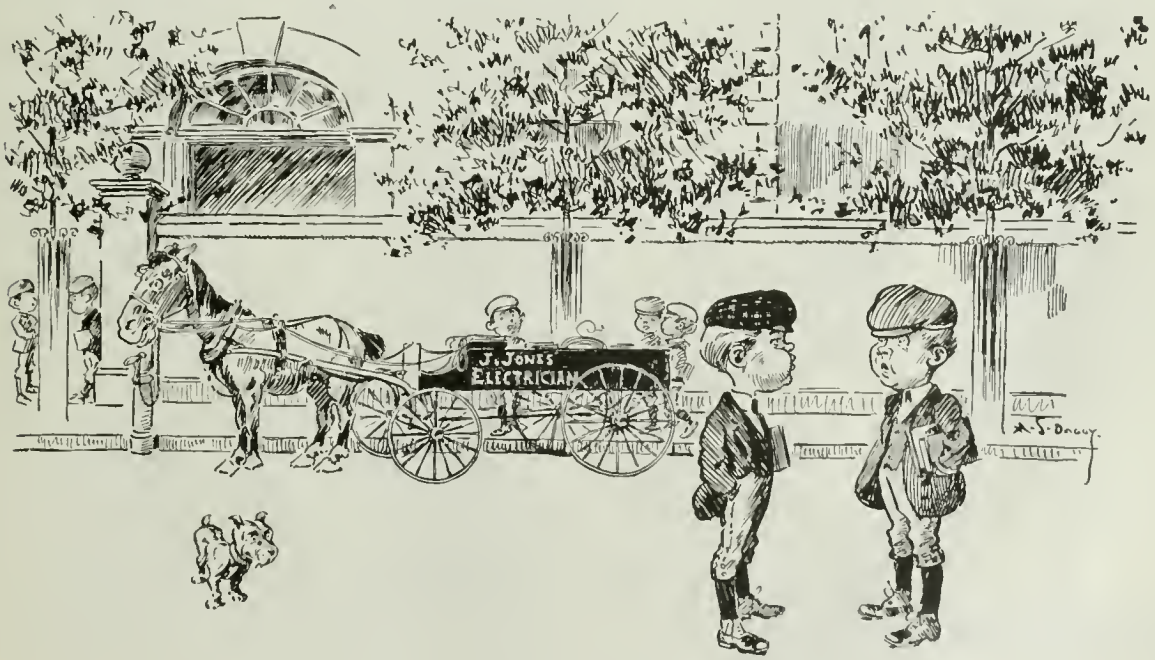
"A colorable combination, and yet you are dark."

"I was born in India and have curry in my blood."

Cupid hid a smile.

"Well," said he after a pause, "I'll make the best job of it I can. Beauty fades, you know; but I daresay a little unnatural attention on your part will preserve the countenance I shall give you. I can only," he added, "grant your wish with a qualification. You

ILLUSTRATED FINANCIAL TERM.
Floating a Loan.



MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

First scholar—"What's the 'lectrician doin' over at the schoolhouse?"
Second scholar—"Puttin' in a 'lectric switch."
First scholar—"Gee mully! If they's goin' ter do the lickin' by 'lectricity, I quit."

shall certainly live forever if you wish to, though I fancy you'll get a trifle tired of immortality; but as for good looks, you shall enjoy your share of them for a time, anyway."

"Why not forever?" she interrupted.

"It can't be done," replied Cupid; "but I'll make a compromise. What do you say to becoming a Summer Girl?"

She jumped to her feet with delight.

"Agreed!" she cried with fervor.

"Very well. Sit down again and close your eyes; and, by the way," said he, as he commenced to walk away, "if you should ever need me, just pronounce my name, and I'll be with you. Your eyes shut? Ta, ta!"

For a moment she lay with closed eyes; then she opened them and blinked. Cupid had disappeared. She looked at the rock in the distance. It was apparently immovable. Then she took a small hand mirror from her pocket, looked into it, literally leaped for joy, and exclaimed,

"He was as good as his word!"

Yes, she was beautiful, or as beautiful as she could be made. The job was qualified, but certainly acceptable. As she rapturously kissed the mirror, a man approached. His face was pale and his clothes were decidedly shabby. His hair looked underdone. It was quite sanguineous. He stopped a few paces from her and sighed.

"Lovely evening," he murmured, approaching still closer. She fancied she had heard the phrase before, but, being now a Summer Girl, she entered into the spirit of his small talk.

"Beautiful!" she murmured in unison; and then, with a nonchalance that was surprising to herself, added, "Won't you sit down?" He would and did.

"Doesn't the sea look delicious?" she next ventured.

"The sight of the sea"—and he made a grimace—"is as sickening to me as if I were on it. I look upon it as a magnified wash basin."

This was disconcerting. She tried again.

"Wasn't the sunset splendid last night?"

"I have never seen the sun set, and I am never up late enough to see it rise."

This reply was so astonishing that she blinked and blurted out, "Are you a human being?"

"No," said he convincingly, "I'm not. I'm a married man!"

She started up with a shriek.

"I mean," he corrected himself, "I *was* a married man. I am now a kind of widower."

As this was partially satisfying, she resumed her seat.

"You needn't be alarmed," he continued. "I am not in search of a wife, but a collaborateur."

An idea struck her.

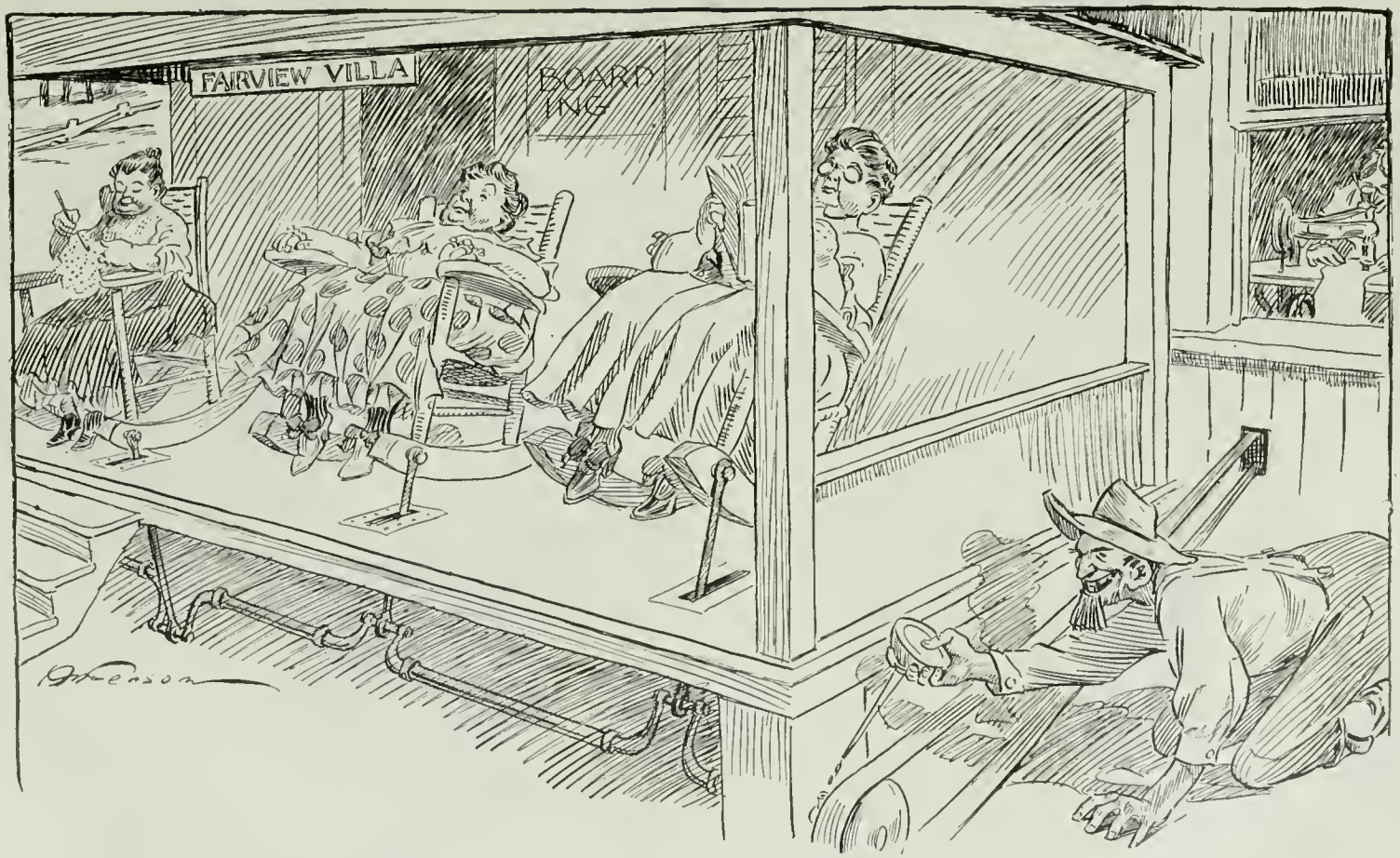
"You are a literary man?"

"Yes; a ghost!" then perceiving that she was alarmed, "but a somewhat substantial ghost. Once on a time no happier journalist lived, or lied. No editor ever put my manuscripts in the basket where he was in the habit of placing his waste paper. Whenever I wrote for a periodical, it's circulation always went up ten quires. Then came a change. I was, the editors said, written out. I disagreed with them and formed a plan. I would not wring your withers, but shall I unfold it to you?"

Being in doubt as to the exact position of her withers, and being also exceedingly curious, she assented.

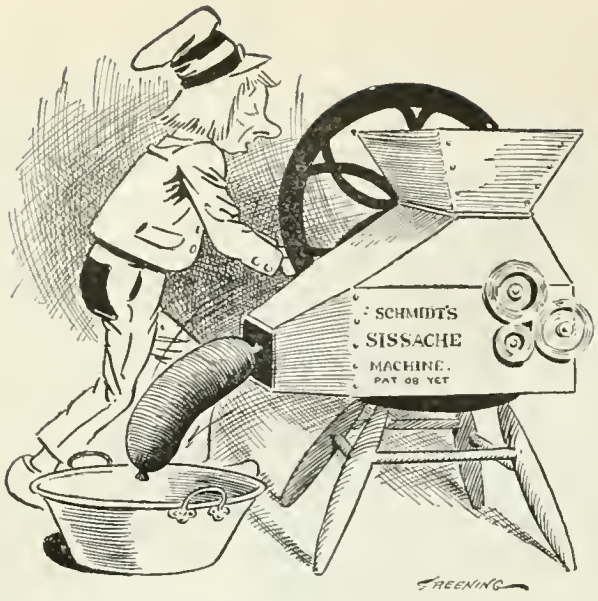
A SHIP OF THE DESERT HEAVING TWO

ONE OPTIMIST AT LEAST.
"How's business?"
"Oh, looking up"



GETTING THE MOST OUT OF THE BOARDERS.

Farmer Crabtree—"Gosh! thet was a great idee o' mine to attach them rockin' cheers to th' shaft. Now they're runnin' ma's sewin' machine, an' to-morrow I'm goin' to put 'em to churnin'."



FROM THE PUPVILLE PRESS.

"Miss Pugg came out to-day in one of those new tight-fitting gowns"

"I noticed that some of the contributions to the magazines, with celebrated names affixed, were contemptibly weak. The works of the present-day writers had become exceedingly uneven. I knew that magazine editors were always on the watch to discover new talent—in old names, so I became a literary ghost. Had I not done so I would ere now have been a literal ghost."

She blinked at the pun.

"I confess it. I am a humbug. I write, and the celebrated authors put their names to my stories."

The idea was so novel to her that she did not exercise her prerogative of interrupting him, but merely glued her eyes on his face.

"I know little about woman's dress. Jet passementerie, blue broche, chiffon, filosselle are Greek to me. I steal"—and he lowered his voice to a whisper—"I steal from the woman's pages. I have no conception of scenery. I am color blind. My plots and characters are as old as the hills. Consequently, I—and the celebrated authors whose ghost I am—are successful!"

"Wonderful, yet curious," she muttered. Then, "You said you had been married. Did your wife help you?"

"A little. When I first met her spluttering and gurgling in the Atlantic, she filled me with inspiration. Our very introduction was in this way a kind of domestic idyl. A writer, I knew, sometimes acquires a fresh lease of popularity by taking a wife, so I took one."

Again a fit of nervousness overtook her.

"Where is she now?" she faintly inquired.

He disregarded the question and proceeded, "I am a bad hand at the matrimonial game. I am eternally being mated, but now"——

"But now?" she repeated.

"I am in search of a collaborateur, not a wife."

She considered for a moment. According to the ethics of a Summer Girl it didn't much matter whether he was married or not. Therefore, why not remain in ignorance of his domestic affairs? She would.

"What are you doing here?" she asked.

"Here?" and he sighed again. "I left the giddy metropolis for a while to inhale the pure and ambient air of simple-minded nature, tinted with"——

"Yes, I know," she interrupted, "you left the city for a day to"——

"Get engaged," he blurted. This comforted her. He was evidently not married. "I have had enough of marriage. I wish to be engaged—forever!"

She saw her opportunity. She had never heard of a Summer Girl marrying. Why not be engaged forever? She would be. He had led up to the subject. She would clinch it.

"Don't you hear some music?" said she romantically.

"Only your voice," he murmured in reply. This was a good beginning. He followed it up.

"Who are you?"

She hesitated, and then slyly blinking said, "A Summer Girl"!

His face lighted up.

"The very thing!"

"Thing?"

"Woman, adorable woman, I mean. Will you be engaged to me forever?"

Impetuously she cried, "I will!"

"But do you think you—I mean—your promise will last so long?"

"Listen," said she. "Once in my young days, when I always wished to be what I am now, I wrote a poem."

He shuddered.

"I am not a poet."

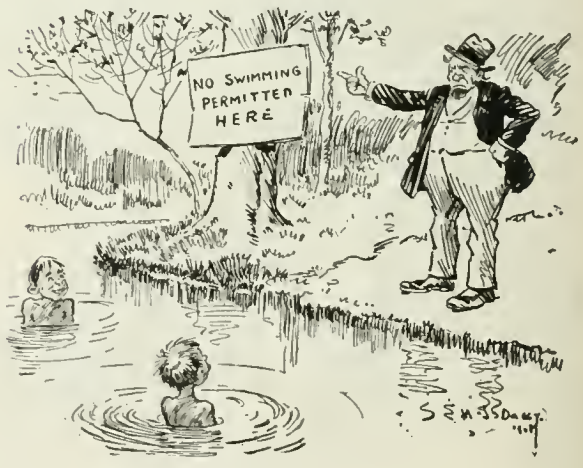
He breathed a sigh of relief.

"But under some weird inspiration these lines fell from my pen. I don't think they're bad. Shall I recite them?"

"Is the poem long?"

"No."

"Then I'd love to hear it."



NO VIOLATION.

Old party—"Can't you boys read?"
Boy—"Cert, mister; but it's all right—we can't swim."

So in lilting tones she spoke as follows:

"Time was when love and I were well acquainted,
Time was when we walked ever hand in hand—
A Summer Girl with every one acquainted,
None better loved than I in all the land.
Time was, I bore a sisterly relation
To very nearly every man I met;
All gazed upon me, rapt in adoration.
Ah, me! how soon my sun of love has set!

"Time was when each aspiring bard affected
An ode to me in rather rapturous rhyme.
Why is it now the Summer Girl's neglected?
You never hear of me in winter time.
Time was—but is there really any reason
Why times so good as those should pass away?
For men may come, and men may go each season,
But I'll go on forever and a day!"

"That settles it," he exclaimed as she finished. "We are engaged forever."

"Forever!" she echoed, as a neighboring clock chimed out a quarter of the hour of noon. He took her in his arms.

"The symbol of mutual sympathy between man and man appears when cigar meets cigar. When man meets woman, a kiss"——

He stopped suddenly and looked at her. "Great Scott!" he ejaculated, "what a change!"

"Where?" cried she in dismay.

"In the weather," he returned, at the same time disengaging himself from her. "It's raining. I almost always carry an umbrella with me, but," he continued, "I really cannot have the trouble of opening it only to fold it up again. Good-by!" And off he actually ran. She stood stupidly staring after him for a moment and then flung herself on the sand.

"A lunatic!" she cried, and burst into tears. Presently, growing calmer, she wiped her eyes, and taking out her pocket mirror looked to see if the traces of tears were quite gone. She started back as she beheld her old face.

"Cupid, Cupid!" she shouted in alarm, and turning around she saw the little god standing by her.

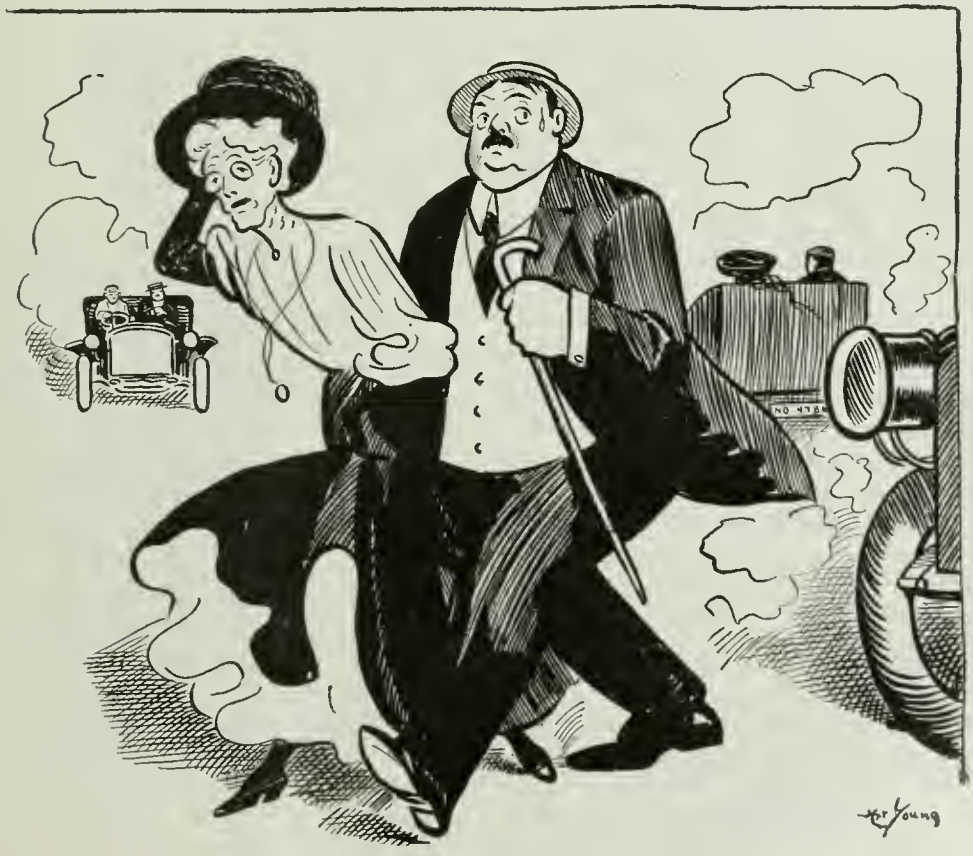
"What's this? You have deceived me."

"Deceived you? Nay!" said Cupid. "I said you should be beautiful as a Summer Girl. You forget the date. 'Tis now September the twenty-third, when at eleven-forty-four a. m. the summer ends. Autumn has begun, and with autumn you resume your former face."

"A trick,' she cried. "No more of this. I'll be no Summer Girl again. I"——

"Very well," said Cupid smiling. "The spell is taken off entirely. I think you're wise." Then, as she seemed about to change her mind, he took a furtive glance at her and muttered to himself, "I don't think I ever before realized the potentialities of ugliness to which the sex may attain."

Then he flitted, and left her blinking.



HONK! HONK!

She—"Do you think nervousness can be cured by auto-suggestion?"
He—"No; but I think a good many cases could be cured by auto suppression."

BRUTE!

Jimson—"Where's your wife? Haven't seen her often lately."
Weed—"Oh, I sent her away on a little vacation."
Jimson—"So? Where'd she go?"
Weed—"To the Thousand Isles."
Jimson—"Stay long?"
Weed—"Yes. I told her to take a week to each island."

For Value Received.

By DON KAHN.

Ann Harbor, Conn.

PRESIDENT Yarnell University—Dear sir: I write to tell you of the sociable evening that I enjoyed last week, and to request you to thank your sophomore classes for the same. Wednesday night I attended prayer meeting, and as I stepped out of the church was met by a gang of second-year men, fifty strong. My reception was most cordial. A freshman at your university cannot complain that he is given any half-way welcome. The second-year men escorted me to and up a very high maple tree, fearing, I suppose, that from the ground I might miss some of the beautiful and picturesque scenery in the vicinity.

Upon descending from my elevated position I was introduced to a young lady who was passing, and was invited to pour out my soul in eloquence to her. It speaks for great liberality of thought at your university that one should be so heartily encouraged to propose marriage on such short acquaintance. I was even requested by the enthusiastic sophomores who gathered about me to kiss the young lady's hand.

A song service down-town near the moving-picture show, in which I was given a solo part, was the next thing on the program. Nine "rahs" for the sophomore class and a mud bath ended the exciting evening for me.

I mention these things not because I believe that you are actively interested in them, but merely to show you that such hospitality is appreciated by a stranger who had been in your college town but a short time. It is this sort of hospitality that speaks louder than the *welcome* on the door mat.

What was so pleasing about the whole entertainment was that it came so unexpectedly. Had I been a freshman I might have anticipated something of the kind, but merely being a traveling man, who was in town on a business visit, I can assure you that it came as an unlooked-for pledge of universal good fellowship.

Very sincerely yours,
MARTIN L. MURDOCK.

No One Questions It.

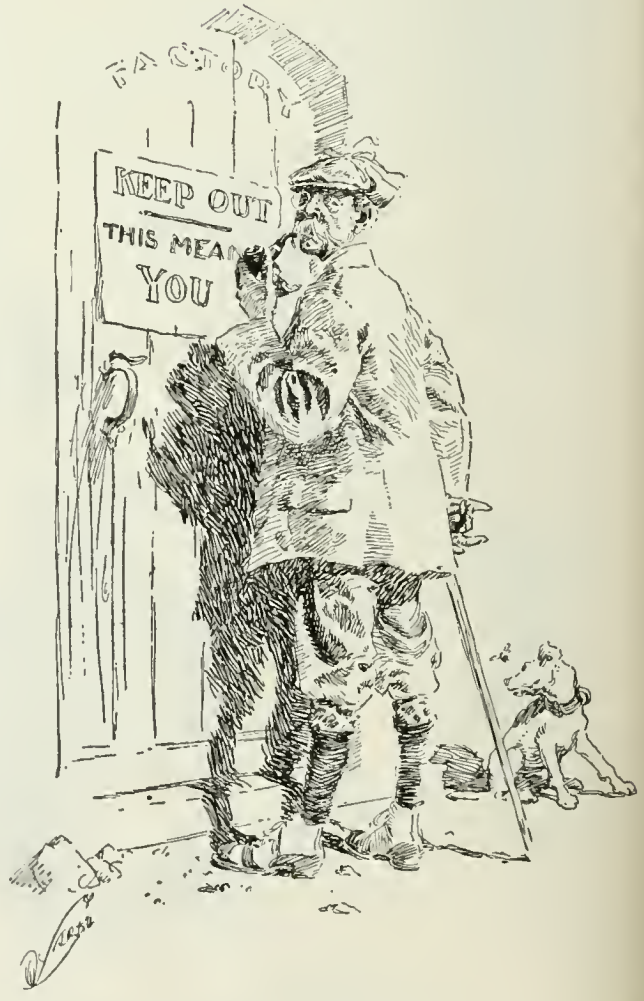
AN AUTOMOBILE party was touring through the mountainous district of western Pennsylvania, and had made a stop in one of the small towns to make some repairs to the machine. While they waited, the attention of one of the party was called to an intelligent-looking lad of about fourteen who seemed to be very much interested in the work, and of whom the following question was asked,

"Say, son, what do you live on out here?"

"Nuthin," replied the somewhat surprised youth. "Dad's a preacher."

———

LOVE is a sea skirted by long piers, out upon which young couples stroll to sit down and fall in.



MIRACULOUS.

Englishman (reading)—"'*Keep Out—This Means You!*' Bah Jove! how did they know I was coming?"

Crosscut's Persuader

By GORTON CARRUTH

"YES," said Judge Crosscut meditatively, "the speed mania is undoubtedly a great evil, but it is not incapable of correction. Moral suasion is what is needed—not coercive measures. Circumstances once forced me to quiet the nerves of the speed maniac, and the methods I adopted were peculiarly persuasive and efficient.

"I was living on a farm at the time, and naturally was possessed of chickens, cows, pigs, and other animals incident to the bucolic life. Near my farm passed the main highway leading to a neighboring large city. Along this road there shot night and morning a quivering streak of automobilists going to and from their offices in the city. Naturally my live-stock began to suffer. First some chickens, then a couple of pigs, and finally a cow became the unwilling victims of the gasoline Juggernauts. The chief offender, and, in fact, the leader, was a red-haired, red-nosed individual in goggles who drove a large red car. He lived about ten miles on beyond my place. It was not, I fear, always purely animal spirits that drove him to emulate greased lightning. He used to zigzag through my unsuspecting poultry with such remarks as, 'Caught him on the wing,' 'How's that for high?' 'Over the fence for yours,' and such sporting phrases. I saw that I must act at once if I wished any of my stock left alive.

TOO MUCH PLEASURE.

Tall man—"Why, Judkins, old man, I *am* pleased to see you! I"——
Short man—"What! Broke again?"

"So I bought myself a light, speedy motor-cycle, and constructed thereon, of canvas, rubber, and light wood, a huge figure of the common, every-day, barnyard rooster. It stood about fifteen feet high and was arranged so that I sat on the saddle within the body of the bird. The legs hung down on either side and were attached to the wheels so that they worked back and forth true to nature.

"I selected for my purpose one evening at dusk, when my speedy friend came racing along, tossing my hens about in his usual facetious manner. Then just as he passed I sparked up and started after him up the road. He looked back and saw in the twilight a gigantic rooster leaping after him with great twenty-foot strides, wings outspread and long neck stretched forward, the bill opening and shutting in raucous squawks. The unfortunate man gave one glance, then threw on all his power and crouched down in his seat. But he could not escape me. Gradually I closed up on him and reaching over began to peck at the back of his neck with my tin bill. That was enough. He gave a yell of terror, stopped his motor, lit on the road in front on all fours, and disappeared in the woods.

"He never returned for the automobile and I took possession of it. With his going the other fiends quieted down and I was no longer troubled. Yes; moral suasion is the thing every time."

Very Busy.

YEARS ago a Northern visitor was walking along the street in Jacksonville, when he espied a small darky sitting in the sun, brushing flies off of himself.

"Well, 'Rastus," the visitor said, pausing to address the youth, "do you manage to keep busy these days?"

"Yassuh," returned the boy.

"Very busy?" queried the visitor in an unbelieving tone of voice.

"All de time, suh," said the boy.

"At it now?" grinned the visitor.

"Yassuh," said the boy.

"What is your business—shooing flies?" asked the visitor.

"No, suh. My business is jest growin', suh," explained the youth.

Reasonable.

Little girl—"Say, mamma, ain't I made of dust?"
Mother—"Yes, dear."
Little girl—"Well, why don't I get muddy when I drink?"

The Editor and White Paper

By WILLIAM J. LAMPTON

THE Managing Editor of a Metropolitan Newspaper, price one cent, was submerged in thought. He was confronting a condition, not a theory, and he was chock up against it.

He was a very Superior Managing Editor, drawing an Immense Salary, and it was up to him to make Good. This he had done Nobly by the introduction of the latest Improvements in News-getting, Labor-increasing Devices for Reporters, New and Novel Designs for Sunday Editors, and the thousand and one other Methods known only to Very Superior Managing Editors. The result of his devotion to Duty showed in a largely augmented Circulation. Indeed, he did not hesitate to announce in Vociferous, Vermilion type that his was the LARGEST CIRCULATION in the City. That his Obscure Contemporaries made similar statements did not disturb him One Whit. They were mere Imitators. That was all.

Consequent upon the Increased Circulation of the paper, Prices of Advertising were Advanced to the Limit, as was Perfectly Legitimate and Customary. This was done by the Business Office, which has no Visible Connection with the Editorial Office, and the Managing Editor had not been apprised of it. Nor did he care to be. Business was none of his business.

The Managing Editor continued his Efforts with Fervent Zeal, and the Circulation continued to increase. But the Advertisers would not Stand For an Increase of Rates. They were willing to play the Limit, but they id not wish the Roof to be raised to accommodate it.

At or about this stage of affairs came the Opportunity of the Managing Editor's Life. He had learned, as only Superior Managing Editors can learn, of a SCOOP of such Tremendous Import that its Virtues would last not for a Day only, but for Weeks and Weeks, adding New Readers every day. It would cost $5,000, spot cash, to secure it, with the necessary incidental expenses. The Managing Editor had full authority over incidentals, but he must go Higher Up for a Large Wad; so he called a meeting of the General Council, including the Business Manager, that Commercial-minded person who is ordinarily kept Down-stairs somewhere out of the Limelight.

The Managing Editor stated his Case in Glowing Language, and the Editorial End of the Council exploded with Enthusiasm. It was the Grandest that ever happened, and they turned Admiring Eyes upon the Superior Managing Editor, who blushed with Modest Pride.

Next came the Business Manager. He had a Hook up his sleeve.

"You say," he said in Hard, Unfeeling tones, "that this proposition will increase our Circulation by about 50,000?"

"At a Moderate Estimate," replied the Managing Editor, whistling, as it were, to keep his courage up. "I would *not* be at all surprised if it hit the hundred-thousand mark."

"Very well," continued the Business Manager with steely coldness; "let us split the difference and call it 75,000. Our present circulation is 150,000. With white

ON INTIMATE TERMS.

Abner—"Lan' sakes! thet naboh in the automobile waved his hand at ye real familiar like. Do ye know him, Si?"
Squire Si—"Yew bet! Why, I do all his finin' fer him."

paper costing what it now does, we are losing money on every paper we sell. If you increase our circulation fifty per cent., you increase our losses fifty per cent., not to mention the $5,000 you ask for to effect the additional loss. That's all I have to say," he concluded, rising from the Council table; "and you may look over the books at any time to verify it."

The Council, with Dampened Ardor, dissolved, and the Managing Editor returned to his chair, where he became submerged in Thought, as elsewhere noted. And the Condition confronting him was This: If he did not Earn his Salary by supplying readers with the Stuff which would Increase the Circulation, he would lose his job; and if he Increased the Circulation the Paper would Lose the Money out of which his Salary was paid, thus letting him in Bad. Now how was he to Escape the Business Manager's Hook?

PUZZLED.

"Don' yo' reco'nize me, Uncle Eph?"

"Well, yo' face looks fawmilyah, but yo' feet dun grow out uv mah recollecshun."

Infant Philosophy.

THERE was a young boy known as Bill,
Who ate till he made himself ill.
When his mother said "Why?"
He replied with a sigh,
"It's dreadful how quickly I fill!"

Promptness.

By F. P. PITZER.

THE Foozelem Insurance Company is noted for its promptness in settling claims. The last pulse-beat of an insurant is hardly sounded when the first hoof-beat heard on the threshold belongs to our agent coming to pay the claim.

This is on the dead level.

Die and see for yourself.

We give below a few testimonials.

We have millions more just like them. Come to the office and count them.

July 1st, 1909.

Gentlemen—My husband was insured in your company for $5,000. Last week he drowned himself. When they pulled him out of the water a Foozelem check for $5,000 was found in his back pocket in settlement of the claim. Thanks.

July 13th, 1909.

Gentlemen—My better half was blown up in a mine. His beautiful architectural anatomy was scattered over five or six counties. His feet blew into the tenth story of a skyscraper and kicked out the office-boy. One of his hands was found twelve miles away tightly clutching a Foozelem check for $1,000, in settlement of a policy for that amount which he had in your company. It is believed that the check was given to the hand while it was being blown past the Foozelem Company's window of its down-town office.

June 23d, 1909.

Gentlemen—My hubby, who owns a Foozelem policy, was continually worrying about his gray hair. So he dyed. Your death-claims department immediately sent me a check for the amount of his policy. My husband wishes me to thank you.

Avoiding Temptation.

Tommy—"Ma, I met the minister on my way to Sunday school, and he asked me if I ever went fishing on Sunday."

Mater—"And what did you say, darling?"

Tommy—"I said, 'Get thee behind me, Satan,' and ran right aw·· from him."

Couldn't Afford To Throw It Away.

Uncle Ebb (feebly)—"Well, Hanna, I reckon you had better call de chillun aroun' me, 'cause I believes I's gwine die."

Aunt Hanna—"No, you ain't. You ain't gwine do no such a thing till you takes dis here medicine what I done gone and paid a dollar and a half for"

Giving the Sheath Skirt a Cold Shoulder

By BETH THORNDYKE LORING

TWO BATHING-SUITS flapped on the line trying to get dry.

Suddenly one laid a wet arm on the other's shoulder.

"Look!" she cried excitedly; "did you know who was next to us?"

The other Bathing-suit looked and shivered.

"That Sheath creature," she said contemptuously.

"Are you going to bow?"

"Never!" returned the other firmly. "We will side-step her. She is too fly away for me."

"I'm afraid, though, she will soon be in the swim," returned the second.

"Well, I for one will throw cold water upon her social schemes. She is too fresh for me."

"You are quite right. She can't travel on the same wave with us. She is looking. Let's blow the other way."

"Poor thing! I am afraid she heard us. She looks all cut up."

"Oh, that's her main card. Did you notice how those swells took her up this morning?"

"They will soon break her if she tries to float with them. Watch how she flirts with the breeze. Isn't she bold?"

"Yes; she goes entirely too far."

"Oh, I know she heard us that time; she looked as if she would like to rip us open."

"Who cares what a double-faced person like herself thinks? In the water this morning she looked blue with the cold from the frappé stares she received on both sides."

"She has too much side."

"Yes; she is such bad form, and so open about it. She doesn't seem to care. She is looking again. Quick! Blow the other way."

The Sheath Skirt, however, only tossed herself airily in the breeze and nearly split her sides laughing at them.

Mrs. Green—"You have never taken me to the cemetery."

Mr. Green—"No, my dear. I still have that pleasure in anticipation."

BADLY PUT.

"No, my friend; I will not be still. Your poor horse, alas! cannot speak, like Balaam's ass; but I would have you know, sir, that I can!"

The Transformation

By DONALD A. KAHN

A KNOCK at the door.

The magazine editor stopped shoving rejection slips into the self-addressed stamped envelopes, took the stogie from his mouth, spit into the waste-basket, and yelled, "Come in!"

The door opened with determination, and an individual walked in who looked as if he were a prosperous business man. At this sight the editor arose, politely placed a chair for his distinguished-looking visitor, and assumed the genial air which he used with advertisers in his magazine.

"What can I do for you, sir?" he asked.

"I have called," began the prosperous-looking gentleman, "I have called to see you in regard to a small matter which I believe will result to our mutual advantage. I am not encroaching upon your time?"

"Certainly not!" responded the editor.

"You have a nice little magazine, and from the advertising pages"——

"Yes; our circulation, in round numbers, is 294,587,634,657," interrupted the editor.

"As I was saying, from the advertising pages to the front cover, it is as good a literary article as is on the news-stands to-day."

"Thank you, sir," said the editor, in an axle-grease voice.

"From the appearance of your periodical, I should judge that you are very liberal in your attitude toward your subscribers and your contributors."

"Yes, sir," said the editor. But there was a slight hitch in his voice.

"Now here I have a very clever little thing called 'The Beauties of Spring.'" He took a roll of manuscript from an inside pocket.

The magazine editor was so badly shocked that he knocked off the pot of paste and upset the waste-basket.

"You're not a poet?" he gasped incredulously.

"Yes," answered the prosperous-looking individual simply.

"But your clothes!" shrieked the editor. "They are in style, they fit; your collar and shirt are the latest design; your tie is not one of those flowing Lord Byron bows!"

"I know it," replied the poet quietly. "You see, I've been reading your department called, 'The Correctly Dressed Man.' It was there that I learned."

The editor was mystified. "But the quality! You are dressed in the very best—that takes money!"

"I know," said the poet. "I've made money; I've been reading your page on 'Safe Investments.'"

"But your air of confidence, your poise, your way of introducing yourself and your business! You don't act like a poet."

"Time was when I was bashful, and I used to sneak into an editorial office as if I had stolen something," responded the poet quietly; "but your column on the 'Development of the Personality' helped me."

"Well, don't that beat Ed Bock!" said the astonished editor, reaching for his check-book, and taking his fountain-pen off his ear. "Here, I'll take your stuff. I never had any idea any one ever read those departments."

Emotional Insanity.

A GAY young Parisian, de Laine,
Long courted an heiress in vain.
When he said, "Now or niver!"
She answered, "Au river!"
So he promptly, of course, went in Seine.

Unprofitable.

Kind old lady—"Why, my dear little boy, what is the use of crying like that?"

Little boy—"'Tain't no use. I've been cryin' like this all mornin' an' nobody ain't give me a penny yit."

Small Difference Then.

Friend—"But, man, you must fight! You'll be branded as a coward. Your honor is at stake."

Challenged—"I'll not fight. What's a man's honor when his wife's a widow?"

AN AERIAL FRANKFURTER.
"Oh, ma! look at the dog-angel."

A Little Home Talk.

"WILLIE?"

"Yes'm."

"Have you been in swimming?"

"No'm."

"How did your shirt get so wet?"

"I perspirated on it—honest, I did."

"What?"

"Yes'm. That's what done it. I run so fast to get away from where I would be tempted to disobey you that I got all wet with sweat."

"Willie?"

"Yes'm."

"Come here."

"Yes'm."

ONE FOR THE MINISTER.

AN OLD minister in the south side of Glasgow, who was noted for his habit of dishing up old sermons again and again, was one day advertised to preach in a suburban church at the anniversary service there. An old woman who in days gone by had sat under his ministry, but who had now removed from his neighborhood, determined to go in and hear him preach on this particular occasion. After the close of the service she waited on the clergyman, who greeted her cordially and asked what she thought of his discourse.

"Eh, man," she replied candidly, "it's a lang time sin' I first heard ye preach that yin, sir, and I've heard ye at it a guid wheen o' times sin' syne."

"Aye, Janet," said the minister. "How often do ye think ye've heard it, na?"

"Oh, aboot a dizzen o' times, sir," she replied.

"An' div ye mind it a'?" said the minister.

"Aweel, maybe no' it a', sir."

"Weel, I see I'll need to preach it to ye again, Janet," said the minister; and Janet felt that she had been sold for once.

WISE.

THE TRAVELER met an old colored man tugging away at the bridle of a balky mule.

"What's the matter with him, uncle?" asked the traveler.

"Jess full of pure cussedness, Ah specs, sah. He'll stay right in dat same position foh two or three houahs, sah."

"That so? Well, why don't you build a fire under him?"

"What? A fire under dat mule? Lands, mister, if Ah was to build a fire under dat mule, he'd stay here all day en wahm hisself."

STRATEGY.

AN IRON hoop bounced through the area railings of a suburban woman's house recently and played havoc with the kitchen window. The woman waited, anger in her eye, for the appearance of the hoop's owner. Presently he came.

"Please, I've broken your winder," he said, "and here's my father to fix it."

And, sure enough, he was followed by a stolid-looking workman, who at once started to work, while the small boy took his hoop and ran off.

"That'll be a dollar, ma'am," announced the glazier when the window was whole once more.

"A dollar!" gasped the woman. "But your little boy broke it! The little fellow with the hoop, you know. You're his father, aren't you?"

The stolid man shook his head.

"Don't know him from Adam," he said. "He came around to my place and told me his mother wanted her winder fixed. You're his mother, aren't you?"

And the woman shook her head also.

PLAIN ENGLISH.

BY THE extraordinary contortions of her neck, he concluded that she was trying to get a glimpse of the back of her new blouse; by the tense lines and scintillating flesh about her lips, he concluded that her mouth was full of pins.

"Umph—goof—suff—wuff—sh—ffs—pog—uff?" she asked.

"Quite so, my dear," he agreed; "it looks very nice."

"Ouff—wun—so—gs—phu—muf—ugh—ight?" was her next remark.

"Perhaps it *would* look better if you did that," he nodded; "but it fits very nicely as it is."

She gasped and emptied the pins into her hands.

"I've asked you twice to raise the blinds so that I could get more light, James," she exploded. "Can't you understand plain English?"

A LEADING QUESTION.

"Is this town a good place for a fellow to come to who is a bit run down?"
"Whiskey er automobiles?"

The Making of a Magazine

By RALPH BERGENGREN

A YOUNG man with a magazine under his arm penetrated into a busy man's office. The busy man looked up from his work, and with a deft movement the young man spread open the advertising section of the magazine.

"Just a moment," said the young man. "Advertising section of *Promiscus's Magazine*—you know *Promiscus's Magazine*. Syndicate of big advertisers bought space. Magazine guarantees 300,000"——

"I'm not an advertising"——

"No. Certainly not. Guarantees 300,000 circulation. Has 200,000. Needs 100,000 more. Needs 'em immediately. Makes following generous offer to business men. Free subscription for one year to first 100,000 subscribers. All you do is sign"——

"I never"——

"No. Certainly not. All you do is sign application. No charge. Simply write name on slip of paper. Mere formality. Subscription an item. In addition"——

"But"——

"Certainly. In addition free edition of Ralph Waldo Emerson. These few pages mere sample. Splendid paper, type, illustrations. Remarkable chance to increase library without expense. Classic work. Maybe you wonder"——

"I do."

"Naturally. Edition printed by subscription. Limited. One thousand copies. Mistake in office. Two thousand printed. Extra thousand can't be sold. Unfair to original subscriber. Decide to give 'em away. Increase circulation. Advance interests of literature. Splendid oppor"——

"I already have a set of Emerson."

"No. Certainly. Easily remedied. Substitute set of Sir Conan Doyle. Wrote Sherlock Holmes stories. Classic."

"I'm afraid I don't"——

"In addition this dictionary. Small, convenient dictionary. Ornament to table. Useful to whole family. Given to first two hundred"——

"Anything else?"

"First two hundred subscribers. No expense. Three cents"——

"Three cents?"

"Nominal. Not intended. Mistake in office. Everything arranged to extend exceptional opportunity. But forgot stenographers. Large office force necessary. Work night and day. Three cents"——

"Why three cents?"

"Nominal charge for office expenses. Foolish to send bills for three cents—three cents a day, you understand. Very small sum. Send card once a week with place to insert quarter."

"Oh! Twenty-five cents."

"Insert quarter. Send cards for fourteen weeks. All paid. Everything yours without charge. Subscription to *Promiscus's*. Set of Emerson or Conan Doyle. Ornamental dictionary. Now you see"——

The business man looked sternly at his visitor.

"I don't see," he said in an unmistakable voice.

"No. Certainly," said the young man. "Remarkable offer." And he disappeared rapidly toward the next office.

DEAD QUITE A WHILE.

Gardener—"It smokes like a 1902 model, doesn't it?"
Coachman—"It smells like an 1892."

Maid of Athens.

MAID of Athens, ere we part,
Never mind about my heart.
Give, oh, give me back the ring
And each fair, expensive thing
That I sent you, and each note
Which in those dead days I wrote—
They are what the jury says
Indicate the damages!

Mystified.

Mr. Younghusband—"Don't you understand how to use it, darling?"

Mrs. Younghusband—"Yes, I understand, all right; but it says, 'first clean your chicken,' and I don't know whether to use toilet or scouring soap."

The Parting.

THE END OF SUMMER.

By EDWIN L. SABIN.

DEAR old crash suit, good-by,
good-by!
There blows a hostile breeze.
I say it with a welling eye
And with an ailing sneeze.
Tho' close as you have clung to me
So close I'd cling to you,
A cold, cold world demands that we
Do bid a quick adieu.

'Tis true you've chosen times to
shrink
Your duty, and expose
Some inside facts — the least, I
think,
My wristbands and my hose;
But then you might, I'm free to
say,
Have had a meaner fit,
And in a most ill-natured way
More seriously have split.

We've moved together 'mid the
throng;
We've shared in love and sport;
Old suit, although I've known you
long,

Now all too short, too short!
But when the frost its course has
run,
And warmth returns, we'll see
If you won't suit my little son
As once you suited me.

Fido Broke a Tooth.

A YOUTH slunk into the dentist's office with a pained expression on his face. His hat was gone and his smart attire showed evidence of a struggle.

The dentist stepped forward with a professional air. "What can I do for you?"

The youth glanced apprehensively at the door. "I—I wish to have a tooth removed."

"Very well, please be seated."

Shuffling over to the chair, the youth crawled into it on his hands and knees. The dentist looked on in amazement.

"Great heavens!" he cried, "what's the matter with you? Are you crazy?"

"Well, you see, I went to call on Miss Neverhome, and—and"——

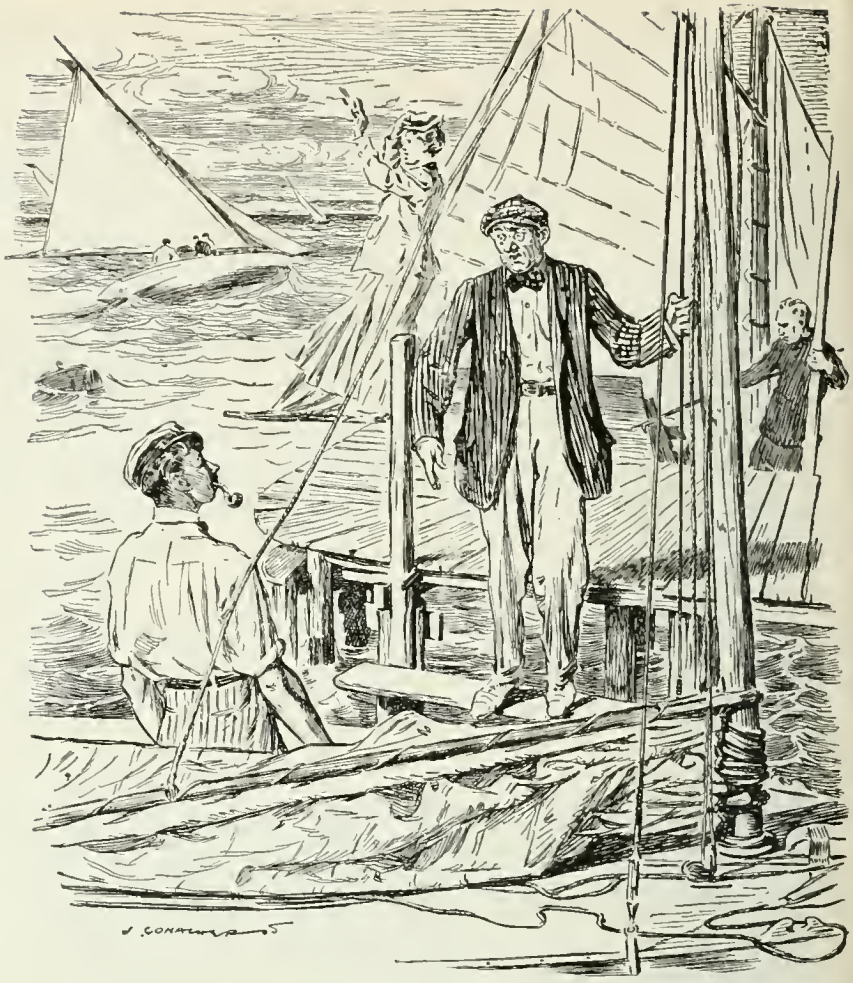
"And what?"

"Fido bit me."

Another Variety.

"CAN HE talk readily on his feet?" asks the chairman of the meeting of the delegate who wants him to ask a committeeman to deliver an impromptu address.

"I never knew him to do that," answers the delegate; "but I'll tell you what I did see him do once. I saw him address a bunch of deaf-mute voters, and he gave them a rattling good talk on his hands."



COMFORTING.

Nervous man—"Now you're quite certain, old man, that you understand all about sailing a boat?"

Friend—"Yes, to be sure, dear boy! Had a full correspondence course in it out in Stanton, Pa."

Without Honor in His Own Country.

"DO YOU know," said the famous man with a reminiscent chuckle, "that it used to be the height of my ambition to get my name in the county paper so old Tommy Jones would see it. But, alas!"—and the great man sighed—"now that I suppose old Tommy has the fence rail I used to whittle, in the parlor as a relic, I do not care at all for his praise."

"Do you know," said old Tommy Jones in a philosophical mood, as he leaned on his plow handles talking to Bill Dodd, "that I used to think them fellers we read about in the papers was great men. But they *ain't*. There's that Billings boy that used to hoe corn for me. Now he's gittin' his name in the paper as often as any of 'em. And shucks! He ain't nothin' but a common, ordinary runt."

Evading the Issue.

Mrs. Lushington—"And there you were, at three o'clock in the morning, hugging that cigar-store Indian."

Mr. Lushington—"Surely, my dear, you are not jealous?"

A Problem Tale

By WILLIAM J. LAMPTON

"IF YOU love me, Noah."

It was Susan Spynster, speaking in a gently pleading tone to N. Webster Wilkinson, an impassive person and erudite professor of orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody, to whom she had plighted her troth; and her plight was not the happiest, owing to the professor's unstudied neglect of her for those philological branches which he did study.

He looked up from the book in which he was profoundly absorbed at the moment, and a perceptible frown of protest against this unsolicited disturbance flitted across his pale and corrugated brow.

"I beg your pardon," he said, gazing inquiringly at her over his huge horn reading spectacles.

"If you love me, Noah," she repeated slowly, in the same appealing tone.

He did not respond to this, but settled back in his chair, wrapped in the thought generated by her words. He was analyzing the phrase which she had used in expressing herself.

"If you love me—if you love me," he repeated mentally, as if to get a firmer grasp upon it. "Um let me see! If the emphasis is on the first word, her remark becomes, '*If* you love me,' implying doubt of my affection. But there can be no doubt that I love her. Therefore that is not the interpretation. Again, if the emphasis be on the second word, her remark becomes, 'If *you* love me,' and I am confronted by the possibility that there may be some other also who loves her. Is she false to me? Has my beloved Susan permitted a rival to come between us? Never! Impossible! Ridiculous! Again, if the emphasis be on the third word, her remark becomes, 'If you *love* me,' and she implies by that that my feeling for her is something other than love. Is it thinkable that she can question the sentiment I cherish for her? No, no; and I shall not think it. But there must be some meaning. Let me finish the analysis. If the emphasis be on the final word, her remark becomes, 'If you love *me*,' which is a direct implication that I, her promised husband, may love another. Perish the thought! Susan is the one woman in the world for me, as she has been already reliably informed—and yet this possible doubt of my sincerity—nay, my honesty! Shall I—but, no! I must not judge hastily. I must know definitely ere I act."

The train of thought stopping at that point, the professor got off and addressed himself to Miss Spynster.

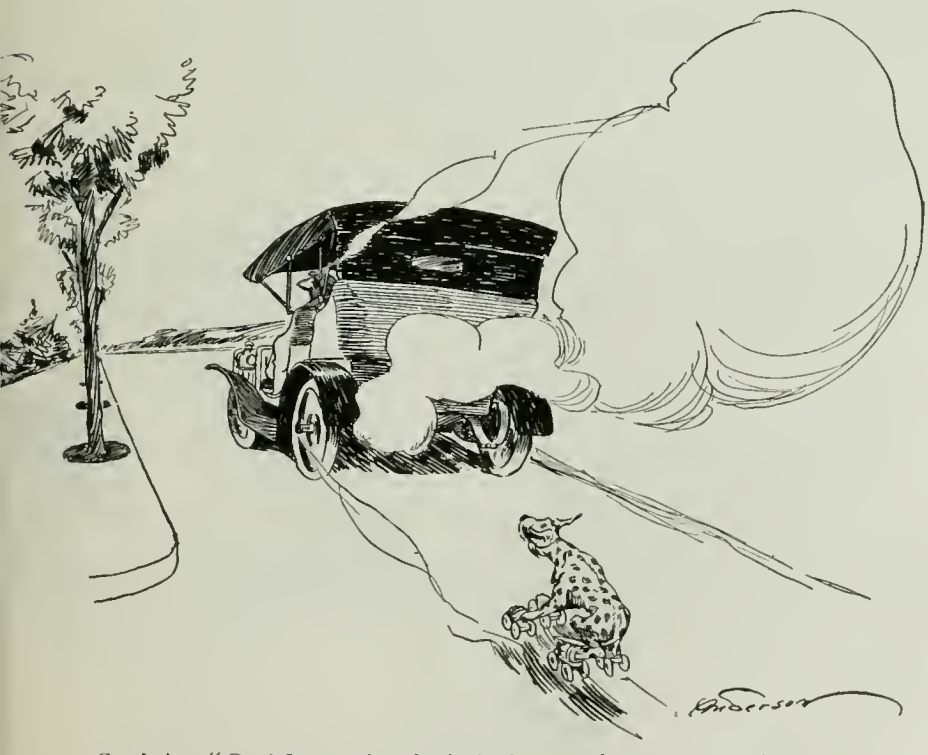
"I beg your pardon, Susan," he said, with considerable effort to be calm; "will you be kind enough to repeat your remark?"

"If you love me, Noah," she responded, with childlike obedience, the professor listening with the most alert attention.

Every word received an equal share of emphasis. The professor was wholly unable to detect the slightest shade of difference in the evenly balanced articulation. He rested his massive brow upon the index finger of his right hand for some time.

"I wonder what she means," he muttered to himself, and once more became absorbed in the volume before him.

Susan, suppressed, sat silent, sorrowful, superfluous.



Coach-dog—"Gee! I never thought the business would ever come to this."

A Hired Man.

Hewitt—"I am terribly sorry for you, old boy. I hear that a man ran away with your wife the other day."

Jewett—"I am glad you spoke of it. It makes me think that I've got to send him a check."

Sure Weather Prophets.

Seaver—"I wish those city folks would hurry up and have another picnic."

Weaver—"By heck! if they don't the country'll all dry up. We need rain."

1. *Foxy Frank*—"There'll be three cases of hysterics when they see my ridin' stunt. Eastern girls always gits 'em.'

The Handicap.

By WILLIAM H. HAMBY.

"AH, PROFESSOR, I am completely discouraged, all out of heart." And the youth with the high forehead slumped down on a hard-bottomed chair and stared moodily out of the window.

"Discouraged? out of heart?" echoed the professor, looking up with an incredulous, indignant frown on his thin face. "Why, my dear sir, are you not aware that 'slow and steady wins the race'?"

"I am," answered the young man sadly.

"Do you not know that all, practically all, great men were plodders—men who had to fight their way inch by inch? Do you not know that the notable successes in life have been made by those who were naturally dull?"

"I do."

"It is the brilliant ones that fail—the ones to whom learning comes easily. Where are the valedictorians of other days? Statistics prove that those who were expected to make their dollar mark on the earth never even made a cent."

"I have heard that," said the young man gloomily.

"Then why be discouraged, why be downhearted? Why not persevere as did Demosthe"——

"Simply, professor," broke in the young man, "because I am one of the bright ones."

The professor's jaw dropped, and he stared at the young man over his glasses. Then a sad smile of fellowship broke over his face and he came forward and offered his hand. "I, too, was one of the bright ones," he said, with a sigh. "That is why I have never been president of this university."

Had Made a Name for Himself.

A WELL-KNOWN public man, who was spending the winter in Washington, had for his next-door neighbors a family with an aged negro in their employ who might have passed for the original of Uncle Remus, in so far as his personal appearance was concerned. The old man appeared bright and early every morning and swept off the walk, took care of the ashes, and, in short, was general chore manager of the premises.

The newcomer, seeing the old fellow at work one morning, accosted him in genial fashion, and received the usual gracious response.

"What is your name?" he asked the darky.

"George Washin'ton, suh," said the negro.

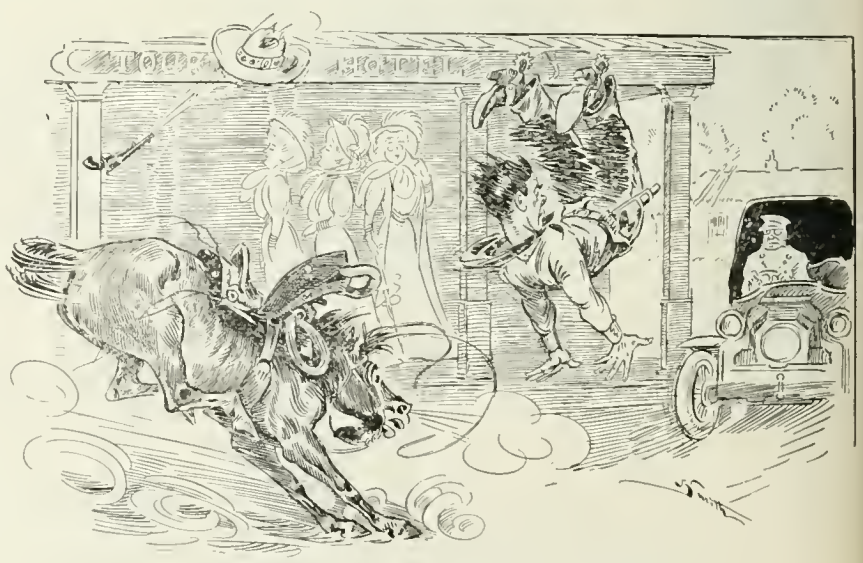
"George Washington, eh? George Washington—seems very familiar. Seems to me I've heard that name before."

"Well, I guess maybe you all ought to have heerd it before," said George. "I been workin' around here most twenty-five yeahs."

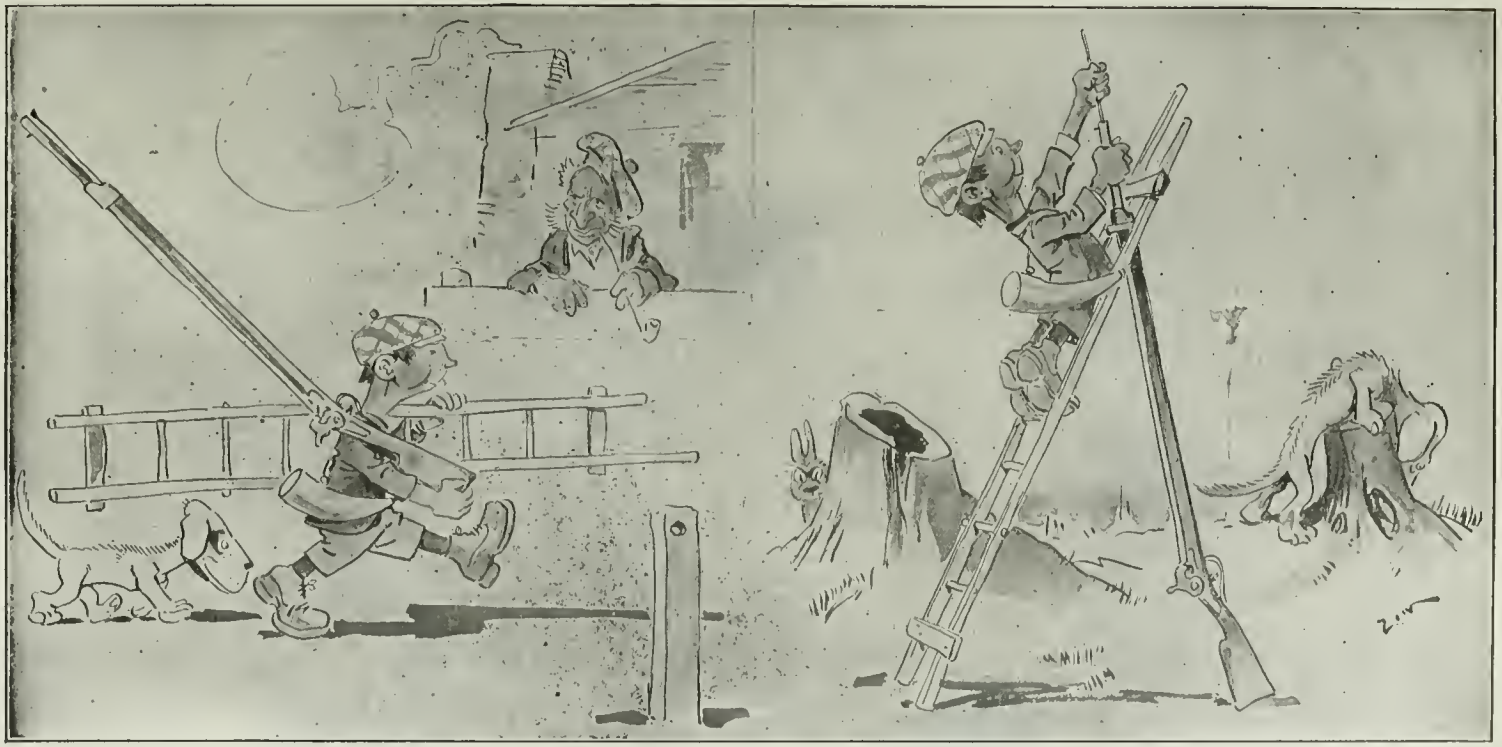
An Hour or So Longer.

General manager—"The residents of Lonelyville have petitioned us to reduce the train service at that point. Rather odd."

Superintendent—"Not at all. They simply wish to keep their servants longer."



2. But just then their auto appeared, which queered the finish.



A TALL GUN.

Macpherson—"Thee showest great wisdom in taking with thee a lather to tree the coons."

Little Sandy—"And thee showest little wisdom when thee thinkest that's all I want it for."

An Everlasting Contention

The Strange Case of Katy-did *vs.* Katy-didn't

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

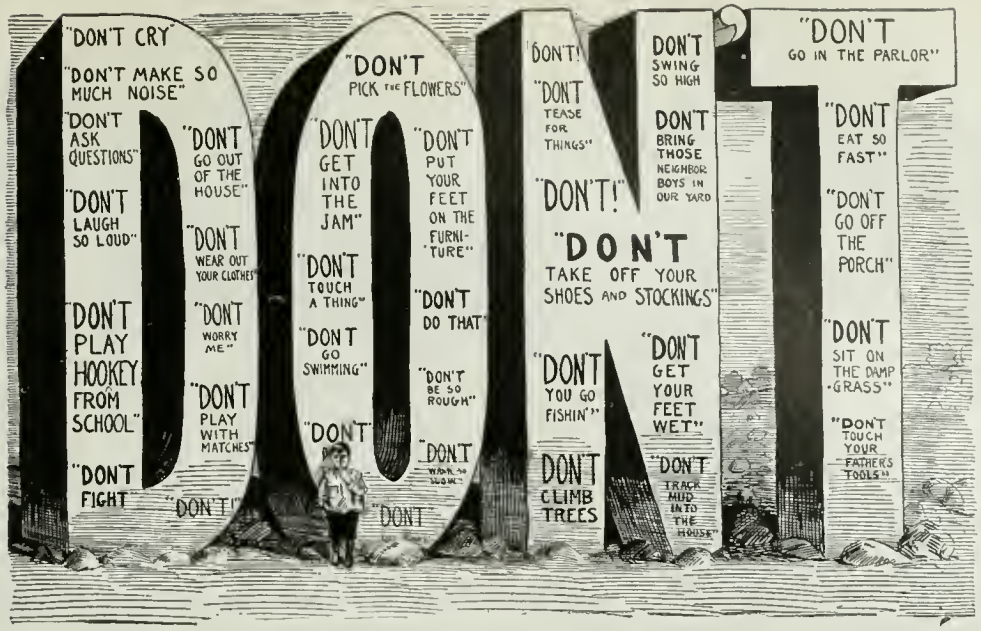
I WISH some sage or philosophic Cid,
With knowledge of the facts, or some invention,
Would tell us what it was that Katy did
That causes all this eventide contention.
It must have been some very awful thing,
Some sorry deed of wickedness immortal,
The way the dame's posterity doth sing
About it every eve around my portal.

At set of sun th' affirmatives begin,
Yet bring no evidence to help the trial.
Then t'other side for the defense puts in
A never-ending chorus of denial.
And so it goes. They keep it up all night,
All thoughts of rest or hope of verdict scorning,
With ne'er an end of any kind in sight
When routed from the forum by the morning.

It seems to be a foolish sort of row.
'Tis sad to see so many thousands nettled,
When if we knew the charge, perhaps, somehow,
It might be compromised or wholly settled.
At any rate, I'm full of charity,
And all the howling crowd can count upon it,
Until the charge and proof are brought to me,
I'll not believe that Katy really done it.

NATURE-FAKERS.

Ethel—"Do you think the face makes the woman?"
Carolyn—"Sometimes, when the woman makes the face."


"DON'T CRY"
"DON'T MAKE SO MUCH NOISE"
"DON'T ASK QUESTIONS"
"DON'T LAUGH SO LOUD"
"DON'T PLAY HOOKEY FROM SCHOOL"
"DON'T FIGHT"
"DON'T GO OUT OF THE HOUSE"
"DON'T WEAR OUT YOUR CLOTHES"
"DON'T WORRY ME"
"DON'T PLAY WITH MATCHES"
"DON'T"
"DON'T PICK THE FLOWERS"
"DON'T GET INTO THE JAM"
"DON'T TOUCH A THING"
"DON'T GO SWIMMING"
"DON'T"
"DON'T PUT YOUR FEET ON THE FURNITURE"
"DON'T DO THAT"
"DON'T BE SO ROUGH"
"DON'T"
"DON'T"
"DON'T TEASE FOR THINGS"
"DON'T!"
"DON'T SWING SO HIGH"
"DON'T BRING THOSE NEIGHBOR BOYS IN OUR YARD"
"DON'T TAKE OFF YOUR SHOES AND STOCKINGS"
"DON'T YOU GO FISHIN'"
"DON'T GET YOUR FEET WET"
"DON'T CLIMB TREES"
"DON'T TRACK MUD INTO THE HOUSE"
"DON'T GO IN THE PARLOR"
"DON'T EAT SO FAST"
"DON'T GO OFF THE PORCH"
"DON'T SIT ON THE DAMP GRASS"
"DON'T TOUCH YOUR FATHER'S TOOLS"

1. When I was just a little boy,
As active as a cat,
The word that always blocked my joy
Was, "DON'T do that!"

Old Sleuth Up to Date

By GORTON CARRUTH

RIGHT at the mouth of the tunnel our hero lay, tightly bound across the track. A few yards up the hillside was his sweetheart, lashed to a tree. Near by stood the villain Tarbox, arms folded, a diabolical grin on his face, as he invited the helpless girl to see the destruction of her lover. What could save him? Already there echoed from the tunnel the roar of the express train as it thundered down the mountain slope toward its victim.

"Keep up your courage, dear," said the doomed man calmly. "Providence will yet provide an escape from that scoundrel's toils, never fear."

* * * * * *

"Let's see," murmured the great author abstractedly, as he paused a moment in his dictation. "How's she going to get him out of that fix? She can't rush wildly into the tunnel and flag the train with a sulphur match, because she's tied. She can't influence the villain, because his is a heart of stone. The engineer couldn't hear her piercing shriek, because the train is in a tunnel. Her faithful hound couldn't untie him. She— Oh, I have it! Of course," and he resumed his dictation.

* * * * * *

Just as the headlight of the approaching train twinkled into view far up the subterranean passage, a sudden, fierce gust of wind blew down the mountain, struck our heroine's hat, which had been leaning against a tree, and trundled it across the open space into the cavernous mouth of the tunnel. A moment later was heard a long, harsh, grating screech, and the locomotive, its wheels tangled and locked in the mammoth ruins of the hat, came to a standstill with its cow-catcher just touching our hero's hair. Men descended from the cab and released him and the girl, while the wretch Tarbox dashed away into the night, shaking his clenched fists in bitter anger at the sky.

"Thank God!" gasped our heroine wildly, as she sank fainting into her lover's arms. "Thank God that I wore my Merry Widow instead of the usual wild rose!"

An Encouraging Conversation.

"HOW'S business?" I asked of the astronomical faker on Broadway.

"Looking up," he answered.

"Where's the big cop who used to be here?" I continued.

"Taking arrest," replied the faker.

"What do you do in the daytime before the stars come out?" I asked.

"Same as I do at night," he answered.

"What's that?" I queried.

"The public," he replied.

"Well, good-by," I said. "I was going to ask you to have a glass of beer, but I see you're filled to the brim with tea, and beer doesn't go well with"——

"Me? Full of tea?" he queried.

"Yes—repartee," said I.

And that is why we no longer speak as we pass by.

NOTHING succeeds like success, unless some one dies and leaves it to you.

Kinetic Potentialities.

By GRAHAM HAWLEY.

OH, IGNORANT people, who look at a baby
As though it was senseless and imbecile maybe,
Who smirk with your silly, superior air,
Who gaze, grin and giggle, or stupidly stare,
Has it ever occurred to you—dolts that you are—
That a child may surpass both its pa and its ma?

Why, it may be the tot that you look on with scorn
Will outrival the greatest diplomatist born,
Invent some new marvel, produce a new plant,
Or philosophize even more deeply than Kant.
You idiots utter! Who knows but it may
Grow in power or wealth and command *you* some day.

Perchance it's a Goethe, a Wagner, a Titian,
A Cæsar, a Taft (in a pocket edition),
A Louis Sixteenth, Dumas, Vergil, or Shelley,
A Homer, a Bryan, a Marie Corelli,
A Morgan, a Raphael, a Henry Navarre,
An Elizabeth, Newton or Theodore R.

Then worship the baby—ay, fall down before him—
Revere him, respect him, and mutely adore him.
Who knows to what heights he may some time aspire?
Pope, president, admiral—ay, and still higher.
He might even become, were the fates not adverse,
Like the gifted young scribe of this masterful verse!

Cutting Off Supplies.

Neighbor—"I want to ask if you'd mind not using that worm exterminator you've bought for your garden."

Suburbanite—"And why not, pray?"

Neighbor—"Well, you see, I'm planning to keep chickens."

He Came Home.

He—"My dear, if I'm not home at ten, don't wait for me."

She—"No; I'll go for you."

Rules for a Man Who Is Contemplating Matrimony.

FACTS TO ASCERTAIN WHEN MEETING AN ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMAN WITH WHOM YOU MAY FALL IN LOVE.

LEARN whether she is selfish. You can tell this in three ways—by the manner in which she listens to what you say, by the way she accepts what you do for her, and by the difference between the way she treats you and the way she treats others.

Is she fickle? If she talks about light things she isn't. Deep, she is.

Is she extravagant? Study the way in which she protests against your spending money on her and always arranges matters so that you can't help but do it.

Is she a bad housekeeper? Watch the way she dresses. If she is spic and span she isn't. If she isn't then she is.

THE SOLUTION.

When you have satisfied your mind that she *is* all of these things marry her at once, if you can get her, for the following reasons:

First, because if she really loves you she will change.

Second, because if you love her it will be so much more interesting.

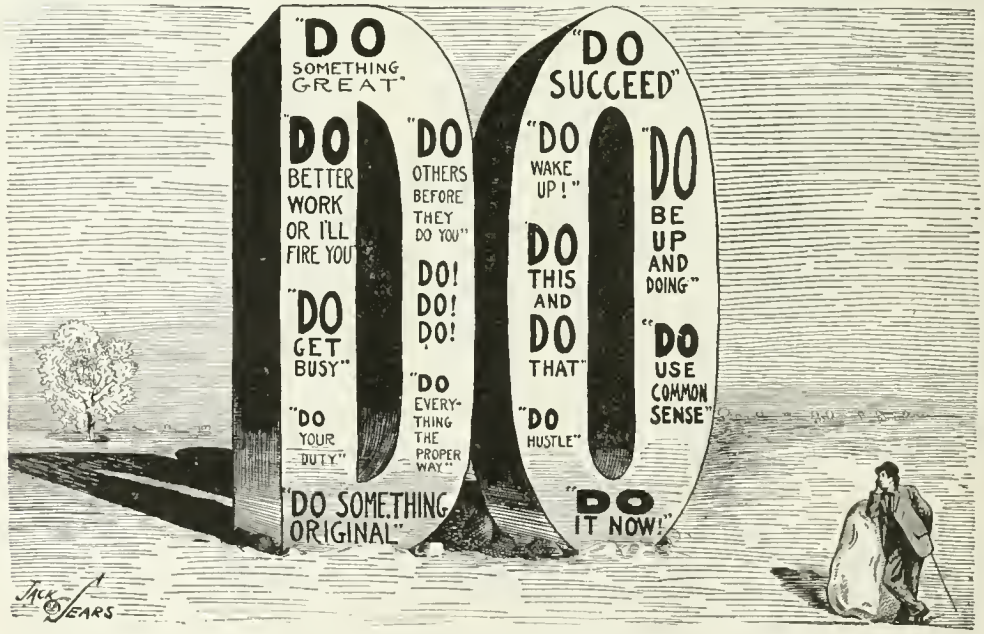
Third, because you are probably mistaken about her, anyway.

A Great Care.

Celia—"Her hair turned perfectly white in one night from trouble."

Delia—"Really? What was the nature of the trouble?"

Celia—"Chemical."



2. But by the time I've got it pat
My childhood days are through,
And now the word I'm staring at
Is Do! Do! Do!

QUOTATION FROM SHAKESPEARE.
"Farewell! Thou art too dear for my possession."

The Sentimental Song as It Ought To Be

By JAMES P. ROME

ONCE again we are surrounded by the sentimental love song. It is a very pleasing article—sometimes. But it hasn't got the quarter of a grain of truth in it—no, nor even the tenth of a grain of truth. This is the way it goes: In the first stanza a big, handsome hero journeys to the country, meets a pretty little milkmaid, and falls in love with her. Then in the chorus he departs, promising to return when the cucumber is a pickle, or at some other such happy time. Along about the second stanza he comes back, only to find that the little milkmaid (instead of the cow, perhaps) has kicked the bucket. He visits her grave, sheds a tear, and—that is all! Very, very pretty, no doubt; but, as we said before, it's not true. In order to tear away the veil of romance and display the true facts in the case, we have prepared a genuine country ballad—as it ought to be. It was prepared very carefully. It is called, "When the Wind Sighs through the Whiskers of the Corns." Music by the Mowing Machine; words from the Dictionary. This is it:

Beneath a weeping-willow tree
There stood a city lad;
His head and hands were all bound up,
His face was pale and sad.

For he had come to the country three days ago to get a breath of the sweet, violet-laden air, which he was told would be floating all over the place in the greatest of plenty.

But instead of that he found the air full of grass seed, and contracted hay fever; and then he fell from the farmhouse roof and landed in a hive of bees, which stung him badly and chased him into the horns of a near-by cow.

And now, after the village doctor had eased his blistered face and broken arms, he stood under the willow tree, waiting for the outgoing train which left at ten-eighteen or twenty.

And by his side stood the little country girl whom he had come so many weary miles to see, and who softly cried as he put the tips of his swollen fingers on her shoulders and made this heart-rending and intensely solemn vow:

When they change the architecture of the country;
When they use a brand of cows that have no horns;
When the bees have lost their art,
I'll return to you, sweetheart,
When the wind sighs through the whiskers of the corns.

Cornered.

Pa—"Edith, how often do you practice on the piano when I'm away?"

Edith—"Every day, pa."

Pa—"How long did you practice yesterday?"

Edith—"Four hours."

Pa—"And to-day?"

Edith—"About the same."

Pa—"Well, I'm glad to hear you're so regular. The next time you practice, however, be sure to unlock the piano. I locked it last week, and I've been carrying the key in my pocket ever since. Here it is!"

Summer boarder—"You wrote me that mosquitoes were *nowhere* in this neighborhood."

Farmer—"I reck'n there's some mistake, pardner. I must o' writ that mosquitoes were *now here* in the neighborhood."

The Temagami Brand

By ELLIOTT FLOWER

JUST why a man who has a temporary interest in a private car, plentifully stocked with everything that the most exacting thirst could crave, should want to buy squirrel whiskey is difficult to understand, but Corey did it. He explained afterward that he merely wished to sample the Temagami brand. He did not have to explain that he found it strong. Several Indian guides, to whom he had played fairy godfather by dispensing prohibited fire water, showed their gratitude by enthusiastically boosting him on the wrong train, and shortly thereafter the complications began.

The party had just come out of the woods, after a week of fishing. They had brushed up a little at the inn, where they had spent the previous night, but the starched shirt and the high collar awaited them at the car. With almost feverish haste they attired themselves in the best they had with them, disposed of the highballs the porter thoughtfully provided, and sauntered out to reduce the visible supply of mocassins, baskets, and other samples of Indian handiwork.

Corey, however, had other ambitions. The highball that the porter provided was the highball of civilization, and Corey was of the opinion that the trip would not be a complete success unless he sampled the drink of the Temagami Forest Reserve, which, being contraband, is of the nature of a high explosive. He was encouraged in this laudable purpose by the thirsty look of one of the guides. The Indian, having just been paid for his services, probably had more money than Corey, but he was not averse to letting the white man buy as much as he would—in fact, being of an accommodating disposition, he no sooner discovered what was desired than he went to the trouble of showing just where it could be purchased. Then he further showed his obliging nature by providing excuses for additional libations.

"My brother," he grunted, "him thirsty."

"Bring him in," said Corey generously.

So there was another drink, after which the guide remembered that he had a thirsty cousin. Corey declared later that this guide was related to every Indian within a mile of Temagami station. Anyhow, he produced an amazing number of relations, one at a time, and the festivities continued until a locomotive whistled, which reminded Corey that the private car was to be picked up by the three-twenty train south. Having lost track of time in the excitement of the proceedings, he now led the friendly red men in a rapid advance on the depot, and was there assisted to the rear platform of the twelve-ten train north, where he stood and blew kisses to the dark-brown bunch until a curve shut them from view.

Meanwhile, the other members of the party had reduced their cash surplus by the purchase of souvenirs for the friends at home, and now returned to the car for

QUOITS A LA SOLITAIRE.

An elf in ruff and fuzzy cloak sat deep within the brake,
A-blowing rings of woolly smoke upon a wooden stake.

luncheon. Small, otherwise known as High Henry because his name was such a libel on his perpendicular proportions, was the first to note the absence of Corey.

"Has anybody seen him?" he asked.

Douglas, whose good fortune in holding four of a kind on a certain notable occasion in camp had given him the name of the Timber Wolf, recalled having seen him in earnest and almost affectionate conversation with an Indian an hour or so before.

"Squirrel whiskey," announced Cy Moose, and the fact that this man had acquired his temporary name by telling a most extraordinary tale of the friendly relations he had established with a certain moose gave great weight to his views on everything in the Temagami district. It was decided, therefore, that squirrel whiskey must be the explanation. "In its ability to elevate a man quickly," added Cy Moose, "it can give points to a balloon."

"I infer," commented Kisman, "that you speak from experience."

This was held to be irrelevant, and Nick Carter was ordered to make such an investigation as only a detective of that inspiring name could make. He reported promptly that a twelve-foot trail was none too wide for the Indians he saw, and that they all declared the white man had caught his train.

"The twelve-ten train north!" exclaimed Carton, the pilot of the party. "We must head him off."

At this point the Pilot took entire charge, ignoring the brilliant suggestion that the whole party start in pursuit on a handcar, and arrangements were made to get a telegram to the conductor at Rib Lake, the first stop. The message was prepared with great care, of course. It was necessary that the conductor should be able to identify the wanderer, and High Henry was sure he could write a message that would make identification easy; but Cy Moose argued that it would be a breach of etiquette to say anything about the squirrel whiskey. The Pilot was of the same opinion, and the telegram he wrote merely stated that the erring one had taken the Cobalt train by mistake, and asked the conductor to ship him back when they passed the down train at Latchford. It was a masterly effort to avoid distressing detail. But the conductor was a man of worldly wisdom, and he understood. From Rib Lake he sent this reply:

"Twelve men in that condition on train. Will try to pick out yours between here and Latchford."

There was nothing very reassuring in this, but the porter thoughtfully provided that which enabled the party to await the outcome with reasonable patience.

"He'll come back on the train that picks us up," remarked the Pilot.

WHEN CAT MEETS CAT.

Mrs. Diggs—"I hear you have been talking about me."
Mrs. Cutting—"Madam, you flatter yourself."

Curly locks, curly locks,
Wilt thou be mine?
Yes; this is bargain day—

"That," said the Timber Wolf, "simplifies matters greatly. He won't have to get off the train."

"*If* he comes back," added Kisman solemnly. "I think he wants to be left, and I don't blame him. There were too many of us in camp to get the most artistic results."

"What do you mean?" asked the Pilot.

"Why, it's the man who fishes alone who catches the biggest fish-story," explained Kisman. "A fellow is handicapped when there are people on hand to demand proof. If he could lay over here another twenty-four hours he'd have us all beaten."

Some of those who had made exceptional records with the rod and reel, not counting "the big ones that got away," began to look worried, but the Pilot came to the rescue. "That conductor will get him," he declared. "No need to worry; he'll be down on the three-twenty."

And justification of his faith in the conductor soon came in the shape of the following telegram from Latchford:

"Shipped your man back on No. 3."

All breathed easier after the receipt of this message. They might joke about Corey's mistake—they would joke about anything—but the possibility of having to leave a member of the party behind had been decidedly worrying. Now, however, they could give their attention to devising a suitable welcome for the stray. A man may not do what Corey did and escape the penalty. It was decided, therefore, that the whole party should line up on the station platform and give the Wah-sak-si-na-gama yell when the train came in, after which a guard of three should take charge of the victim and make ostentatious provision to prevent another escape. Mr. Pickwick, so-called because of his resemblance to that famous character, tried to persuade the others that this would be unkind, but, failing, accepted the situation in good part and smiled with benign tolerance on their enthusiastic preparations.

The guard boarded the train as it pulled in and the others drew up in line and gave the yell. There was some regret that the Indian delegation was not on hand to add to the enthusiasm, but they really were not needed. The Wah-sak-si-na-gama yell, ending with something that probably resembled the cry of a moose in great agony, brought people on the run from all directions; indeed, it did everything except bring Corey. Other passengers rushed to the windows, but the beaming face of the man who sampled the Temagami brand was sought in vain. One of the Corey guards appeared for a moment, gesticulating frantically, and then the train moved down to a switch with the evident purpose of picking up the private car.

"It's all right," announced Mr. Pickwick, allowing his genial and confident smile to circle the group; "they're trying to signal us that they will keep him aboard until our car is coupled on. It's very wise, I think."

They hurried to the car, and the train presently backed up to it. The three Corey guards were then on the back platform having a warm argument with a brakeman, while a stranger leaned wearily against

A NATURAL INQUIRY.

She—"The man I marry must be handsome, witty, cultivated, courteous, kindly, considerate, and, above all, of high moral character."

He—"In view of the fact that this is leap year, I find myself constrained to ask you if I am to regard your words in the light of a proposal?"

the railing. Old Pomposs (an abbreviation for Old Pomposity) seemed to be carrying the brunt of the argument.

"This," the waiting party heard Old Pomposs say, "is a great mistake. I guess you don't know who we are."

"No," retorted the brakeman, "and I don't give a hoot. You telegraphed for a drunk, and here he is."

"I don't care to bandy words with you," said Old Pomposs severely. "He's not one of our party."

"These are the men who sent for you," explained the brakeman, now busy connecting the air-brakes. "They want you on their car." The stranger turned to the car with every evidence of approval, while Old Pomposs turned to the brakeman with every evidence of disapproval. "You can't refuse goods that you ordered shipped—not on this road," the brakeman added defensively. "You sent for him, and you got him."

"Looks good to me," commented the stranger. "It's better'n a mere prospect at Cobalt." He began

SUCH A GOOD BOY.

Willie—"Huh! you always read about good little boys. Anyway, I never make any noise running down-stairs like other fellows."
Sister—"Pooh! That isn't true."
Willie—"It is so. I always slide down the banister."

"Can't help that," declared the brakeman; "my orders is to deliver him to you, and that settles it. I don't see what you're kickin' about, anyhow. I'll bet I'm givin' you a better drunk than the one you lost. This one's a peach."

Just then the train bumped the waiting car, and the stranger was jarred into a sudden interest in the proceedings.

"What's doin'?" he inquired, as he steadied himself by gripping the railing with both hands.

aiming himself for the private car. While his articulation was fairly good, his legs were so unsteady that he had to head himself in the right direction with great care before abandoning his hold on the railing. Old Pomposs, divining his intention, barred the way; thereupon the stranger merrily prodded him in the most inflated spot. "That's all right, old cock!" he said, as Old Pomposs doubled up suddenly; "no harm done, only don't bother me." Then, his progress being unimpeded, he entered the car and sank contentedly into a seat.

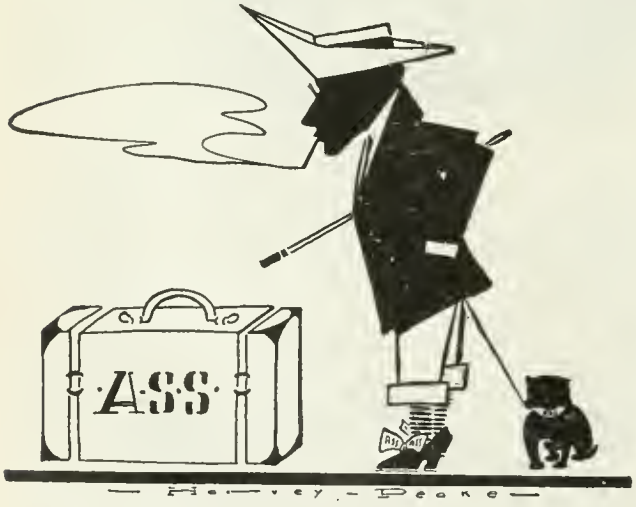
THE DOOR.

"All I need is an opening, sir."
"What's the matter with the one you just came through?"

The rest of the party, heretofore watching from the side lines, now hastily scrambled to the platform and gave Old Pomposs first aid to the injured, after which they advanced on the intruder in a body. The porter was then arguing with him.

"This is a private car," said the porter.

"Sure!" returned the stranger. "What you got to drink?"



INITIALS.

Some folks like initials on rings,
Ties, suit cases—even shoe-strings;
But should your full name
Be Anton Saul Sayme,
You'd not care for initials on things.

"There's a private party aboard," explained the porter.

"That's me!" said the stranger. "Bring me a Scotch highball."

"You don't belong," argued the porter.

"Who says so?" demanded the stranger. "Wasn't I put here by the road? Ain't this a Temiskaming and Northern Ontario car, an' didn't"——

"No, it ain't," interrupted the porter. "It's a Grand Trunk car."

"No matter," said the stranger in an offhand way. "I got some road's word for it that this is mine."

The Pilot signaled the porter to come away, and there was a hasty consultation as to the best method of procedure. High Henry thought Mr. Pickwick, who combined dignity with urbanity, was the man to make the stranger see the error of his ways; Cy Moose thought the Pilot was the man for the job; Kisman suggested that it would be a simple matter for the Timber Wolf to deal him a few hands at poker that would be discouraging, and the matter was still unsettled when the train pulled out. That brought the accommodating Mr. Pickwick to the front, ever ready to sacrifice himself for the general welfare.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this unfortunate tangle must be straightened out before we reach the next station, so that we may get our unwelcome guest again headed in the direction of Cobalt. As no one else cares to make the necessary explanation, I will talk to him."

Saying this, Mr. Pickwick advanced fearlessly and seated himself beside the stranger.

THE ELOPEMENT CINCHED.

Miss Lakedweller—"Oh, sweetheart! supposing my father should overtake us?"
Sammy Stoneax—"Don't worry, my dear little dinosaur. He can never catch up with this light racing shell."

SHARP FOLK.

"What set do the Joneses go in?"
"The carving set, I should say, judging by the way they knife each other."

"Where's that Scotch highball?" was the question that greeted him.

"My friend," said Mr. Pickwick affably, ignoring the query, "there has been a mistake"——

"That's all right," interrupted the stranger; "I ain't kickin'. I only had a prospect at Cobalt, and I'd trade it for a line of Scotch highballs from here to Toronto, any day. You got Scotch on the car, ain't you?"

"You don't understand," explained Mr. Pickwick. "This is a private car, and we shall have to drop you at the next stop."

"Not me!" said the stranger.

"Yes, you," insisted Mr. Pickwick firmly.

"Not me!" repeated the stranger. "You can't drop me."

"Why not?" asked Mr. Pickwick in surprise.

"I'm the package you ordered," was the confident reply. "I didn't want to come."

"But it was a mistake," urged Mr. Pickwick.

"That ain't my fault, is it?" retorted the stranger. "You don't deny you telegraphed for me, do you?"

"Not for you," insisted Mr. Pickwick.

"Well, I was delivered on your order," declared the stranger, "an' you got to take the responsibility. Why, look at it sensible: here was me, sleeping peaceful, an' the conductor wakes me up. 'You're wanted back at Temagami,' says he. 'Not me,' says I. 'You come from there, didn't you?' says he. 'That was my last stop,' says I. 'Well, there's a private-car party back there that wants you,' says he. 'That's a nice dream,' says I. 'They're telegraphin' for you,' says he, 'an' you got to go.' I don't have any say about it at all; he turns me over to the brakeman on the down train, an' I'm delivered to you. Now, you don't think I'm going to be turned down like a bale of damaged goods, do you? You sent for me, an' you got to look out for me. Where's that porter?"

Mr. Pickwick returned thoughtfully to the party at the table in the center of the car.

"Gentlemen," he reported, "I fear this stranger has us at a disadvantage. He was ruthlessly torn from his business and shipped back to us on our telegraphic order. More than that, as a result of our action he is now being rapidly carried away from his business interests, and, as he truthfully points out, the fact that a regrettable error was made is no fault of his. While we cannot be held to blame for the misguided zeal of the conductor, I cannot help thinking that some moral responsibility attaches to us. What are we going to do about it?"

This point of view was so reasonable, and the question so troublesome, that deep gloom settled on the whole party, and the silence was broken only when the stranger discovered the bell-button and pressed it long and earnestly in the hope of getting that delayed highball. ThenRapid-Fire Palmer added to the gloom by making some remarks that, when untangled, were found to refer to the depressing fact that Corey was still missing.

"I'll telegraph from Redwater to every station between Temagami and Cobalt," announced the Pilot. "We must locate him and see that he gets the next train south."

"Without meeting any more Indians," added Cy Moose.

"Meanwhile," suggested Mr. Pickwick, "what are we going to do about our inebriated guest?"

A FAIR ARGUMENT.

Fatherly clergyman (surprising young parishioner in curl-papers)—"Why don't you leave your hair as it was meant to be, my child? If Nature had wanted your hair to curl she would have curled it for you."

Offended young lady—"When I was a little girl she did, sir; but I suppose she now thinks I am quite old enough to do it for myself."

"Perhaps he might consent to leave us for a consideration," ventured Kisman. "We might ask his terms."

There being no overwhelming desire for the stranger's company to Toronto, it was decided to give this plan a trial; and Mr. Pickwick, supported by his friends in this desperate emergency, returned to the place where the thirsty one was still industriously pressing the bell-button.

"My friend," explained Mr. Pickwick, "while we disclaim any direct responsibility, we realize that our effort to reclaim an erring member of our party has put you to considerable inconvenience, and we"——

"What's the matter with the porter?" interrupted the stranger.

"As you are not a member of the party"——

"I ain't!" exclaimed the stranger. "Why ain't I? Didn't you send for me?"

"Oh, he's got us!" groaned Cy Moose.

"Let us pass that," said Mr. Pickwick, with quiet dignity. "We are now merely anxious to see if we cannot reach some amicable agreement that will restore the status quo."

"What's that?" asked the stranger.

"The condition of affairs that existed before you joined us," explained Mr. Pickwick.

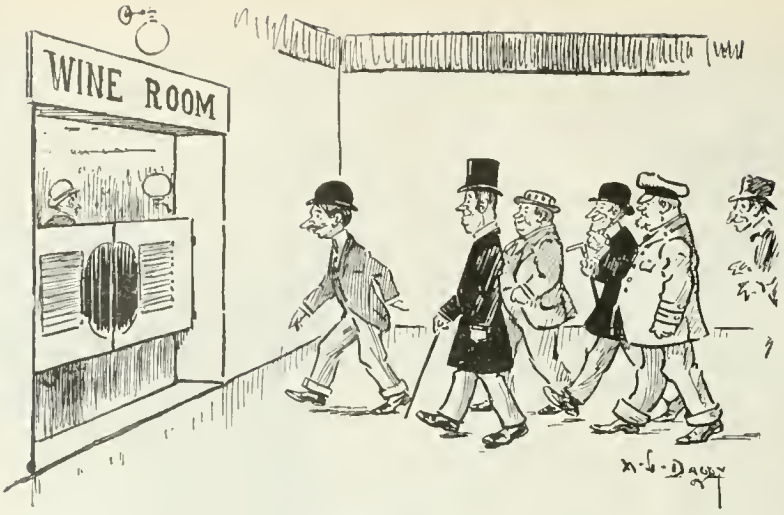
"Oh, you want me to get out!"

"We fear your business will suffer during your absence."

"Back to the mine for you!" put in High Henry, who feared the diplomatic language of Mr. Pickwick did not make the situation clear. "How much do you want?"

The magic of these words brought a smile of comprehension to the face of the stranger. "You pulled me away from my mine," he said.

"It was due to an unfortunate misunderstanding," Mr. Pickwick maintained; "but it is unquestionably



A DRAWING ROOM.

true that we are the indirect cause of your present predicament, and we are ready to make suitable reparation."

"All right," agreed the stranger. "I'll trade the mine for the car, and you go back at the next stop."

The Pilot gasped, and there were some indications of heart failure by others of the party.

"This suits me," added the stranger. "This is the real thing, and the mine's only a prospect. You may win big, but you ain't sure of anything. How about it?"

Mr. Pickwick, still serene, explained courteously that the members of the party, having business or professional interests at home, were quite unable to make any such sudden change of plan.

"Guess again!" High Henry put in. "You hit the wrong combination that time."

"This looks pretty good to me," persisted the stranger; "only the service is bum. I'll bet I've rung for that highball fifty times." Having thus recalled himself to the particular business of the moment, he began ringing again.

Old Pomposs here suggested that the stranger overlooked the rather important fact that he was neither the owner nor the lessee of the car; whereupon the stranger, remembering his previous encounter with Old Pomposs, made a jab at the middle button of the latter's vest that induced a precipitate retreat.

"It ain't my fault," the stranger argued, when his victim had backed out of range. "I made a fair offer for it. You got me here, and now it's up to you to do something besides worry me to death. I'll bet I wouldn't treat you so mean if you was on my car."

"I think," said High Henry, "he's entitled to his drink."

"Judging from appearances," objected Mr. Pickwick, "I think he's had it."

"All fixed!" cried the stranger, in sudden triumph. "I got it now."

The members of the party, much relieved, gathered closer, and he was urged to explain.

"You buy the mine," he said, "and I'll hire another car— What's the matter?" For Mr. Pickwick,

"You don't seem to realize I'm delicate, and this housework is simply using me up. It will kill me."

IT ALL DEPENDS.

But to prepare and do all the cooking to entertain a lot of lady friends about twice a week is mere pleasure.

LITTLE DANGER.

"Squire Jones had anuddah valuable hoss stole las' night."
"Fo' de lan'l ef dat sort ob t'ing gwine ter keep up, hit's time I's gittin' a new lock on mah bahn do'."

discouraged and disgusted, was leading his friends aside for another conference. "I got to sell the mine or I can't afford a car. It looks to me like you fellows want all the best of it."

This resentful criticism was ignored, and he was left to his own devices while new plans were discussed. Cy Moose was of the opinion that the whole affair had now resolved itself into a job for High Henry, to which the latter entered prompt and vigorous objection. "But at that," he added, "I could not make a worse failure of it than those who have already tried." Mr. Pickwick thought he detected a slur in this, so, by way of revenge, he came to the support of Cy Moose. "I should judge," said he, with calm dignity, "that there is a natural bond of sympathy between High Henry and the inebriated stranger that would make it easy for them to understand each other and reach a satisfactory agreement, and I move that our elongated companion be appointed a committee of one to solve the problem that now confronts us." Cy Moose and the Timber Wolf seconded the motion, the Pilot put it, and High Henry was elected before he had time to protest.

The look that the committee gave the others was disquieting, but he accepted the commission, declaring that a man of the world might understand wayward strangers without having anything in common with them. Two minutes later he was in animated conversation with the unwelcome guest, and in less than five minutes his voice was raised in a vociferous cry to the porter to bring that long-sought highball and another with it.

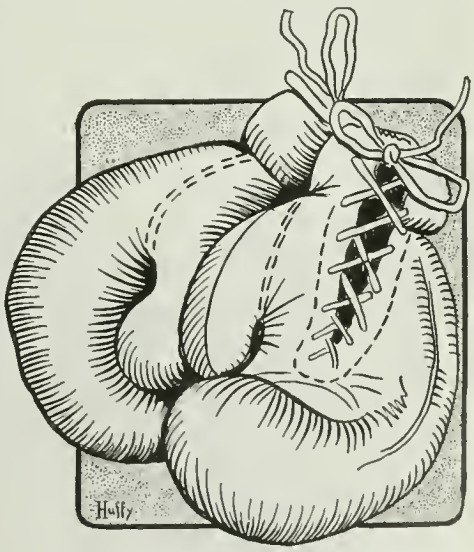
"This won't do!" protested Mr. Pickwick, much worried. "We can't get rid of him that way."

"The committee is trying to get even with us," declared Kisman. "I'll bet he sells him the car."

Several advanced, with a view to bringing High Henry to a conception of his error; but he waved them away, and, at a nod from the Pilot, the highballs were brought. Then two more were ordered. Cy Moose now voiced the general protest, to which High Henry responded, "We're all right; let us alone."

"But this is no joke," argued Cy Moose.

"You bet it isn't!" replied High Henry; and he turned to the stranger with a facetious remark that brought roars of laughter from that individual. They were chums already, and, at the earnest solicitation of High Henry, the stranger sang a sentimental ballad in a way that made the windows rattle.



A "PUG'S" LAMENT.

How sad to me heart are de dreams uv me "pug years,"
When past recollection presents dem to view;
De "upper," de "left-hook," "de knock-out," de loud cheers,
An' after each battle de "put-up job," too.
De long-reachin' arm an' de guy wot behind it
Was hittin' me swipes in de ribs wid his paw,
He poked me a beauty—ah, still I remind it!—
It makin' me wisht to be home wid me "maw."
Dose big, heavy mittens, dose iron-stuffed mittens,
Dose fast-flyin' mittens dat pounded me jaw.

The others were now as anxious to recall High Henry's commission as they had been to give it to him, but there was no satisfactory way of doing it; he was in complete control of the situation. The Pilot even ruled that it would be rank discourtesy to ignore his orders for drinks. Still, this matter of courtesy was pretty severely tested when he ordered a full bottle of Scotch. The Pilot managed to retain his characteristic British calmness, but the others were becoming nervous and excited.

High Henry presented the bottle to the stranger, and the stranger shook him warmly by the hand, insisting that he was the finest gentleman he ever had met. Then, as the train drew into Redwater, the stranger again fervently wrung High Henry's hand, after which he permitted the porter to assist him to the platform.

"How did you do it?" was the general query.

"Easy enough," answered High Henry, with pardonable pride. "I bought him off with a bottle of Scotch, and he was even willing to throw in the mine. But I wouldn't take it."

"Such wisdom!" exclaimed Cy Moose.

"I was only afraid," said High Henry, "that he'd force the mine on me."

"It was a narrow escape," declared the Pilot. "Now we must see what we can do about Corey."

Just then Nick Carter, the mysterious, who had been following a thinking-machine clew of his own, appeared at the door of the car ahead.

"S-sh!" said Nick Carter. "Corey is asleep in the smoker. He shipped himself back from Rib Lake, but forgot to deliver himself to us at Temagami."

High Henry and Nick Carter each received a vote of thanks, and the incident was closed.

Why He Was Bad.

By L. S. WATERHOUSE.

WHEN I was a lad I wasn't so bad
But what I could have been worse;
But if I'd been good the dear public would
Just now be deprived of this verse.

You savey by this—good children we miss—
They all kick the bucket, I'm told;
But I as a kid did just as I did
Because I desired to grow old.

I couldn't just see what good 'twas to me
To turn up my toes to the sod,
So I did, it is true, what most all bad boys do
If they don't want to hustle to God.

I sassed my dear ma and I cussed dear papa
And I punched sister Jane in the eye;
I made of my teacher a principal feature
In keeping me out of the sky.

I fastened tin pails to the yaller purps' tails
And chased the old rooster about;
I chucked stones at the cat, but I only did that
In order that wings should not sprout.

I made faces at girls and I pulled all their curls
And I boxed baby Sis on the ear;
I did all my lying to keep me from dying—
And that's how I come to be here.

No Demand.

Motorist (entering country store)—"I don't suppose you keep sparking-plugs in stock?"

Storekeeper—"You s'pose kerrect, mister. If any uv the boys 'round these parts ever wore plugs when they went sparkin' they'd be joshed clear crazy, I'll wager!"

PHRASE FROM MELODRAMATIC FICTION.

"Pursued by unnamable horrors!"

The Unwritten Law

By H. K. EBERT

THE PLAINTIFF looked as if he had been to a Polish wedding. One eye was closed and the other peered furtively through half-open lids. His nose was out of plumb, and when he opened his mouth it could be seen that his teeth had been tampered with. One arm was in a sling, and he smelled like a dispensary.

The defendant was a well-dressed man of middle age and peaceable mien. Once or twice he glanced at the plaintiff, and a gleam of unholy joy lighted his face; but he did not look like a fighting man.

"I caught him in the act, yer honor," testified the policeman who had made the arrest. "This here chap," indicating the defendant, "was beatin' the neck off the other fellow."

"What have you to say?" asked the magistrate of the plaintiff.

"It was an unprovoked assault," said the man thus addressed. "I met Mr. Brown on the street and passed the time of day. Without a word of warning he attacked me."

The magistrate turned to the defendant, who at the words "unprovoked assault" had glared at his accuser, and thundered, "What have *you* to say?"

The defendant cleared his throat and began in a mild tone.

"I have been suffering with a cold recently," he said, "and have been afraid to take off my heavy underwear. My wife put a poultice on my chest this morning, and, fearing a thunder shower, she made me wear my overshoes. I came down-town on the sunny side of the car with the window closed."

The magistrate loosened his collar and reached for a fan.

"I had a telephone call to make," continued the speaker, "and the connection was so bad I had to close the door of the booth. I was inside for fifteen minutes, talking to a Welshman who stuttered."

"Turn on that electric fan, Jim," interrupted the magistrate, calling to his constable.

"When I left the 'phone booth," resumed the defendant, "I saw a car I wanted about fifty feet away. I chased it for nearly a block, but couldn't catch it. The perspiration was leaking into my shoes, and I left a trail like a street sprinkler. The poultice on my chest would have smoked if it hadn't been so wet.

"Then I met Mr. Robinson, and he asked me if it was hot enough for me."

The magistrate sprang to his feet, mopping his wide and rosy face with his handkerchief, and glowered at Mr. Robinson.

"Beat it!" said he to the defendant.

Also Comic.

First shining light (in the colored church)—"Ah don't believe in callin' dis heah society de Ladies' Auxiliary. Dat's imitatin' de white folks."

Second shining light—"Den wot will we call it?"

First shining light—"Well, wot's de mattah wid callin' it de 'Colored Supplement'?"

No Danger.

Worldly aunt—"See here, Edith! That young man to whom you've engaged yourself—is his future assured?"

Niece—"Oh, yes, auntie! He was baptized as a child."

TWO ASPECTS OF THE MATTER.

"You are the most worthless man living. You're not worth your salt."

But when the railroad company, whose train had killed Mr. Worthless, wanted to settle for $10,000, Mrs. W. held out for $25,000.

AND THE GIRLS HAVEN'T CHANGED MUCH SINCE.

Pieplato—"Hello, Scorchibus! I thought you'd be out with Penelope burning up the bay in your ten-oar Merceeme."

Scorchibus—"Name not that fickle maid! I go now to offer up a lemon on the shrine of Eros. She hath gone out with that greasy olive-grower in his new thirty-oar Biat."

CAMPING OUT.

I LIKE to lie
And watch the sky,
Indulge in dreams and wishes,
And while away
A pleasant day,
While others wash the dishes.
—*Washington Herald.*

And when at night
With appetite
So keen the meals we eat, oh,
'Tis satisfac-
Tion when he whack
The familiar mosquito.
—*Scranton Tribune.*

But there is yet another charm,
When camping out, none doubt;
That is when some one lies down hard,
Upon your sun-burned arm.

Raymond Purcell, Philadelphia, Pa.

SO THERE!

MIRIAM'S mother, after sitting for an hour and a half on the topmost step in the hallway, breathed a sigh of relief as the vestibule door shut with a reluctant click.

"Miriam," she called, as the pride of the neighborhood tripped lightly up the stairs, "isn't that young Schmidt coming to our house pretty often nowadays?"

"I s'pose he is, mamma."

"Do you know anything about him? What is he worth, for instance?"

"Well, he's worth any dozen of the ordinary young men of my acquaintance."

"Yes, my dear; but"——

"And he's worth one hundred dollars a week to the firm that he works for, even if he does get only fifteen dollars now."

James L. Gaines, Coyetsville, N. J.

BETTER NEXT TIME.

"I trust," exclaimed the pious visitor to Convict No. 164, "that you see the error of your ways."

"You bet I do!" was the ready response, "and I've got a new system all framed up."

WILL AIRSHIPS BE POPULAR WITH HOBOES?

1.

Farmer Cornhusk—"Thar, b'gosh! I've got thet fake chimbly all built. Now I'll jest put Spot in it, so's he kin grab th' next tramp thet flies along this way."

Prose about Poets.

By W. J. LAMPTON.

A POET learns in suffering what he tells in the magazines.

In the spring a poet's fancy lightly turns to the increased demand for his product.

Those best can judge a poet's worth who are not asked to buy his stuff.

Not every poet who cackles lays an egg.

A poet in time saves nine—dollars and a half, more or less.

Unto the poet all things are poetry, except editors.

Money makes the poet go.

Don't look a gift poet in the verse.

This is the truth the poet sings, that pleasure's crown of pleasure is seeing his published things.

Two poets do not make a hummer.

Desperate poets require desperate editors.

A poet in print is worth two trying to get there.

A green editor makes a fat poet.

Better an empty poet than an empty poem.

Poets butt in where angels fear to tread.

Poets must write and editors must weep.

It is hard to put old heads on young poets.

Poets may die, but they never resign.

A wise man thinks all that he says; a poet says all that he thinks.

If the editor will not come to the poet, the poet must go to the editor.

Art is long—the poet is short most of the time.

Cast thy poetry into the mails and thou shalt find it after many days, unless you neglected to inclose postage for return if not available.

Better Dad Than Editors.

Judge—"How do you earn your living?"

Prisoner—"By writing, your honor."

Judge—"And what do you write for, would you mind telling us?"

Prisoner—"Not at all; I write for money from home."

A Cautious Maiden.

By HORACE DODD GASTIT.

WE TOOK a stroll in Arcady, in Arcady, in Arcady,
We took a stroll in Arcady one lovely autumn day.
We walked in lane and parkady,
And ilstened to the larkady
Who killed all care and carkady
With merry roundelay.

We strolled till after darkady, ter darkady, ter darkady,
We strolled till after darkady had shadowed all the way.
But it was damp in Arcady,
And I began to barkady,
And sneeze like any sharkady
With the pneumoniay.

I coughed like any Snarkady, ny Snarkady, ny Snarkady,
I coughed like any Snarkady with influenziay.
My sweetheart made remarkady,
"Let's get aboard our arkady!
Oh, Strephon, to me harkady,
And sail from here away.

"'Tis beautiful in Arcady, in Arcady, in Arcady,
'Tis beautiful in Arcady, but, oh, my lover, pray,
Hereafter let us sparkady
At Quoque or Menlo Parkady,
Or Binghamton, New Yarkady;
Along the soft Ozarkady,
Metuchen, Hackensackady,
Or on the Hacmatackady—
I care not where or whatady
Its name or humble lotady,
If it be cold or hotady,
As long as here 'tis notady;
For in this famous spotady
We'll get malariay."

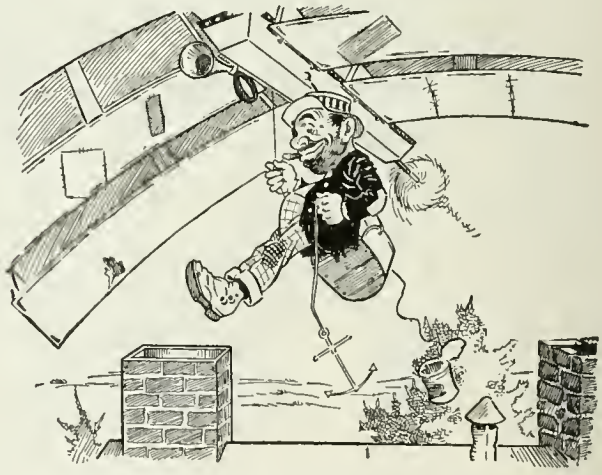
These Hard Times.

AN economically-minded citizen stopped in a hardware store and asked,

"How much are children's bathtubs?"

"From three dollars up," responded the clerk.

"Whew!" whistled the customer. "Guess we will have to keep on washing the baby in the coal-scuttle."

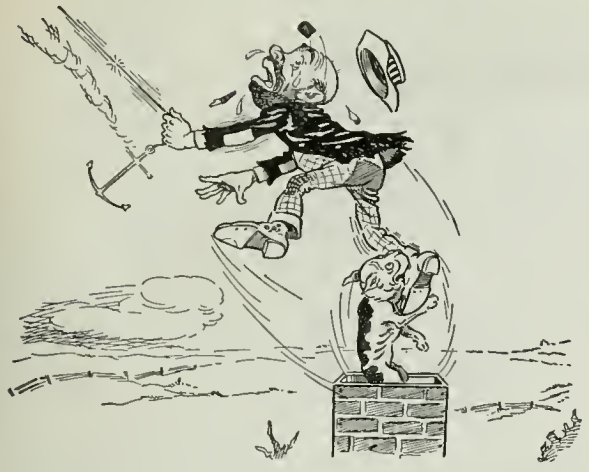


2.

Aviator Archie—"Dis airship gag is all to de candy. Jest drop in on de farmer's wife an' make yer demands. An' I t'ink 'yours airily' is wise in selectin' dis chimbly as de right one ter drop inter.——

WILL AIRSHIPS BE POPULAR WITH HOBOES?

(Continued)



3

——Holy sufferin' aeroplanes! dis here farmer is certainly up ter date.——

The Sausage King.

By BERTON BRALEY.

THE king of the sausages lives afar
(Waiter, put stones in the oyster stew),
In a distant isle where the pretzels are.
(Butter your hair and try a few.)
His ways are odd and his manners rude,
His tastes are rough and his quarters crude,
But he bears them with frankfortitude.
(Waiter, more stones in the oyster stew).

He sailed to the isle on a canine bark
(Waiter, put stones in the oyster stew),
From a German picnic in the park.
(Butter your hair and try a few.)
He built his house on a side hill bleak,
And the roof of the blooming thing would leak,
So he couldn't live in it once a week.
(Waiter, more stones in the oyster stew.)

A queer old chap is the sausage king
(Waiter, put stones in the oyster stew);
He's given to eating most any old thing.
(Butter your hair and try a few.)
For his Sausageship is sorely curst,
With nothing to drink and a burning thirst,
And his children go from worse to wurst.
(Waiter, more stones in the oyster stew.)

But I'd like to live on the Sausage Isle
(Waiter, put stones in the oyster stew),
Where they raise hot sausages every style
(Butter your hair and try a few),
Where the food is fat and the talk is Dutch,
And nobody ever amounts to much.
Ah, take me there, for I like it such!
(Waiter, I'm done with the oyster stew.)

The Only Preventive.

The zebra—"Looks as if your tribe is doomed to extinction."

The elephant (gloomily)—"Nothing else—unless some jungle Burbank teaches us to grow celluloid tusks instead of ivory."

The Dangers of Optimism.

By THOMAS L. MASSON.

OPTIMISM is really an excellent theory if kept in its place, but in these days the tendency is to run it into the ground. We meet professional optimists everywhere. What can be more terrible, for example, than to be in such a mental state that you can be cured by any form of the New Thought?

In the first stages optimism is easily curable. One of the receipts is to buy a hundred shares of Amalgamated Copper.

In its second stage it is susceptible of treatment by marriage or living in the suburbs.

In the last stages, however, the patient is hopeless. He is too happy for any use, and is, of course, quite unbearable.

The worst feature of optimism is the people it forces you to associate with. Not to be able to get rid of the man who has discovered the-true-meaning-of-Life—indeed, to become so that you actually enjoy his company—is beyond all cure. And there is nothing worse than the man who has discovered the-true-meaning-of-Life. There may be other grades of superiority more offensive, but we have never met them. It is better, indeed, to be conservative, and not admit that there is too much good in anything.

Only in this way can one retain one's self-respect in these days of universal panaceas.

Seemed Foolhardy.

"LOOK here!" said the official, "there'll be trouble if your wife disregards us when we persistently tell her she must not pick the flowers."

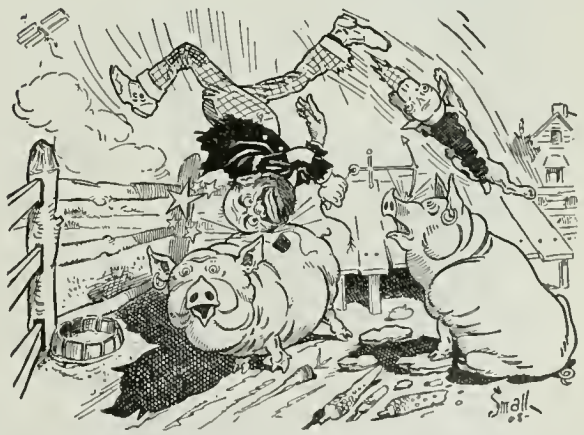
"Then," replied Mr. H. Peck—for it was no other—"why ever do you persist?"

"WHY DO they call those new skirts directoire?"

"French for 'directory,' I am told."

"Well?"

"Chief points of interest shown at a glance."



4.

——(As he lands.) Airships may be all right in deir place, but dey ain't goin' ter be indorsed by me—not much! It's de good old dusty country roads an' knockin' at de doors fer mine hereafter."

THE TWO-LEGGED KIND.

Mr. Coon—"How'd yo' like ter meet me 'round ter Squire Brown's hen-roost ter-night, Mr. Possum?"

Mr. Possum—"No, thank yo', Mr. Coon. Dar's too much danger ob dar bein' some udder coon dan yo' dar."

Two of a Kind.

THE MARBLE clock in the dining-room had just announced in mellow tones the hour of three a. m., when the wife of the plumber nudged him and whispered nervously,

"Horace! there's a burglar in the house!"

"There is, hey?" answered the husband, now thoroughly awake. "I'll see about him."

With cunning stealth he got out of bed and tiptoed out of the room. For ten minutes no sound broke the awful stillness; then the house shook with a crash. There was a century of silence. Then a chair fell, the front door slammed, and a heavy bundle thumped down the front stairs and into the street.

The terrified wife fainted, to be brought back to consciousness by the voice of her husband.

"It's all right, dear; I threw him out," he chuckled, as he turned on the light. "But the scoundrel had only four dollars and thirty cents on his clothes."

The Wonderful Power of Suggestion.

Howard—"Did you ever know any one who was cured by suggestion?"

Coward—"Yes. I cured the duke's infatuation for my daughter by suggesting that he lend me five dollars."

Up to Date.

THEY were looking up at the latest skyscraper. "But what are those things sticking out from the sides?" asked the up-State friend.

"Those? Oh, those are mile-posts!" answered the New Yorker.

Undesirable.

THIS sign has been posted by a multi-millionaire over his gate:

"Notice—No book agents, peddlers, hucksters, foreign prices, lords, or dukes allowed on these premises!"

A Good Thing To Plan for.

Jim—"Is Nubbly far-sighted?"

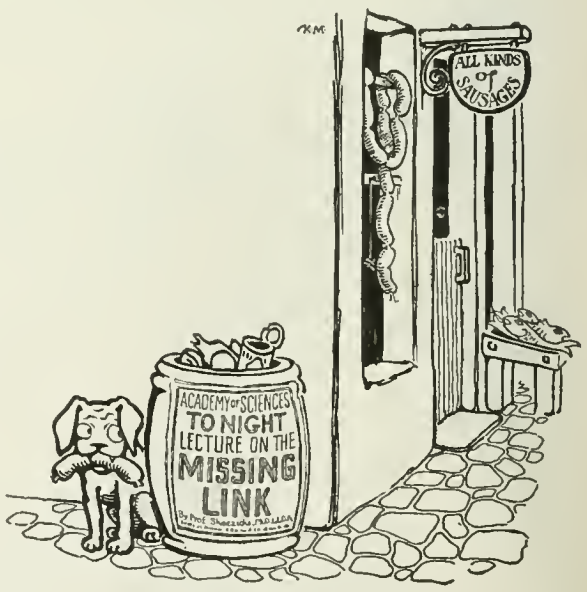
Joe—"Yes. He is always planning ahead."

Jim—"That's good, for he must be awfully dissatisfied with the one he has."

Joe—"What do you think of the foreign mail for two cents?"

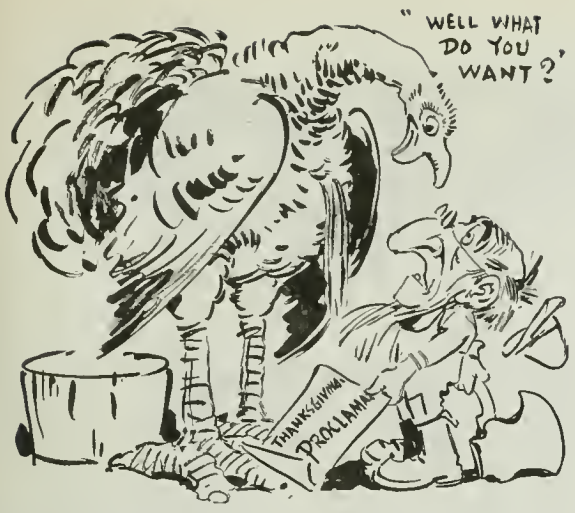
Jay—"Depends on the foreign male. I think a foreign male like Boni de Sagandi would be expensive at any price."

NEWS ITEM—A tug captain of Dum has walked with a limp ever since he heard of the corn on one of his tows.



THE LOST LINK.

"If I'd known the old thing was so valuable I wouldn't have stolen it. Here they are advertising it already."



The Night after Thanksgiving

By L. S. WATERHOUSE.

NOW ON my breast doth heaviness
And anxious sorrow sadly lie.
'Tis echo of last night's distress—
I dreamed I was a chicken pie.

My crust was full, yet would not burst,
Although I did not cease to strive.
I felt their wings, and — what was worst—
Each mother's chick appeared alive!

In vain I sought to plunge a knife
To where such great disturbance lay;
I only managed in my strife
To cast the bedclothes all away.

At last—I knew not when nor how—
This vision sauntered from my head.
And yet I could not rest, for now
I was a roasted pig instead.

My ears were decked with something green;
I held an apple in my paws.
And some one—meanest of the mean—
Had jammed a lemon in my jaws!

I woke from this to swiftly drag
My senses through a greater woe;
I was all sewed up in a bag—
A pudding, I would have you know.

And now all earthly hope seemed past—
I screeched and floundered, so they said.
This morning, when I woke at last,
I wished I had not gone to bed.

A Convenient Failing.

"WHY DID you walk out during the sermon?"
"Couldn't help it. I'm a somnambulist."

Society.

HONOR and place from one condition rise.
Act swell your part, there social prestige lies.

Business before Sentiment.

IT WAS a girl at the home of the Battle Creek millionaire, and the question now was the name. Everything, from Abigail to Zoe, was rejected, until a poet, who was present, mentioned "Cerealita." Instantly there was a great acclaim—the question was settled.

But Mr. Offlewod shook his head and wrote in a little notebook. "After all," he said, "it is but a baby girl. There are millions in this name for our new breakfast food, composed of equal parts of pine shavings, parched excelsior and shredded saw logs, and business is business."

So they named the baby Sarah Jane.

All He Asked.

"AND WHAT," asked one of the once-famous actor's friends as he bent beside the bed, "would you like to have carved on your tombstone? Is there not some sentiment which you wish to have used as your epitaph?"

"Yes," the dying man replied. "Let it be this: 'It never was necessary to give him a benefit.'"

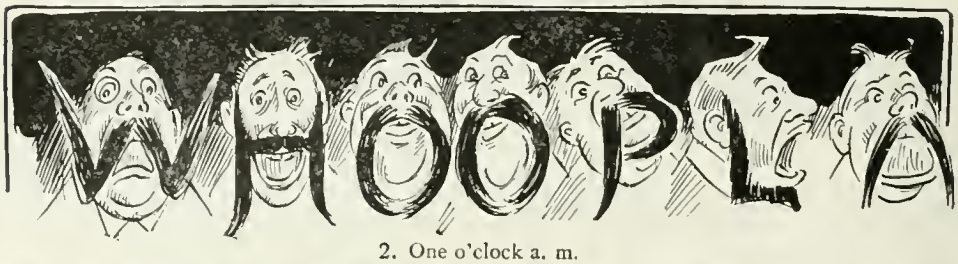
The Fair Grafter.

SHE HAD quite a passion for whist,
And few were the tricks that she missed.
If you chanced to get heated
And claimed that she cheated,
She smiled so you couldn't insist.

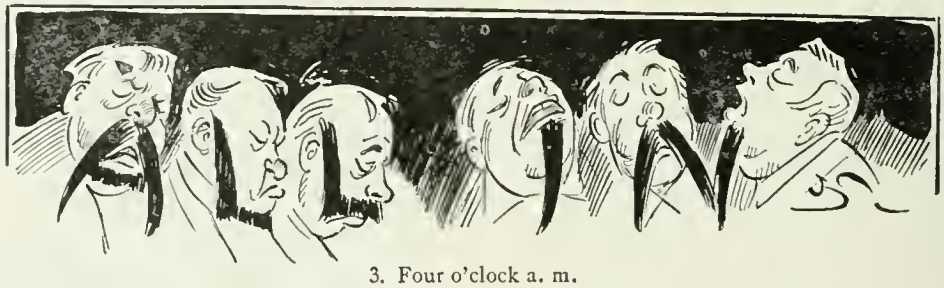
NEWS ITEM.
Mr. Turkey receives a "black-hand" letter.

AT A BACHELORS' CLUB THANKSGIVING DINNER

1. Eleven o'clock p. m.



2. One o'clock a. m.



3. Four o'clock a. m.

Poor Adam!

ADAM stopped to wipe the sweat out of his eyes.

"Well," he said, "I had a fine time in Eden, all right, but it certainly is tough to spend the rest of your life paying for one season at a summer resort." Then he dropped his hoe and stumbled wearily across the field to drive a rhinoceros out of the corn.

"The Early Bird—"

Manager—"I suppose you noticed that my advertisement read 'None but a sober man need apply for this position'?"

Applicant—"Yes, I noticed that, and that's why I applied very early in the morning."

Easily Obliged.

Tramp—"Say, boss, can yer tell a feller where he kin get fifteen cents fer a bed?"

Old gentleman (dealer in second-hand furniture)—"Certainly, my good man. Bring the bed to me, and if it is worth fifteen cents I'll buy it."

He—"Really, now, what would you do if you were a man?"

She—"What would you?"

A Vulgar Word.

Miss Parr Venue—"Oh, maw, there comes Mrs. Brown up the steps! My! don't she look bellicose to-day!"

Mrs. Parr Venue—"Don't use such vulgar language, daughter. Say adipose. Mrs. Brown can't help being stout."

MUSICAL.
A German air.

Why Joyner Left Home.

"ARE YOU ready to receive the obligations?" asked the Most Upright Supreme Hocus-Pocus of the Order of Hoot Owls.

"I am," said the candidate firmly.

"Then take a sip of this prussic acid, place your right hand in this pot of boiling lead, rest your left hand upon this revolving buzz-saw, close your eyes and repeat after me"——

Early next morning shreds of Joyner's clothing were found upon the bushes and trees all along the road to Pottsville, thirty miles distant, and at Scrabbletown, sixty miles away, he was reported still headed west.

There Was.

THE DISHEVELED bard entered the weary-eyed editor's apartment.

"Is there an opening here for a poet?" he inquired.

"Yes, indeed," replied the editor, touching a button underneath his desk; and the next instant the poet disappeared through a trap door in the floor.

The Height of Affability.

Randall—"Falls all over you, does she?"

Rogers—"She couldn't be any more affable if I were her cook."

A Marvel of Human Ingenuity.

THE WRITER has never appreciated until recently what a boon was conferred upon humanity by the typecasting machine. It is now in general use in a majority of newspaper offices, and the writer's heart throbs with gratitude to the inventor when he reads an important and thrilling dispatch like the following:

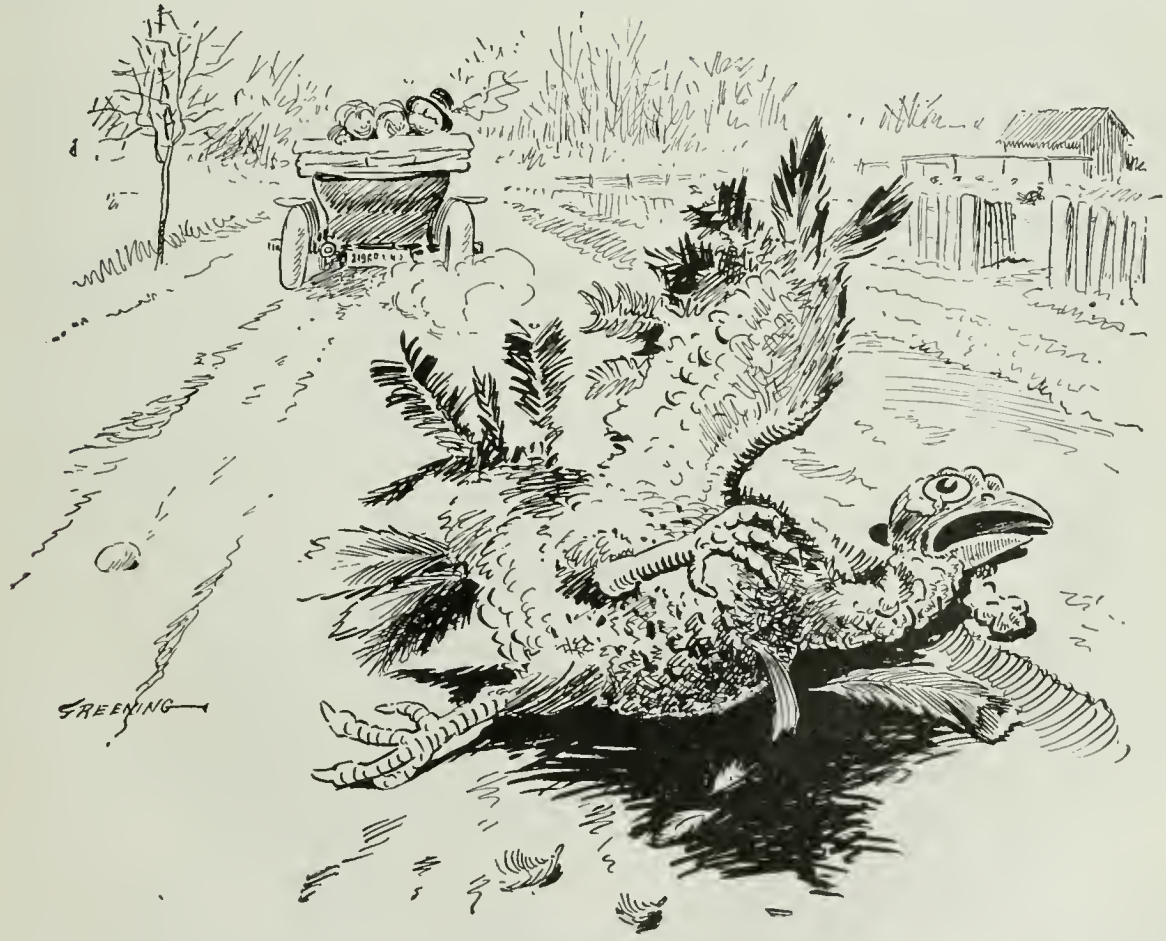
"Washington, D. C., Sept. 12.—At Fort Myer, to-day, Orville Wright in his aeroplane women. They have asked for the suffrage on affection has little to do with the marriage -ap ɥuo əɔǝq ʇsɐl ɐʇ sɐɯ ʞɔǝɔ ǝɥʇ uǝǝɥM

This achievement on the part of Wright leads to the conclusion that the problem of the navigation of the air has at last been-

by the tyrant man with his medieval ideas of by the tyrant man with his medieval ideas of by the tyrant man with his medieval ideas of solved. The planes of this unique machine are the heaviness which was needed where a tube yyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy

Mushy Miriam.

A SOULFUL young woman named Miriam,
Whene'er she had beaux, would quite weary 'em
With languishing sighs
She would roll up her eyes,
And would darling and ducky and dearie 'em.



HARD LUCK.

Turk (gasping)—"Well, to think after training and starving for six weeks and escaping the axe, a party of Thanksgiving joy-riders should hand it to me!" (*Expires.*)

AFTER THE THANKSGIVING MEAL.

"Well, where'll we go now—football game or matinee?"

"Neither. If we go to the game it will be beef and brawn, and if we go to the show it will be legs and wings; and I don't want to be reminded of anything to eat for six weeks!"

The Correspondence Column.

BY FRANK R. WALTON.

OF ALL the institutions great for making people wise,
The very greatest one of all is "Queries and Replies,"
The correspondence column of the *Feminine Gazette*,
For Madame Claire, who writes that part, is wisdom's special pet.
Her answers settle ev'ry doubt with perfect satisfaction,
So "Old Subscriber" merely needs to put them into action!
One rule, quite neat, cures swollen feet,
The next will soothe a lovelorn heart;
Then come replies on killing flies,
And whether Browning is true art.
For never mind how big a woe or knotty question may arise,
It never yet feazed Madame Claire, whose wisdom rare,
Can settle all, though great or small,
In "Queries and Replies."

No doubt great Solomon was wise and knew a thing or two,
But did he know that ermine furs should be wrapped up in blue?
And could he tell just how to make upon a simple plan
A very stylish hatpin case from any old tin can?
Ah, Man! proud Man! must own at least this little limitation—
It takes a Madame Claire to guide the women of the nation.
Her judgments clear, they all will hear,
For instinct tells her all their needs;
And so we find that womankind
With confidence her column reads.
For since there's magic in a name, and in French names most magic lies,
The fact is hid that Madame Claire, with wisdom rare,
Is just a myth, and Billy Smith
Writes "Queries and Replies."

He Had Reformed.

"UNCLE MOSE," said the drummer, addressing an aged colored man who was holding down a dry-goods box in front of the village store, "they tell me that you remember seeing General Washington. Is it true?"

"No, sah," replied the old man. "Ah uster 'membah seein' him, but Ah don't no moh since Ah done j'in'd church, sah."

The Wrong Charge.

"OFFICER," said the police magistrate, "what is the charge against this man?"

"Disorderly conduct, your honor. He approached two chorus ladies to whom he had never been introduced and invited them to have a Thanksgiving dinner at his expense."

"That wasn't disorderly conduct—it was reckless daring."

The Sheath Gown.

LIKE other fads that don't endure,
'Twill have its little day.
The ladies, though, should first make sure
That they are built that way.

Young America's Explanation.

"MY CHILD, your head is all perspiration!"

"Yes, ma; my roof leaks."

Readily Accounted For.

Charley Litewate—"I am greatly troubled with a rush of blood to the head. How do you account for it, doctor?"

Doctor—"Well, Nature abhors a vacuum, you know."

Ezekiel Jones's Snore Suppressor

By ARTHUR WILLIAM BEER

I WAS waiting for my train at a little country station. It was a still, summer day, and the silence was broken only by the rhythmic snoring of a negro porter, who lay stretched out in the sun on the baggage platform.

"It seems odd that, in this age of big inventions, no one has ever thought up some method of preventing snoring," I remarked casually to the only other person in sight, an old fellow who was seated on a crate of chickens, chewing tobacco and expectorating at intervals with a calm and judicious air.

He fixed a pair of keen gray eyes on me.

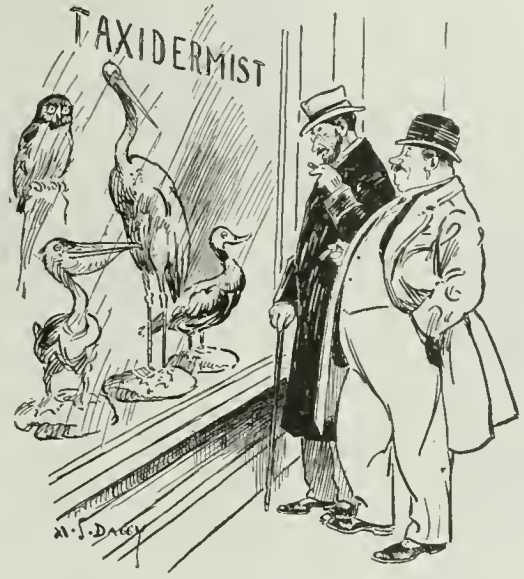
"Reckon you're a stranger in these parts?" he said presently.

I admitted it.

He chuckled joyously to himself.

"Never heard tell o' Jake Weathersby?"

I said that I had not, but indicated my entire willingness to hear of him or of any other gentleman, the relation of whose exploits might serve to pass away the tedious hours while awaiting the advent of that infernal train.



IT ALL DEPENDS.

Mr. Smith—"Are you interested in stuffed birds?"

Mr. Jones—"Yes, when the job is done by a good cook."

The old man supplied himself with a fresh chew of tobacco, took careful aim at the shining steel rail a few feet away, looked disappointed when he missed it, and finally proceeded.

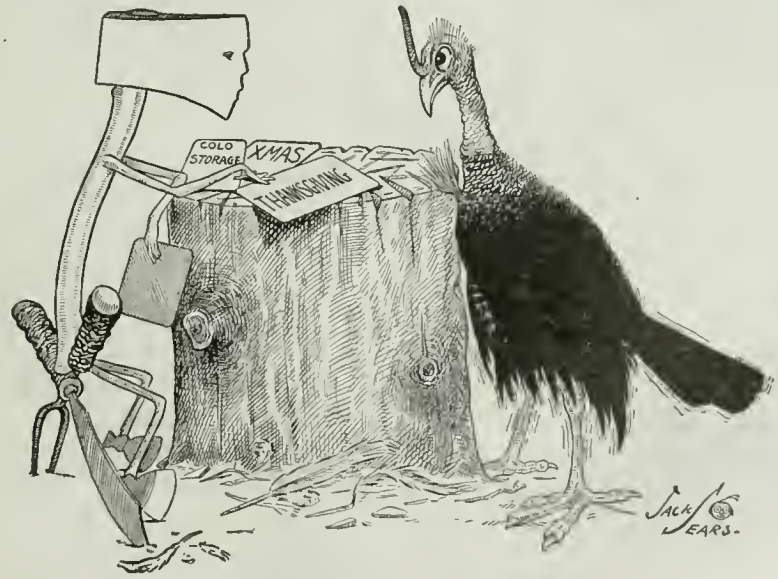
"You think that nigger's *snorin'*," said he. "Sakes alive, that ain't snorin'! You oughter have heard Jake Weathersby! Guess he—well, I'll tell you how the matter o' the invention come up.

"I was settin' round about here a couple o' years back when a queer-lookin' old fellow happened along.

"'Nice little town you've got here,' says he.

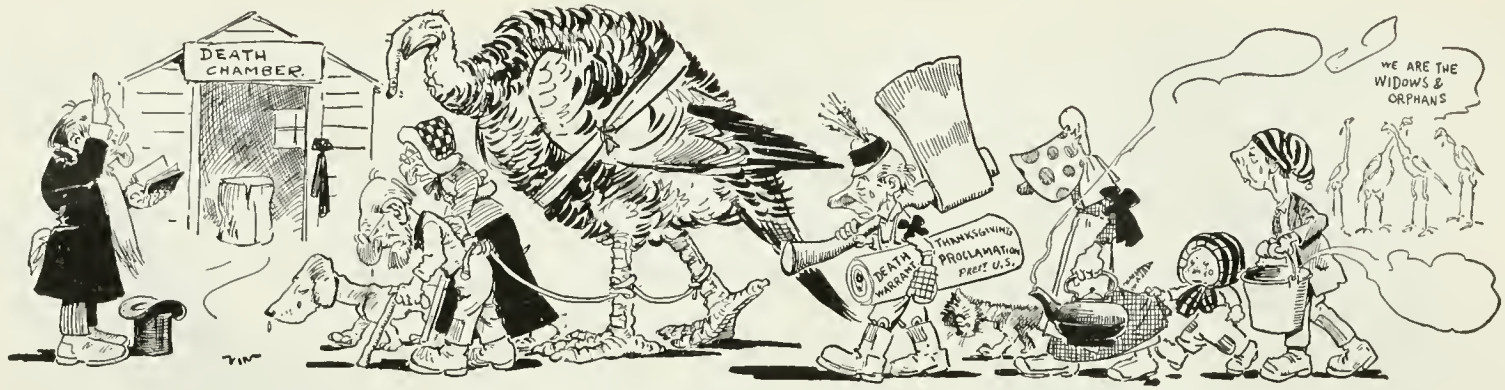
"'Pretty fair,' says I.

"'I was lookin' around a bit last night,' says he, 'and things certainly seemed pretty prosperous. Lots o' buildin' goin' on—and what's that sort o' little fac-



THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

Sharp Edge—"This card means that a terrible misfortune will befall you on the day indicated."



HIS SENTENCE FOR BEING "FAT AND FIT."

The President's Thanksgiving proclamation sealed his fate, and the Governor of the State declined to interfere with the execution.

HELPING MATTERS ALONG.

Willie Waddles—"Lady, might a starving man sit down here and wish he had something to eat on this Thanksgiving day?"
Kind and benevolent lady—"Yes, you may; and here is a wishbone to help you along."

STAGE GOSSIP.

"You were the leading man last season, weren't you?"

"Yes; coming back."

fame, fame!' he muttered. 'What a bubble thou art!'

"Then he went on to explain the situation. Seems he was an inventor of all sorts of odd contrivances, and his latest was a patent snore suppressor. He was lookin' around for some good, hearty snorer to test it on, and it struck him right away that old man Weathersby was it.

"I was quick enough to agree that if his machine would subdue the nerve-rackin', ear-splittin', hyena-like snore possessed by Jake Weathersby, it would fill a long-felt want.

"'But,' says I, 'the old man will never agree to any such foolishness. I rather think he's proud o' that snore o' his.'

"'I'll fix that up all right,' says Ezekiel.

"Well, I warned him that he'd better go slow and not play any monkey tricks with the old man.

"'He's a regular old fire-eater,' says I, 'and not skeered of anything. Wait!' says I; 'I reckon he *is* just a bit afeared of the Widow Smith, who's been a-settin' her cap at him for some time. But that's natural enough. Otherwise he's plum bloodthirsty. There's been some kind o' night-ridin' fellers around here lately, a-robbin' and raisin' the devil generally.

"'Jest let 'em come a-nigh my place,' says old Jake t'other day. 'I may not be quite as spry on my feet as I used to be, but I reckon I kin handle them fellers all tory down at the foot o' the hill just on the edge 'o town? Must be pretty busy—they was still a-runnin' when I came a-past there late last night.'

"'Factory?' says I. 'I don't know o' no factory.'

"'Well,' he says, 'all I can say is there certainly was some kind o' machinery runnin' there when I came by about ten o'clock last night,' and he went on to describe the place pretty accurate.

"Then a great light breaks in upon me, as the writer folks would say.

"'Factory nothin'!' I says. 'That ain't no factory. That's old man Weathersby's place, and I reckon 'twas him a-snorin' you heard.'

"He looked surprised-like for a moment. Then:

"'That's what I call providential!' says he.

"'The neighbors don't so regard it,' says I.

"Then he digs out a card from his pocket and hands it to me.

"'Ezekiel Jones, Inventor,' I read.

"'Reckon you've heard o' *that* name afore,' he says, as I looked from the card to him.

"'Never in my life,' says I.

"He looked a bit downcast. 'Ah,

WICKED NEW YORK.

Clara—"Why is New York different than most large cities?"
Vera—"I don't know."
Clara—"It was once possessed with two 'Devils' instead of one."

right. I don't like to shed human blood,' he says, 'but dooty is dooty.'

"Well, notwithstandin' all I said about Jake Weathersby, this here Ezekiel Jones still insisted that Jake was elected to test his invention; and, after thankin' me kindly for puttin' him next to so good a thing, and writin' my name down in a dirty little memorandum book so as he wouldn't fergit it, away he went. I heard all about it afterward, partly through a letter Ezekiel wrote me, and partly from the Widow Smith, though she wasn't a widow no more then—but that's gettin' ahead o' my story.

"It seems that this here Ezekiel Jones, Inventor, went down to old man Weathersby's and tried to get thick with him, but there was nothin' doin'. The old man sized him up for a lightnin'-rod agent, and threatened to shoot him if he didn't vacate the premises immediate. Ezekiel was cast down, but not dismayed, as you might say. He was clear grit. His invention just had to be tested, and old man Weathersby was it. Ezekiel had that all settled, and there was no gettin' it out o' his head.

"So what does he do but enter the shack at night when all was still—no, you couldn't hardly say all was still neither, for Jake Weathersby was makin' the night hideous as usual with his boiler-factory snore.

"Yes, sir; that there inventor chap takes his life in his hands, as you might say, and crawls through a winder that had been left open on account of its bein' a warm summer evenin'. After gettin' his bearin's, he sneaked up to the bedside and carefully adjusted his suppressor, a curious contrivance o' steel plates and wire springs, on old man Weathersby's prominent nose. He then stepped back into the darkness to await results.

"Well, it appears that the results was all that could be expected. Ezekiel wrote me afterward that he reckoned he'd made a miscalculation and keyed the suppressor up too all-fired strong.

"Anyway, it seems the old man's snorin' ceased with a suddenness, and he started up with a wild snort o' terror.

"'Lord! the night-riders is upon me!' he yelled, and made one flyin' leap for the open winder. Out he went, head-first, lightin' all in a heap in a patch o' weeds, but

FAMILY CHARACTERISTICS.

Farmer Meadders—"So th' bunco man told yew he wuz a son o' good ole Deacon Perkins, an' yew believed him?"
Farmer Snakeroot—"Not at first, Si; but when he started in talkin' religion an' tryin' ter pick my pocket at th' same time, by gum! I jes' couldn't help but believe he wuz Deacon Perkins's own son"

scramblin' quickly to his feet and makin' off down the road as tight as he could jump.

"Ezekiel hesitated a moment, and then clambered out of the winder after him, for he didn't want to lose the only model of the snore suppressor he had on hand.

"Down the pike galloped old man Weathersby, only hittin' the high places, as it were, the suppressor meanwhile stickin' closer than a brother; and after him—a considerable ways after him—limped Ezekiel.

"After a bit Weathersby turns off into an open space on the edge o' town, where the circus pitches its canvas when it hits this village, and where we hold our county fairs. Ezekiel, thinkin' that perhaps he'd gone for re-enforcements, and, moreover, bein' pretty much winded by this time, drops out o' the race and departs for some place unknown.

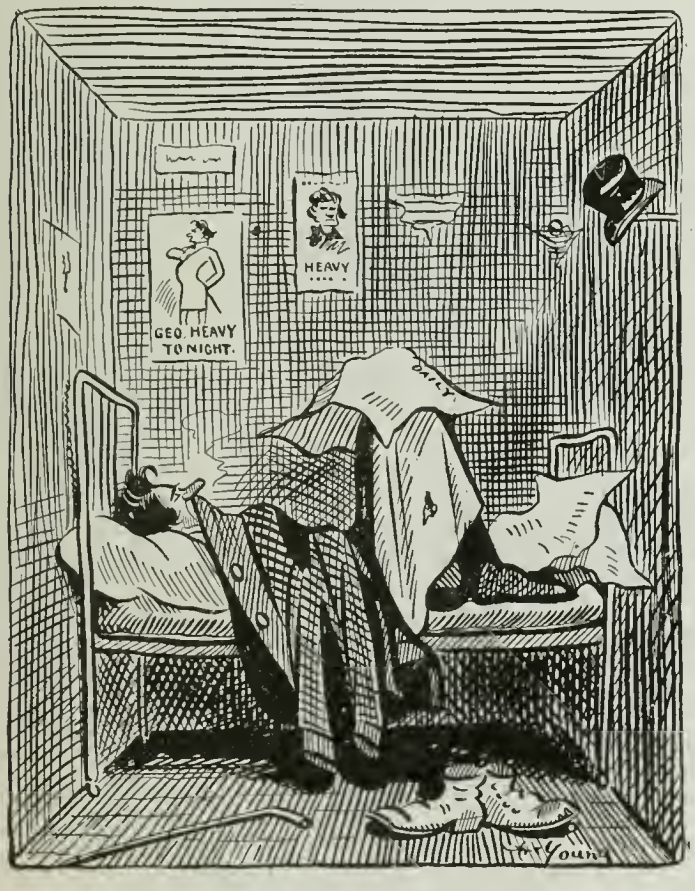
"Well, it so happened just at that time that the Afro-American Ebenezer Congregation was holdin' of a camp-meetin' on the fair grounds. Some o' them had been hangin' back undooly, and the presidin' elder had been a-poundin' it into 'em that night that the spirit o' wrath would mightily descend if they didn't hasten to see the error o' their ways and double-quick to the mourners' bench.

"Well, when old man Weathersby came a-tearin' through their midst, with the suppressor hangin' on to his face like a crab and his nightshirt streamin' in the breeze, it was the general opinion that the spirit o' wrath had arrived on schedule time, and the whole aggregation stampeded, as it were.

"It ain't o' record just when the old man run hisself down or got rid o' the patent snore suppressor, but it appears he finally did both. When he come to a bit, he was scared to go back to his house; besides, he was some tired, as you may imagine, and, even on a summer's evenin', a nightshirt is a leetle thin as an outdoor garment. So, findin' hisself in the neighborhood o' the Widow Smith's, and seein' a light burnin' there, and bein' a bit rattled into the bargain, I guess, as a result o' his excitin' run, he made bold to go and knock on her door, with the idee o' borrowin' a blanket or somethin' in which he might infold hisself while huntin' up the constable.

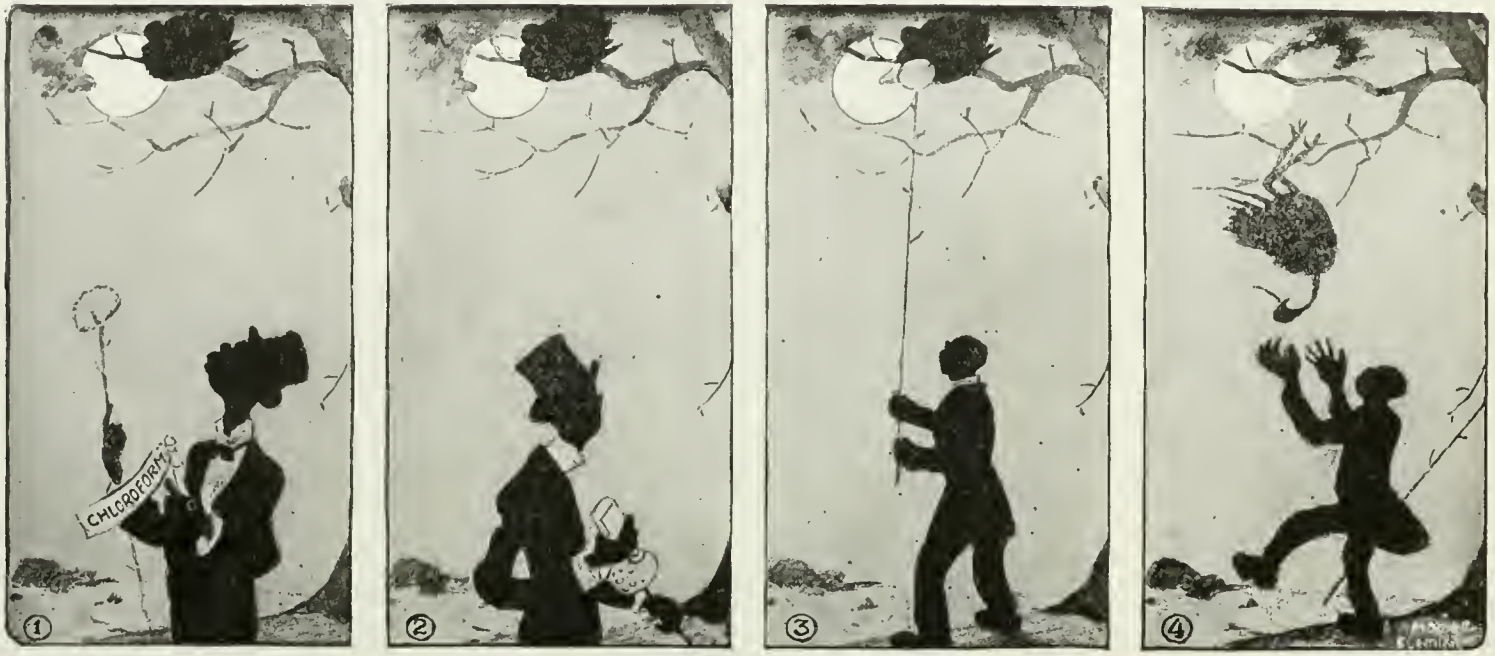
"He oughter have known wimmen folks better, of course. It seems she went into hysterics immediately on gettin' a sight o' him. Her awful screams aroused the neighbors, and they came presently and discovered old Jake Weathersby a-shiverin

A QUACK DOCTOR.



"'TWAS BUT A DREAM."

"He *dreamt* that he dwelt in marble halls."



WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

An illustrated story of how Dr. Johnson got his Thanksgiving turkey.

on the Widow Smith's front porch, while the widow herself was havin' some kind of a fit in the doorway. Well, of course, he just *had* to marry her, and "——

But here the whistle of the approaching engine interrupted the story.

The Unhappy Medium.

"BRONSON is one of the most humble men I ever saw."

"Yes. Arrogance seems to be wholly foreign to his make-up."

"I wonder why it is that he always has such a servile manner?"

"I think it is because he is neither rich enough to get into a trust nor poor enough to belong to a union."

Terrible Deprivation.

Stella—"Has she a Southern accent?"

Bella—"Yes. She can't get enough r's in a month to eat oysters."

Lagniappe.

"I UNDERSTAND that Mr. Pennink is making a tremendous success, selling short stories to the magazines," remarks the man with the frayed collar.

"Yes. He's a smooth one," replies the man with the leaky fountain pen.

"He must be, to sell his stories. I don't see anything about them to make the magazine editors crazy to buy them."

"Well, he has a gift of rhyming, you know, and when he sends a short story to a magazine he throws in a poem of the right brevity to fill the bottom of the page on which the story will end."

Juvenile Wisdom.

"WHAT did people do before steel pens were invented?" asked the teacher.

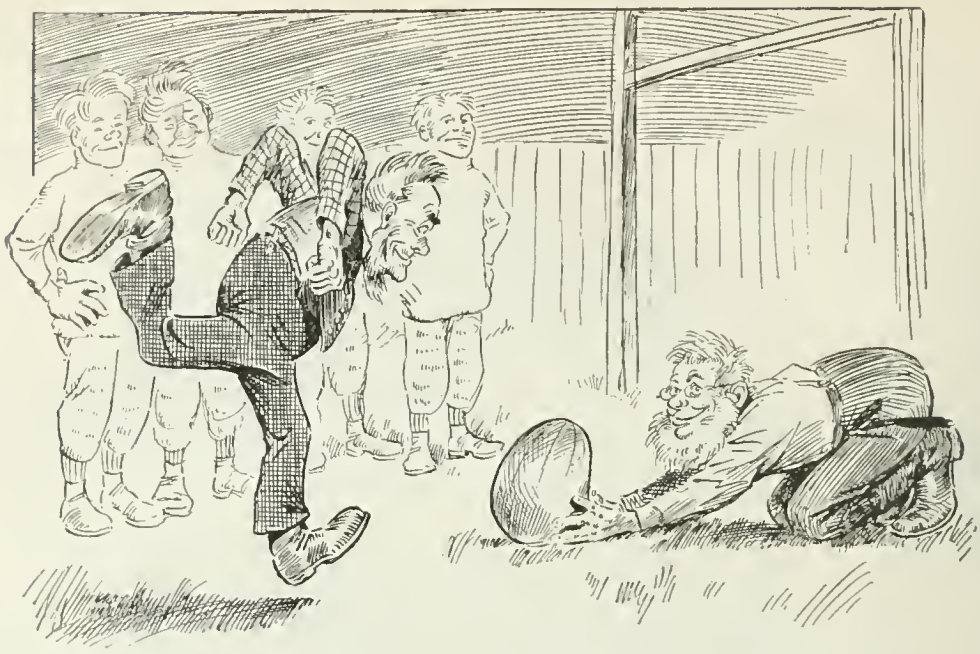
"The pinions of one goose were used to spread the opinions of another," answered the wise boy at the pedal extremity of the class.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

Farmer—"Gosh! I hate to kill thet turkey. I've fed her sence she wuzzent much bigger then a sparrer."

Sympathetic visitor—"I understand just how you feel."

Farmer—"Course. Ye've only got to look at her. (*Later, after lifting the bird.*) Sho! she ain't haff fat enough."



1 *Uncle John*—"Come on, Cy! Let's show these youngsters how *we* used to kick the goal!"

Reflections of Uncle Ezra

By ROY K. MOULTON.

EZ PURDY'S wife has got a new changeable silk dress. By gravy! if I was a woman I wouldn't want a silk dress that I couldn't change once in a while if I wanted to.

There are three kinds of fellers that ought to leave hoss racin' alone. They are old fellers, young fellers and middle-aged fellers. The only ones that ever make any money follerin' the hosses are hack drivers.

The people of our town demanded higher education for their kids, so the school board has decided to build the new schoolhouse up on top of Lookout Hill, which is the highest in this township.

Grandpa Hanks has got a new wooden leg made out'n a Normandy popular tree, and it grows so fast he has to saw off six or eight inches of it every day, so that he won't walk lopsided. He has sawed off enough already to keep him in stove wood most all winter. The last wooden leg he had was made out'n a weepin' willer, and he says it looked so pathetic he didn't have the heart to walk around on it.

Hank Peters fell off'n Anse Judson's barn the other day and knocked his brains out. Hank don't mind it much, as he has since got a job as chorus man with a musical comical show.

Hi Spink says the hardest time he ever had in his life was once when he helped the minister put up a stove and fit the pipe. Hi pretty near busted, holdin' back so much language, but after he got through he went down behind Perkins's mill and cussed for three hours without stoppin'.

By ginger! I have spent most of my life in the woods, and I never heard of a hall tree. I guess somebody is a nature faker. Anse Judson says he has got one.

Bud Hicks, of this town, who is spendin' the winter in New York, must be keepin' nice and warm, as he writes home that the police have kept him in the sweatbox most of the time.

I see by the papers another New York girl is goin' to marry a foreign count. I never heard of a count that wasn't a foreign one.

Deacon Stubbs says they have got a drink down to New York called a pussy cafe, and when a feller drinks one he feels like he was livin' nine lives all at once. Deacons at home and deacons away from home is evidently two kinds of deacons.

Mrs. Ansel Jimkey has to wear a thirty-nine-cent calico wrapper to socials, funerals and other society events, and she is thinkin' some of suin' Anse for divorce on the grounds of incompatibility of expenditure.

When Hod Peters was down to York he kicked because he found a suspender button in the hash. Some folks is never satisfied. He probably wanted a whole suit of clothes.

A Man's Opinion.

"IF WE had women for judges," said the lady with the square jaw, "few divorces would be granted."

"Yes," replied the horrid man. "They'd be so eager to hear the scandalous details that it would never be possible to get all the evidence in."

Choice Spots on the Earth—Harlem

HARLEM is bounded on the north by Sing Sing, on the east by the Long Island Perfumery Works at Hunter's Point, on the south by J. P. Morgan and on the west by the Palisades Advertising Company, unlimited.

Harlem was first settled by the New York baseball team, who were in the habit of killing their umpires on the banks of the Harlem River as far back as 1798. Rip Van Winkle once went through Harlem, and calling at the first beer garden for a high ball, drank it, and staggering on to the Catskills, slept for twenty years. That is why no one, to this day, blames him.

Harlem is noted for its industries, among which we may mention the Harlem goat joke and the Harlem flat joke. These jokes immigrated from Egypt early in the last century, and have since then led a peaceful and unperturbed, but quite active, existence.

Harlem is connected with the Stock Exchange by the elevated railroad, the subway and the Croton aqueduct. Having been robbed of all personality years ago, it has nothing to conceal. Its windows, disclosing its succulent home life, are always open to the passing European traveler at all hours of the day and night, enabling him to get the most vivid impressions of America. It contains about four miles of Philadelphia pressed brick, children and bedclothes, and rises to a height of one hundred feet above the Wall Street level.

Harlem and Brooklyn have been deadly rivals. In a sleeping contest, no one knows which would win. Harlem is sustained and soothed by Woodlawn Cemetery; Brooklyn has Greenwood.

It is fortunate that New York lies between them; otherwise the banner of the ready-made necktie, the Sunday silk hat and the ubiquitous baby carriage would float over Manhattan Island, where naught now interferes with the Sabbath calm except the passing auto, the clang of surface cars and the sound of falling poker chips.

T. L. M.

The Balance.

"IT SEEMS to me," says the common consumer, "that you and Carbon should be the wealthiest men in this community."

"I'll tell you how it is," explains Frijjidd, the iceman. "In the summer Carbon buys his ice of me, and in the winter I buy my coal of him. The consequence is one offsets the other, and there isn't anything left for either of us."

Up to Date.

"I UNDERSTAND," says the traveler in Arkansas, "that your razor-back hogs down here are really dangerous if they become enraged."

"They used to be, mister," allows the native; "but we-all down yere ain't so behind the times as yo'-all up there reckon we are. We don't raise nothin' but safety-razor-back hogs now."

Trying To Shut Her Out.

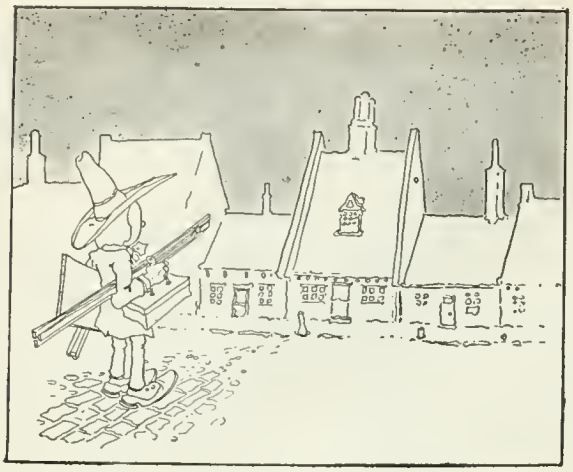
"CONDUCTOR," complained the lank spinster passenger, "that man in the opposite seat is winking at me!"

"He says he doesn't mean to wink at you," explained the car official. "He's trying to keep the eye that's turned toward you shut, ma'am."

THE INDIAN SUMMER OF FOOTBALL.

2. *Youngsters*—"Score one point!"

YES; THEY DO RIP UP THE OLD TOWN IN A HURRY THESE DAYS!



1. *Artist*—"Ah, a bit of quaint, old-time city!——

What He Meant.

Abrams—"I don't see your husband any more, Mrs. Isaacs."

Mrs. Isaacs—"No; my husband iss sick."

Abrams—"How iss he getting along?"

Mrs. Isaacs—"He iss failing fast."

Abrams—"I didn't inquire about his business. How iss his health?"

The Day After.

Broadstreet (telephoning)—"Maggie, what is there for dinner to-night?"

Maggie—"I think it's turkey, sir; cold, sir, with mince pie."

Broadstreet—"Ahem! Well, you may tell Mrs. Broadstreet that I shall be detained at the office until a late hour."

2. ——How lucky to stumble on this!——

The Baby Grand.

BY WALTER BEVERLEY CRANE.

THE Baby Grand was not so bad;
The music made was gay and glad;
And though we have the next-door flat,
We didn't mind a thing like that,
For music is our fad.

A year of melody we had,
And then there came a little lad.
The stork, he brought him, lusty, fat—
The Baby Grand!

And oh! our walls we've had to pad—
The music's wild, the music's sad.
And father cries, "Oh, darn that brat!"
But mother, bless her! says quite pat,
"The Baby Grand!"

Thanksgiving Day.

THANKSGIVING DAY draws near; the hen with pensive eye
Reflects upon the prospect queer—she'll soon be *chicken* pie.

The turkey's voice is stilled; chagrin has choked his breath.
'Tis hard to know that he'll be filled with *chestnuts* after death.

The pig has cause to fret; in vain he cries, "Fair play!"
For what a roasting he will get upon Thanksgiving Day!

One Happy One.

BY WILLIAM J. LAMPTON.

"Money doesn't count a bit with me."—*Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish.*

AH, HAPPY lady!
Blessed she
Who doesn't care
For X or V,
While everywhere
The rest of us
Just yearn to be
An octopus.

How good it is
To be the one
Who doesn't want
To jump and run
Whenever
Anywhere around
The jingling needful
Makes a sound.

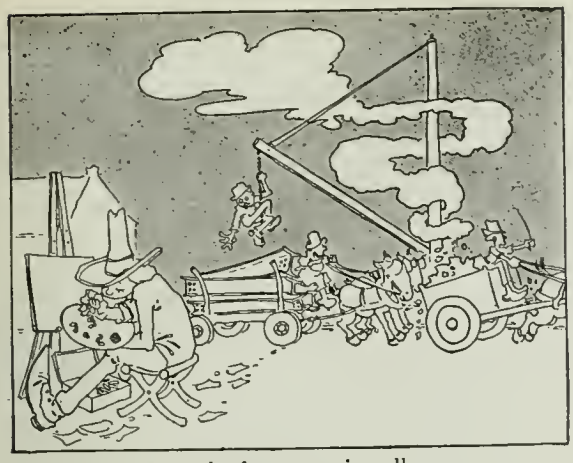
The wide, wide world,
Excepting her,
Is out to grab
The sinister
And shifting stuff,
Which seems to be
The measure of
All energy.

Mankind is rushing
To and fro,
To swipe the scads
That come and go;
He makes pursuit
His constant god,
And bows before
The Demon Wad.

Ah, happy lady!
It is well
That money does
Not work its spell
On her a bit.
Ah, would it were
That more of us
Were more like her!

3. ——Scenes like this are so fast disappearing before——

YES; THEY DO RIP UP THE OLD TOWN IN A HURRY THESE DAYS!



4. ——the march of progress, it really seems——

A Mighty Pen.

Farmer Scrabblegrass—"Th' feller as said he would rather write than be President wa'n't so far wrong, after all."

Farmer Stubbs—"Ya-as; but we can't all get a dollar a word fer a jungle story."

A True Nobleman.

FIRE had broken out in the royal palace, and it was evident that the historic old pile must be consumed, with many of its unfortunate inmates. A frantic figure was seen rushing down a long corridor. It was Clarence Reginald Fitzherbert Fitzallan Fitzsimmons, Earl Hawtyfellowe, Baron Jewelzinsoke, Lord of the King's Silk Garters, Clerk of the Royal Jack Pot, etc., etc.

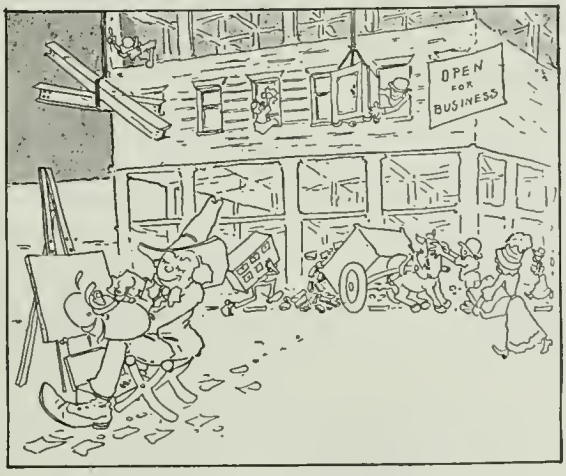
"Hold!" shouted one of the Imperial Hook and Ladder Volunteers. "You must not precede the other noble lords. Your rank is No. 29 at the king's table."

"Right, trusty fellow!" cried the earl. "I might have forgotten."

With that he took up his stand in the great corridor until the Duke of Richbloode had donned a neat walking suit and strolled out, and Lord Graveowle, who was No. 28, had finished bathing and was carried down the ladder. After that a burning shield fell upon the noble earl, and the walls of the historic palace collapsed. They buried him in the Abbey, with this inscription on his tablet: "He died in his regular order."

Shop Talk.

Cigar dealer—"Yes, that is my wife over there—the one with the fine wrapper, American filler and perfecto shape."



5. ——that before one can transfer them to canvas they are——

The South and the North.

"IT'S a confounded shame the way the whites down South persecute the negro for slight offenses!" asserted the New Yorker, bound for the baseball game.

"You're right!" seconded his companion. "It's a stain upon the reputation of the peaceable portion of the nation."

"Indeed it is! Why, only day before yesterday, in one city down there, they captured a poor nigger who had scared a white woman in some way, and would have killed him but for the intervention of a cool-headed officer."

"Awful, awful! By the way, what ails your voice? You're as hoarse as I am."

"Oh, I was one of the mob that chased that miserable umpire down the street after the game yesterday, and I overdid myself yelling at them to string him up."

"Gad! I was in that mob, too."

He Knew

Medium (after the séance)—"Can any one tell me how spirits could have gotten into the room and moved the furniture when all the doors were locked?"

Bright boy (raising his hand)—"With skeleton keys."

Beware.

Wife (looking up from newspaper)—"This paper says that kissing is dangerous because of germs. Now I should like to know what one might catch by kissing?"

Husband (wearily)—"Husbands."

Special Days.

First boarder—"Not hungry, or is it a fast day?"

Second boarder—"Yes; this is hash Wednesday."

——gone!

Imaginary Conversation between a Medium and a Spirit

By RALPH BERGENGREN.

MEDIUM—Did I hear anybody rap? Come right in.

Spirit—I *am* in.

Medium—Hey?

Spirit—I am a spirit.

Medium—Spirit your grandmother! You can't fool me! I've made too many spirits myself.

Spirit—Very poor ones, like most amateurs. Fat and unimaginative mortal——

Medium—I ain't fat! I'm dignified.

Spirit—Dignified and unimaginative mortal, have you ever made a star?

Medium—I ain't no theatrical trust, and you ain't no spirit. Fat! Me!

Spirit—Did you ever see any spirits—outside of a bottle?

Medium—Yes; in a glass. Ha, ha! He, he! If you was a real spirit you'd manifest yourself in a spirituelle way—play a tambourine, ring a bell——

Spirit—Think you the immortal soul has nothing better to do with eternity than playing a tambourine, ringing a bell or tickling with spirit finger the ribs of even a younger and more attractive medium?

Medium—If there was any real spirits I guess they'd be mad at us. We do make 'em kinder ridiculous.

Spirit—My dear medium, real spirits do not get angry. They have too much time. You simply amuse us.

Medium—Humph!

Spirit—You describe yourself perfectly. You are humps. It puzzles us sometimes to decide how it happens that those who pretend to be the representatives of the light and bodiless are invariably so fat and——

Medium—Fat! It seems as if you was possessed with that word fat! Bein' a medium demands a dignified an' imposin' figger. Any spirit ought to be able to see that.

Spirit—Any spirit ought to be able to see you. However, we'll let it go at dignified. Did it ever occur to you that you, too, have a soul?

Medium—Me?

Spirit—Even you. You have a soul. That soul is capable of infinite suffering. When you burn your finger, did you ever think how it would feel if it kept on burning, and kept on, and kept on, and kept on, and——

Medium—Stop it! You make me nervous.

Spirit—Let me give you something else to think about. Did it ever occur to you that if your—er—spirits were a little more like the real thing you would attract a larger audience.

Medium—Now you're talkin'. What do you think I ought to have the spirits do to 'em?

Spirit—Omit the spirits. Choose some other occupation, and begin to work upward toward that mortal standard of commonplace honesty that is the first step toward a comfortable spirit existence. You might begin by selling tips on the stock market.

Medium—That ain't no better.

Spirit—It is less presumptuous than tips on eternity. Then you might start a matrimonial bureau. Then you might manufacture powders for improving the complexion. Then——

Medium—Well, you do beat me! What you drivin' at, anyway?

Spirit—I am suggesting a slow evolution demanding a genuine, although low, order of intelligence, such as you possess. When you have shuffled off this mortal coil of flesh——

Medium—Flesh!

Spirit—I speak in figures. When worms have eaten you——

Medium—If you can't find any prettier figures to speak in, I'm goin' out and get my dinner. Spirit! You're a joker, that's what you are! Guess I'd know it if there was any real spirits!

THE BEST OF REASONS.

"Hello, old man! What are you doing in this secluded corner?"

"Laying in weight for myself."

She Was Wise.

"MISS FISH," remarked the young man, as he placed his hat on his head and prepared to depart for home, "I proposed for your hand two hours ago, and I await your answer with bated breath."

"Mr. Smallchange," smiled the young lady, "I'm afraid you will have to bait your breath with something besides onions and cloves to catch this kind of a fish."

———

Teacher—"Why didn't the lions touch Daniel?"

Johnny—"They were African lions and only cared for dark meat."

Why I Wouldn't Marry My Wife

(From the Gentlemen's Home Journal.)

CONVERSATION—as conversations unfortunately will when only married men are present—turned on our wives. Presently one of us asked the company, "Say, if you were a young man and knew as much as you do *now*, would you marry your wife again?"

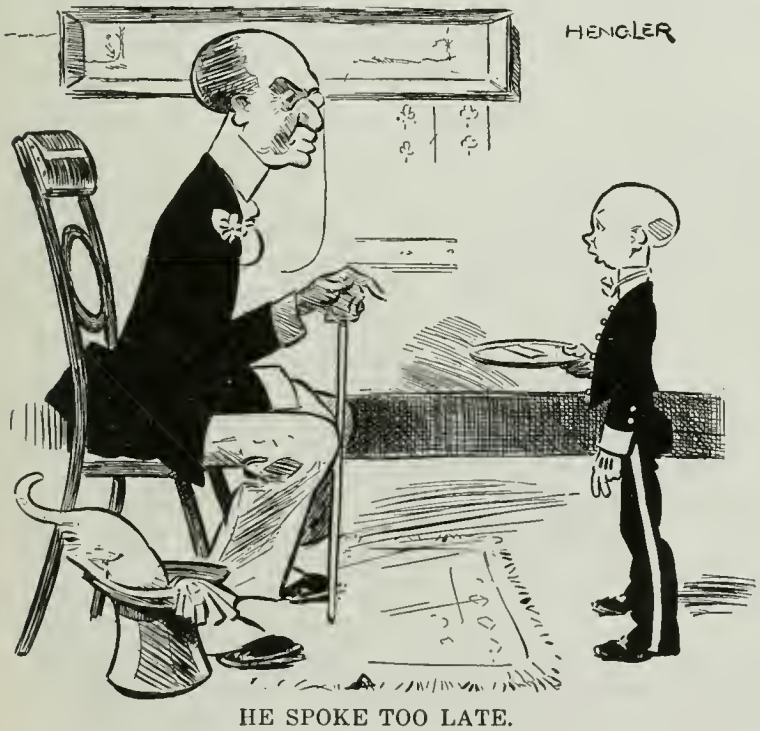
Personally I do not believe in discussing such questions. As the proverb says, it's no use crying over spilt milk. It's a good deal wiser to mix water with what's left in the jug and blame the milkman. But the question haunted me. I thought it over at lunch, and discussed it, guardedly, of course, with the young woman behind my favorite lunch counter. As a result—for we agreed that it is always the wife's fault—I am about to dictate to my stenographer a few of the reasons why I should not marry my wife if I had it to do over again. This I do for the benefit of wives in general. My stenographer may sooner or later become a wife herself.

Not that I mean this to be an exposé of marital infelicity. My own married life has been comparatively successful. We are as happy together as two cold doughnuts on the same plate. But many a husband craves and needs a more complete realization of his youthful day dreaming. Few wives understand the yearnings of a man's poetic and sentimental nature.

The first reason why I would not marry my wife is because she is older. This may seem strange, insomuch as I knew she would grow older when I married her. I have, to a certain extent, grown older myself. But the popular magazines are full of pictures of women whom I know to be older than my wife, yet who look at least ten or a dozen years younger. Evidently, therefore, it is my wife's fault. What one woman can do, my wife ought to be able to do. I cannot blame myself for sometimes feeling indignant that she is no longer the shy, sweet creature that in one happy summer week I learned to worship.

THE HEATHEN CHINEE.

Is it a wonder that we abhor the Chinaman? He has successfully acquired the much-hated cigarette habit, robbed the faithful washerwoman of her honorable profession, and now, "bad luck to him!" he even deprives the miserable clothesline of its duties.

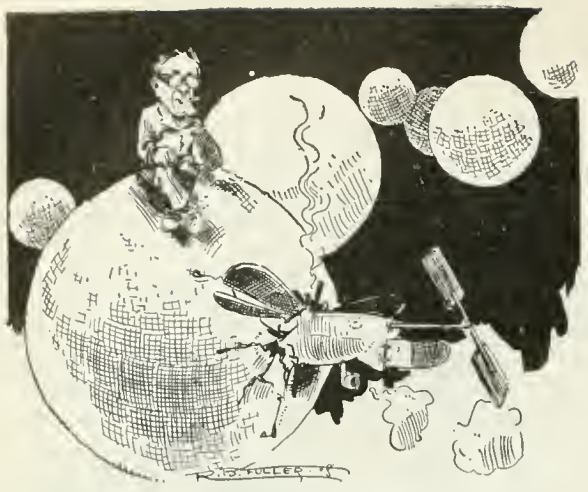


HE SPOKE TOO LATE.

Page—"She ain't in, sir."
Calter—"Come, tell me the truth and I'll give you a dollar. *Is* she in?"
Page—"You should have spoken before, sir. She gave me fifty cents to say she was out, and I can't be a traitor."

I married a woman brought up like myself. That was a mistake. There was almost nothing to make her realize that I am a superior creature, and when a wife does not, day by day and hour by hour, rely more and more upon her husband's judgment and experience, a home is inevitably divided. There are conflicts of opinion that cannot help but mar the translucent delicacy of ideal matrimony. Nothing, for example, so handicaps a man in the battle of life as to have his wife constantly disagree with him in matters of taste.

Another reason why I would not marry my wife is that she is more polite to me than to any other man of her acquaintance. Politeness, of course,



THE CRUSOE OF THE FUTURE.

Shipwrecked on a deserted asteroid.

is necessary. I insisted upon it in the beginning. But she has a special manner which she uses to me—a way of saying, "If *you* please, my dear," or, "Of course, if that is *your* opinion," that I have heard wives use to their husbands. The woman at the lunch counter is polite, but it is in a different spirit.

I would not marry my wife again because of her immoderate use of chocolate drops. I am perfectly willing that my wife should eat chocolate drops in moderation. In fact, I am no such fool as not to know that if a woman cannot eat chocolate drops at home, she will go where she can. But I have beseeched her to moderate her indulgence. I have sought to build up her pride, to shame her womanhood, to show her that she is becoming the slave of a habit. She positively tastes like a chocolate drop. She knows I dislike chocolate, and it makes no difference. Like all wives, she expects caresses, and yet she insists upon tasting like a chocolate drop. Even our children notice it, and comment upon it in a joking way that should nevertheless be taken as a serious expression of disapprobation.

My wife is not truly delicate and refined, as I am. She insists, for example, in taking the baby in a perambulator when we go out for a walk. She likes to stop and gawk—I can find no other word for it—gawk at the bargains in the shop windows. She stops, right in the street, to speak to dirty-faced urchins. She makes jokes with tradespeople. She once allowed me to see her when she had the mumps. These things have been a terrible burden to me. If I had my life to live over again, nothing would induce me to undertake them—no, not even the proud delight of being the father of six wonderful children.

These are only a few of the reasons why I would not marry my wife, but they are enough perhaps to set some wives thinking and introduce into other homes something of that ideal companionship for which men marry and which so seldom materializes. Much would be accomplished if women would only realize how their husbands crave appreciation. If I say to my own wife, "Do you like my new suit?" she will probably answer, "Yes; it is very becoming," and wonder why I asked

NINETY-EIGHT IN THE SHADE.

The officer—"Here, you, Muggins! what are your teeth chattering that way for?"
Muggins (first time under fire)—"C-c-can't help it, cap'n—I'm c-c-cold!"

her. Yet I am sure there is hardly a man living who would not be made happier to hear his wife say, "Dear, I do wish you had a new dress coat, but you do look awfully strong and handsome in that one, as you do in everything." R. B.

Charge of the Fair Brigade.

BY MYRTLE CONGER.

(With apologies to the shade of Lord Tennyson.)

HALF a step, half a step,
Half a step onward!
Over there the bargains lie
On the counters piled so high,
Luring the unnumbered.
Forward the fair brigade!
"Charge through the aisles!" they cried.
(Three know what they want to buy—
Anxious unnumbered!)

Bargains to right of them;
Bargains to left of them;
Bargains in front of them,
There to be plundered.
Storm they with right good-will;
Boldly they push and well;
Into the jaws of death,
Where the best bargains sell,
Push the unnumbered!

When will their courage fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the men wondered,
Yet "honored" all the charges made,
As oft before they'd paid
For their wives' plunder.
Forward the fair brigade!
Happy unnumbered!

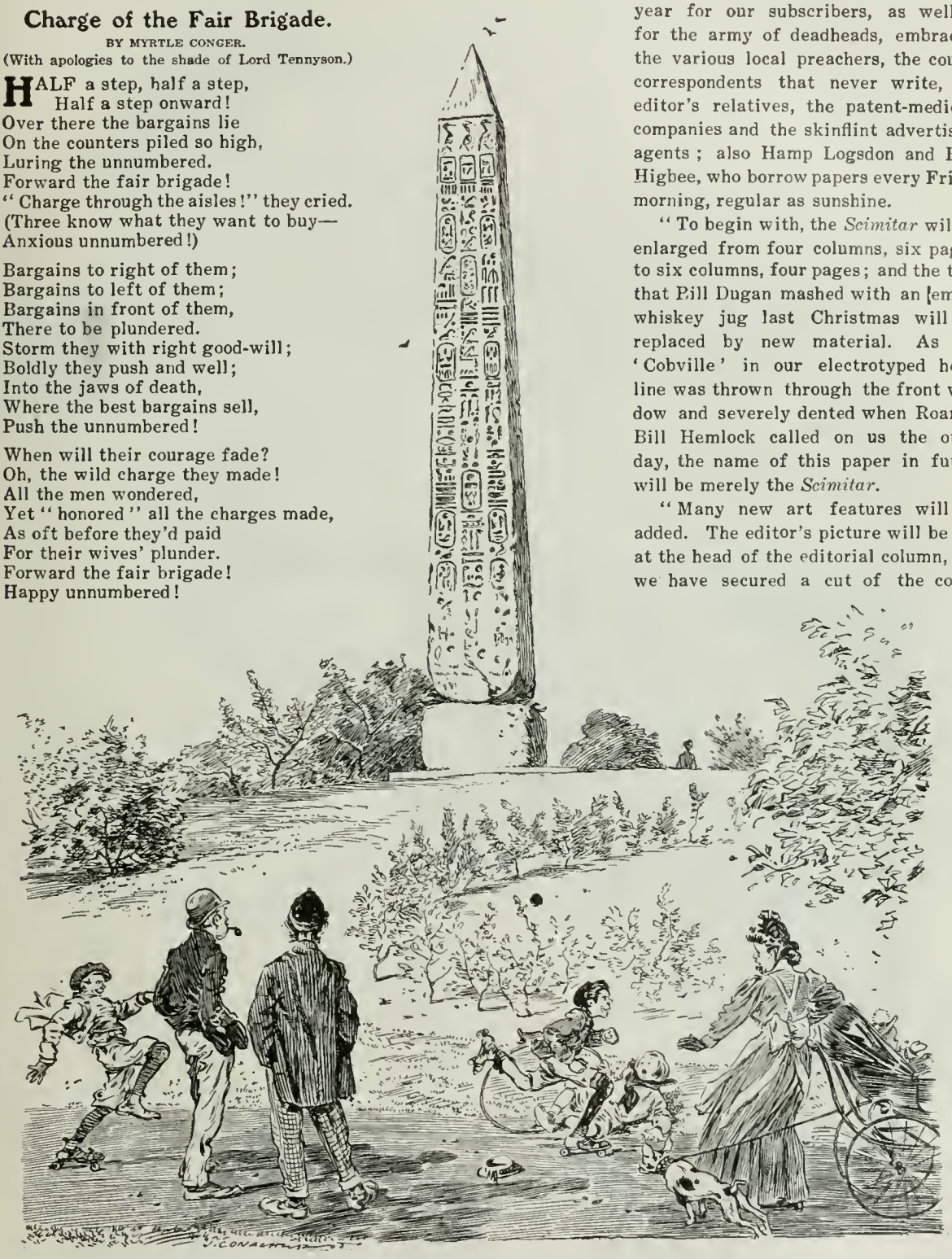
A Prospectus.

BY STUART B. STONE.

"AS IS customary among publications," said the Cobville *Scimitar*, "we will give a brief outline of what is in store during the coming year for our subscribers, as well as for the army of deadheads, embracing the various local preachers, the county correspondents that never write, the editor's relatives, the patent-medicine companies and the skinflint advertising agents; also Hamp Logsdon and Bart Higbee, who borrow papers every Friday morning, regular as sunshine.

"To begin with, the *Scimitar* will be enlarged from four columns, six pages, to six columns, four pages; and the type that Bill Dugan mashed with an empty whiskey jug last Christmas will be replaced by new material. As the 'Cobville' in our electrotyped headline was thrown through the front window and severely dented when Roaring Bill Hemlock called on us the other day, the name of this paper in future will be merely the *Scimitar*.

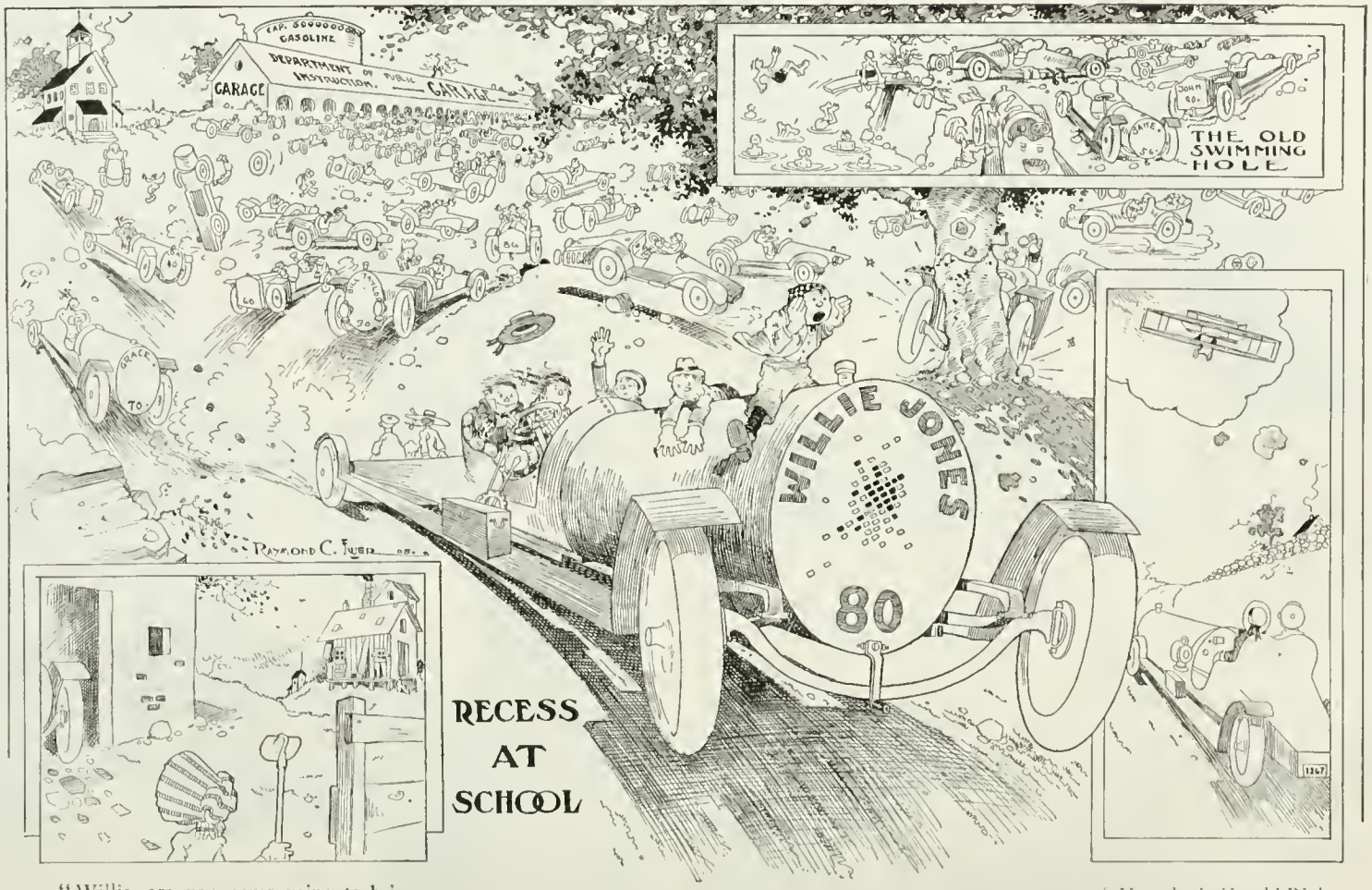
"Many new art features will be added. The editor's picture will be run at the head of the editorial column, and we have secured a cut of the court-



CHINESE TO HIM.

Farrell—"Kin ye make out phat th' inshcription manes, Dinny?"

Finnigan—"Oi'm not quoite sure, but Oi think a free thranslation would be '2,000 shirts, 6,000 collars an' 1,000 pairs av cuffs.'"



"Willie, are you never going to bring that kindling in?"
"Sure, ma; soon as I fix this carbureter."

"Yes, that's Harold Rich. Wish I had an aeroplane."

YOUNG AMERICA IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

SEEING THE SIGHTS.

Johnny—"That low building on the right, Uncle Peter, is our high school, and the high structure on the left is the new Low Building."

Uncle Peter—"Guess we'd better git back to the house, Johnny. I'm 'fraid I'm gittin' twisted."

house and the Golden Rule Store, to be printed on special occasions. In addition, we are considering the purchase of a cannon and flag for the Fourth of July, and pictures of Abe Lincoln and N. Bonaparte, which, as is well known, will suffice for many of our leading citizens.

"Early in the new year we will begin the publication of a series of articles from the pen of our esteemed merchant, Mr. Sam Potter, on 'Well-known Customers of a Corner Grocery.' The first of these sketches is 'Dunc Skaggs, the Prune Eater,' and it abounds with gossipy, little-known information. For instance, the author declares that Mr. Skaggs has devoured 23,816 free prunes in the seventeen years he has visited the Golden Rule. Other articles in this series are 'Bill Beeler, the Man Who Will Pay To-morrow,' and 'Elijah Boone, the Borrower of Tobacco.'

"We have arranged with Colonel Ellerby Hawkes for a series of reminiscent papers on 'Easy Marks Who Have Played Poker in Cobville.' Other special features will be 'My Wife's Lifework,' by Saul Lazie; and 'Our Country—Can We Save It?' a symposium by the schoolmaster, the colored Baptist preacher, the jailer, Uncle Silas Smith and the hardware drummer that comes every Saturday.

"The usual interesting departments will be continued. 'Our Noble Liars' will, as heretofore, contain the choicest imaginative efforts of Colonel Tim Briggs and Tilkins, the lightning-rod agent. In 'Heard on the Streets' we will endeavor to print the name of every man who pays us money or good, sound vegetables, cordwood, molasses and tree sugar on subscription. 'Halls of Death' will continue to print obituaries showing real sentiment and humor, but these must be limited to one page in length and to forty stanzas of poetry.

"All in all, the *Scimitar* will continue to be the unterrified, unconvincible, incorruptible organ of the great common people. Now is the time to subscribe, as we are needing the money. One dollar cash, or one-fifty where taken in farm and dairy products."

Knicker—"Bulgaria has declared itself independent of Turkey."

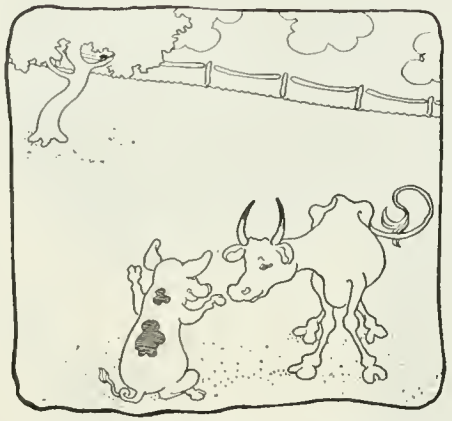
Henpekt—"I know just how it feels."

WOULD SPOIL IT ALL.

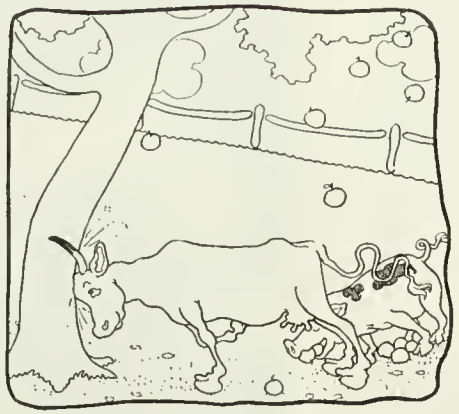
He—"When we are married I will put all my property in your name."

She—"The idea! You know there is no fun spending one's own money."

A FALL PASTORAL.



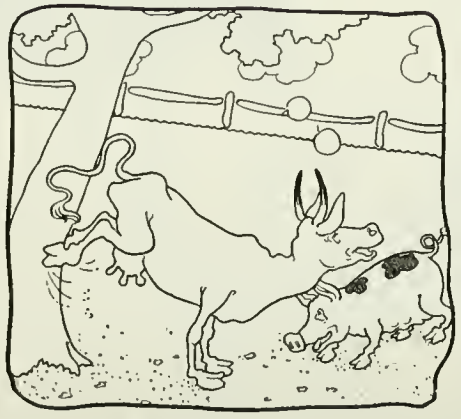
1. *Pig*—"Say, Sadie, come over to the tree and bunt some apples down for us.——



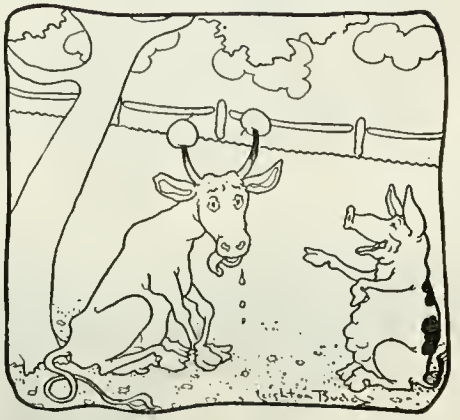
2. ——Too busy just now, Sadie, to say thanks."

3. *Cow*—"You're a dandy! I didn't get an apple.——

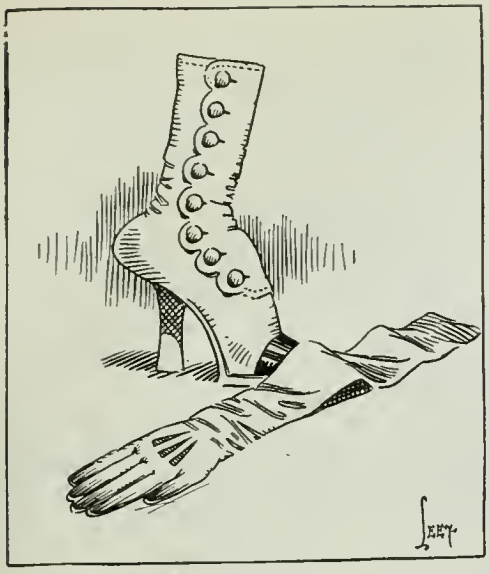
4. ——Ah, I see a couple, piggy, that you won't get.——



5. ——Watch me hook 'em! Best pippins in the place.'



6. *Pig*—"Now, smarty, how are you going to get 'em inside?"



WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

An Unfortunate Question.

A YOUNG Celt, just over from the old sod, applied at the office of a big New York establishment for work.

"You say you have a brother working here in this shop? What's his name?" inquired the superintendent.

"Murphy, sor."

"But there are several Murphys here. What kind of a job has your brother? What does he do?"

"Oi don't know what he does, but he calls it a—a cinch job, sor."

Obliging, Yet Grateful.

"IT IS very kind of you," said the lady to her stout husband as he knelt before her to put on her overshoes.

"Don't mention it, my dear," he replied. "Nevertheless, I am glad you are not a centipede."

No Danger.

Excited woman—"Are you going to run away with me?"

Reckless driver (slightly intoxicated)—"Sorry, mum; but—but I can't oblige you. I'm mar-married already."

THE SUPERIOR person who looks upon making love as the occupation of fools is guilty of contempt of court and should be treated accordingly.

"THEY say Baker is collecting old knockers.'

"I know it. I've met his wife."

Happiness.

THE YOUNG poet had just finished what he considered to be a work of real inspiration, and, rising from his table, he hastened upstairs to where his little wife, a bride of six weeks, was sitting darning his socks.

"Listen, sweetheart," he whispered tenderly. "I have just written this."

And he began to read. He put his whole soul into the reading. His gestures were graceful; his intonation perfect. The whole spirit of his beautiful poem breathed forth as he threaded his way from the beginning to the end of his theme, and when he had finished he looked at her, awaiting her verdict.

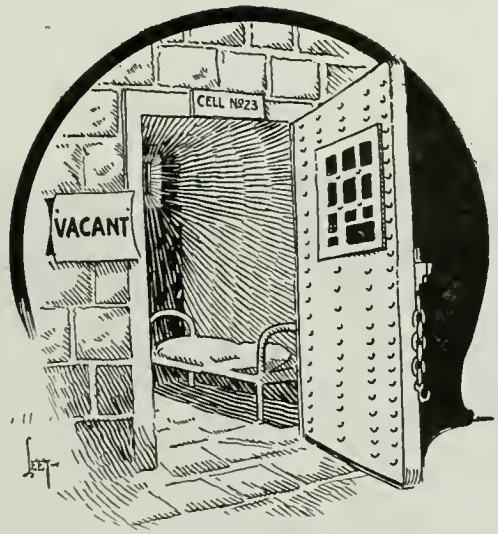
For a time she was silent.

"Well, dear heart," he said, "tell me what you are thinking."

"I was wondering, dearest"——

"What?"

"Whether the butcher was not awfully late with that liver," she replied.



OPEN TO CONVICTION.

This British Spelling!

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher named Beauchamp
To the woods took her children to teauchamp,
But sundry mosquitoes
Discovered her neat hose,
And stung her before she could reauchamp.

Kismet.

HOW OFTEN in the stilly night
I've barked my shins on every flight,
And cursed the irony of it,
That I, and not the gas, was lit.

A COUPLE OF SPOONBILLS ON THEIR HONEYMOON.

"Ah, beloved, at last we are alone!"

"Yes; far from the rubbering crowd!"

A Gift without the Giver

By PORTER EMERSON BROWNE

(Author of "Daly, the Troubadour," "The Prodigal," and other stories.)

SLOWLY and bashfully, yet insistently, Mr. Flannigan thrust his two hundred and thirty pounds between a fat lady with many bundles and a thin lady without any, and fronted, in diffident desperation, the tired saleswoman, worn with Christmas shoppers and fool questions.

"I want to git," he said mechanically, for it was the eleventh time that he had repeated the remark in that one store, "a prisint for a ilderly gintleman."

"Phonographs only at this counter," returned the saleslady. "Do you want one of them?"

Mr. Flannigan rubbed a scraggy chin with a stumpy finger.

"No," he said; and then, "What are they?"

"There's one playing now—at the end of the counter, there," returned the saleswoman. "C-a-a-a-a-a-ash! Say, Loocy, d'yer wanter keep this lady waitin' all night?"

Mr. Flannigan edged his way through throngs of clustering femininity, obsessed with the lust of shopping, to the end of the counter, and there remained for a long three minutes. Then he edged his way back again.

"How much are they?" he demanded of the saleslady.

"All the way from eleven-fifty up," was the response. "Records is twenty-five, fifty, seventy-five *and* one dollar—some one-fifty."

"Give me a 'liven-fifty wan," requested Mr. Flannigan.

"How many records?" asked the girl.

"Six—twinty-foive-cint wans."

"Any particular toons or recitations?"

"Pick me out some good, frish wans; thot's all."

And it was done.

* * * * * *

It was not without excitement that, on Christmas morning, Mr. Kerrigan opened the large wooden box that contained the phonograph, and picked therefrom a card. This he took to the only window in the flat that admitted more than a semblance of daylight, and read:

To Mr. Martin Kerrigan,
from his old friend,
W. J. Flannigan.
MIRRY CHRISMUS.

Then he looked in the box.

"Now phwhat th' divvle!" he said; and then, "Honoria, Honoria! Phwhat d'yuh make av this? Dom'd if Flannigan ain't sint me a tin horn and six boxes av talcum powdher! Be hivins! av all th'"—

But one glance solved the mystery for his erudite and sophisticated offspring.

"Oh!" she cried delightedly, "it's a phony-graft!"

"A whatty-graft?" queried her father puzzledly. "Though yez c'n thrust Flannigan for gettin' nixt to anny old koind av a graft there is aroond."

"It's a phony-graft!" repeated his daughter. "It makes tunes and things that sound like real music. Oh, let's try it! Shall we?"

THE LATEST ARRIVAL.
Another case of swelled head.

Her father grunted.

"Hilp yuhself," he said; "go as far as yez loikes. * * * Phwhy di'n' he sind me a gallon av Mon'gahela loike Oi sint him. Flannigan's a good felly, but he ain't got anny sinse, and always was."

Trying to hide his interest, and succeeding but indifferently well, he watched his daughter assemble the component parts of his Christmas gift. And anon she turned to him.

"There!" she said. "It's all ready. Shall I turn it on, or will you?"

"You c'n be th' shtarter," he said, withlofty indifference; and, with a little giggle of delighted anticipation, she turned the lever.

At first there was but a raucous churning, and then a vague and non-understandable announcement, given in a metallic baritone. Then a few more throaty revolutions, and there came from the mouth of the horn:

"Dhrunk again, eh, ye big gaby?"

The next few words were lost in the sudden and angry "Phwhat's thot?" that came from the thin lips of Mr. Kerrigan.

There followed from the phonograph:

"Don't talk to me, ye fat ould blathershkite! Yuh folks would have been doin' this counthry a koindness av they had shtrangled yez at burth. Yez ain't good f'r nothin'—yez don't know nothin'—yez are a disgrace to humanity and a practickle joke on mankoind!"

"Ain't it grand!" exclaimed his daughter; but Mr. Kerrigan raised a clenched hand warningly.

"L'ave it finish," he commanded; "l'ave it finish. Thot's all. Just l'ave it finish."

On chattered the phonograph blithely:

"So ye're gittin' mad, are ye, ye pin-headed ould omadhoun? G'wan! Yez couldn't lick a postage stamp! Yez ain't got loife enough tuh turn over in bed! *You* foight? Huh! Me ould gran'mother licks eight loike yez ivery marnin' before breakfast, just to git a appetoite! You foight? Don't make me laff!"

And that was all. For out the window went the phonograph, there sent by one blow from the heavy fist of the enraged Mr. Kerrigan.

"Oh, father!" cried the girl, in surprised tearfulness.

HIS OWN INTEREST AT HEART.

"Why did Conem advise Smith's daughter to go abroad and study music? He knows she has no talent."

"Why, you ought to be wise. He lives next door to Smith."

"Don't 'Oh, father!' me!" stormed her parent, as he reached wrathfully for his hat. "Not aven a dom'd machine c'n talk to me loike thot an' git away wid it! An' as for that scut Flannigan"——

* * *

It was afterward declared, by those who were fortunate enough to see it, to be one of the prettiest impromptu little affairs of its kind that one may ever hope to witness.

It lasted only one round, to be sure; but that one round endured for full fifteen minutes by the bartender's watch, and he was not the man to exaggerate.

That same gentleman gave out the decision that it was a draw, though several spectators asserted that the fight was clearly Mr. Flannigan's on points.

Nor did there spring from it a feud. For after the battle, you know, there was ample time and ample leisure for explanation and elucidation; and the bartender, who was a large man and who had a phonograph of his own, undertook, and successfully, to pour oil on the troubled waters, the while putting beefsteak on a troubled eye.

* * * * * *

Mr. Flannigan slowly, twingingly, reached for the Mon'gahela bottle.

"Th' nixt toime Oi give a Chris'mas prisint loike thot," he declared, "it'll be to a Orangey, on Saint Pathrick's Day; and Oi'll know what Oi'm givin', be hivins! * * * Pass th' pitcher, Martin. That's th' b'y."

Fairly Good Size.

"I HEARD that your rich uncle gave you a good-sized check for Christmas," says the man with the sharp nose and the interrogative eyes.

"Yes," answers the man with the square chin and the glad smile.

"I suppose as rich a man as he is could send you a pretty big check?"

"Yes. This was a good-sized one, for a fact."

"If it's a fair question, how big was it?"

"Three inches wide by eight inches long—he has them engraved for himself specially, you know."

Reflections of Uncle Ezra

By ROY K. MOULTON

NOBODY ever knows a poet is alive until he is dead.

I see a New York woman has offered a prize for the best skin food. The best skin food I know of is oranges or bananners.

Why are folks makin' so much fuss about the great achievement of buildin' a tunnel under the East River? It would be a blame sight more remarkable if somebody should build a tunnel over it.

Most of the big guns in the navy are smooth bores, and, by heck! most of the big guns in politics are smooth bores, too.

There was a poker party to Anse Hilliker's house one night last week, and they used cold pancakes for chips. While Anse was dealin' a hand, his youngest kid slipped up behind him and ate up $33.65.

Elmer Spink stuttered something fierce and wanted to cure it, so he got married and hasn't had a chance to stutter since.

If you want to find out for sure whether you are a great writer, write a book and lyrics for a musical comedy. If some manager produces it you are not a great writer.

About the most embarrassin' thing I know of is for a feller to accidentally drop his false teeth in the soup at a church oyster supper.

The styles in plug hats change so often that a feller can hardly wear one more than once or twice before it is away behind the times. Hod Peters only wore his once—the time Grover Cleveland was first elected—and it ain't in style at all now.

Methuselah ain't entitled to so much credit, after all, when we stop to think there were no forty-candlepower oatmobiles chasin' around the asphalt in his day and age.

Almost everything has a mission in life, exceptin' mission furniture.

Out here in the tall grass the smoke nuisance is mostly confined to the old women. Grandma Whipple is 109 years of age, and has smoked and Fletcherized the weed all the days of her life.

The trouble with an oatmobile is that when it gets to be six months old it is nine years behind the style.

Hank Tumms says his wife's coffee is so bad that there are plenty of grounds for divorce.

Hod Peters has a new fall suit. William Tibbitts has started it agin him for a grocery bill.

William Tibbitts, our popular and congenial groceryman, has got a new stock of thermometers, but ain't sellin' many of them. Any feller that has to go and rubber at a thermometer to find out whether he is hot or cold, must be a plumb fool.

Uncle Eben Harkins got a photograph of his brother out West the other day, but throwed it away, thinkin' somebody had sent him a comic valentine.

Hank Purdy says the difference between a clock and a woman is that a clock will run itself down if it gets a chance, and a woman will run somebody else down.

City folks don't have to can fruit like us country folks do, bekuz they can find plenty of preserved peaches in the choruses of the musical-comical shows.

There is a special job for shorthand writers in heaven. They have to turn in and help the recordin' angel every four years durin' the national campaigns.

A VERY MODERN CHILD.

Father—"Tommy, what do you want for Christmas this year?"
Tommy—"I'm going to ask Santa Claus to give me a divorce, 'cause Jane and I have quarreled so much lately."

An Author's Christmas.

"WELL, Scribbler, old boy, how did Santa use you?"

"Not very generously. I got three rejections, two dollars for a joke and a dun from the butcher."

"BROWN is the most narrow-minded man I ever met."

"So?"

"Yes. Whenever two thoughts get into his head at the same time they bump into each other."

THE JOURNEY'S BEGINNING.

WHEN the good saint sails from the very north
To the shore where his steeds are standing,
The wild waves sing like a deep bassoon,
And the ice-floes clash and the sea-gulls croon,
And the weird lights flash to his fleet balloon,
As it flits toward the frozen landing.

And a mermaid blows him a far-off kiss,
On a wave-tossed ice-floe rocking;
And she sighs to a seal, as she strokes its back,
"There goes old Kris, with a bulging pack,
But why should he stop for us, alack!
When none of us wears a stocking?"

BURGES JOHNSON.

The Surprise

By LURANA W. SHELDON

THE WEEK before Christmas Hezekiah Appleby took his neighbor, Deacon White, into his confidence.

"It's a leetle lonesome at home, deacon," he began. "Now that Maria is married an' livin' up at Pickleville, an' Amos is away tew school, me an' Hannah ain't as chipper as we mout be, an' I wuz thinkin' I'd like tew brighten things up a bit fer Christmas. Make it a leetle more as it used tew be," he added.

The deacon chewed a straw reflectively, and a nod of the head showed that he appreciated the situation.

"Yew know how ther children used tew s'prise us with presents on Christmas Day?" went on Hezekiah.

"Tew be sure they used tew," was the answer, with another nod.

"Wa-al, I wuz thinkin' I'd s'prise Hannah jest that there way," said Hezekiah, a little sheepishly. "'Pears tew me 'twould brighten things up a leetle an' kinder keep us younger in our minds than jest a-settin' thinkin' of how things used tew be."

"I coincide with them there idees of yours, Brother Appleby," remarked the deacon with emphasis. "There's nothin' freshens the interest in life like a surprise. Have yew thought up what ther surprise is tew be, Hezekiah?"

The farmer stroked his chin whiskers softly. The sheepishness had left his face and his eyes were twinkling.

"That there is ther drawback," he said softly. "I can't think of a doggoned thing that Hannah wants. Yew kin call her a curus woman that way. Ef yew should ask her a dozen times a day ef there wuz anything she wanted, she'd say every time, 'There ain't nothin' except I'd like tew have ther children back fer a leetle while.' Of course 'tain't in reason tew expect that, but what I'm tew give Hannah is ther question. I 'lowed yew mout help me out, deacon. That's why I let yew intew ther secret."

"I won't tell," said the deacon, and then a twinkle came into his own eyes as he asked,

"How'd a big Brahma rooster suit yew, Hezekiah? I know Mis Appleby wants one, 'cause she told my wife near a month ago she 'lowed she'd get another."

"Where'd I git one?" asked Hezekiah quickly. "Yew don't want tew part with none of yours, dew yew?"

"I reckon I would ef yew are dead sot on havin' him," said the deacon, putting his hand up to his mouth to hide a smile from his neighbor. "I've got a big feller yew kin have fer a dollar-fifty. That is cheaper'n dirt, but bein' it's yew"——

"I'll take it, an' I'm obleeged tew yew," interrupted the other, as he drew out a bandanna and extracted some money from one corner.

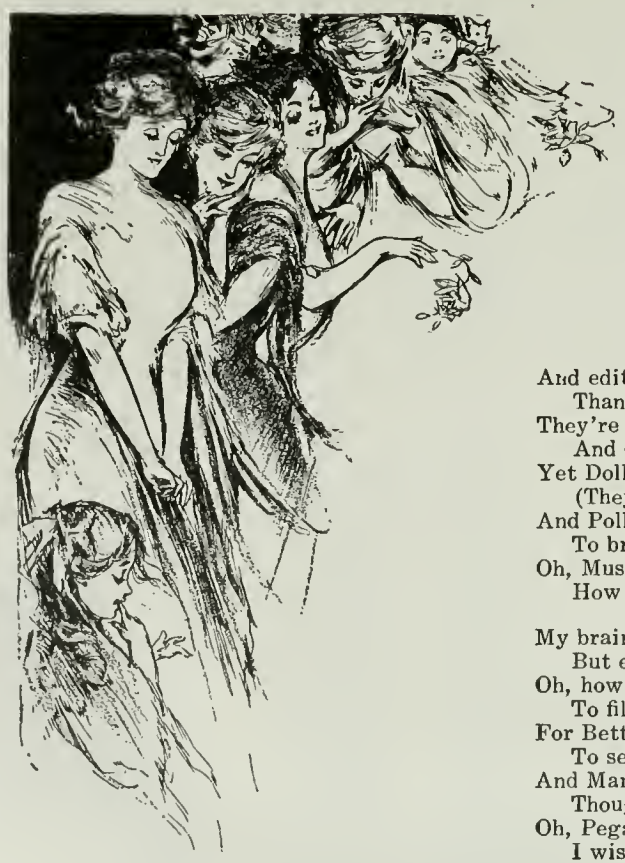
The very next day after this conversation Deacon White met Hannah Appleby as she was walking home from a quilting bee at the parsonage.

"Goin' tew be a sorter gloomy Christmas fer yew, Mis Appleby, ain't it?" he asked, after the greetings.

A DISCONCERTING QUESTION.

Father—"Wasn't Santa Claus good to bring you all these things?"

Johnny (quaveringly, and looking earnestly at his trains of cars, tin soldiers, games, books, sets of blocks, patrol wagons, mechanical toys, plaster schoolhouses, Noah's Arks, music boxes, toy phonographs, trolley cars, Teddy Bears, picture cards, candy boxes, soldier suits, bows and arrows, toy guns, and other things too numerous to mention)—"Yes; but ain't you an' ma goin' ter give me nothin'?"



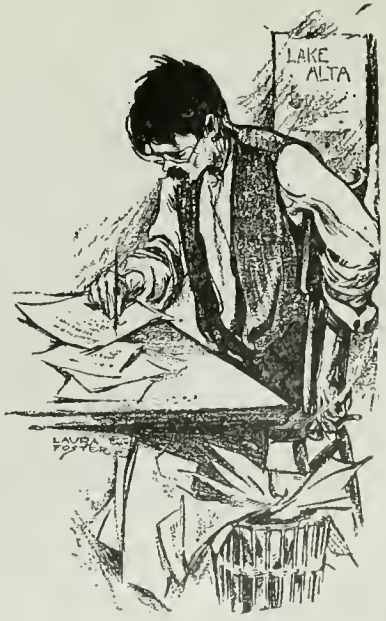
The Bard at Christmas

By B. J. DASKAM

YULE-TIDE is here, in pageant brave—
What season is more pleasant!
But I wonder if Lord Byron gave
Each lady-love a present?
For Peggy wants a rope of pearls,
Belinda wants a bonnet,
And Janet wants a jewel case
With silver letters on it.
Oh, sainted shades of Shakespeare!
I've *got* to write a sonnet!

And editors are rather worse
Than those of Byron's day;
They're slow about accepting verse,
And *very* slow in pay.
Yet Dolly wants a toy dog
(They're costly, in the *mode*),
And Polly wants a phonograph
To brighten her abode.
Oh, Muses, fill my fountain pen!
How *do* you start an ode?

My brain is full of gems in rough,
But elusive, yet, and mocking.
Oh, how did Byron write enough
To fill each silken stocking?
For Betty wants a motor boat
To see her through the summer,
And Margie wants a new machine,
Though her old one's quite a "hummer."
Oh, Pegasus, ope wings and soar!—
I wish I were a plumber!



IN ARIZONA.

Santa Claus—"Mighty Michael! This is the last Christmas delivery I'll make in a country that's too hot for reindeer."

"Yes, it is, deacon; an' I wuz jest a-wonderin' how I could brighten it a leetle," confessed the lady. "'Tain't so hard fer me as it is fer Hezekiah," she added. "Poor man! He misses ther children somethin' awful!"

"Why don't yew surprise him with a Christmas present?" asked the deacon, as he inspected a snow-bank at the side of the road. "Yew know how ther children used tew dew. Git him a Christmas gift, an' don't let him know nothin' about it until Christmas mornin'."

"What'll I git him, deacon?" asked Mrs. Appleby, with her face brightening. "That's ther blessedest suggestion yew ever made," she added.

"How'd a big Brahma rooster do?" asked the deacon, still inspecting the snow-bank.

"The very thing! Yew couldn't have thought of anything better!" exclaimed Mrs. Appleby.

"I'll let yew have one of mine," said the deacon, "the biggest one on ther place, fer a dollar-fifty. Is that tew steep, Mis Appleby?"

"It's a good price fer a rooster as roosters go, but mebbe he's worth it," said Mrs. Appleby thoughtfully. "I'll take him, deacon, an' here's the money. Mind yew don't hint nothin' tew Hezekiah, now!"

The deacon nodded, pocketed the sum, and said good-day soon after.

The day before Christmas Hezekiah became almost hilarious in his demeanor. The anticipation of Hannah's surprise had already made him feel younger, and in the afternoon he visited the village store and bought a yard of red ribbon.

"I reckon yew mout tie this here ribbon around ther Brahma somehow when yew send him over tew-morrer, deacon," he whispered, when he discovered his neighbor in the back yard of his home sawing a few logs for the fireplace.

"I'll tie it on, but I won't promise it'll stay," was the answer, and Hezekiah was too elated to notice that the deacon was a little uneasy in his manner.

Christmas morning, while Hezekiah was doing the chores, Hannah slipped over to the deacon's.

"Here's a holly wreath," she said, taking it out from under her apron. "I made it myself. Can't yew git it over ther Brahma's head somehow, deacon? It'll look jest that much more Christmassy."

"I'll try," was the answer, and the deacon looked more disturbed than ever, but Hannah was in such a hurry that she could not possibly observe it.

When the chores were done and the dishes washed, Hezekiah and Hannah repaired to the sitting-room.

They were both thinking of the surprise they had planned, when Deacon White's hired man came up the walk, carrying a bushel basket.

"Here's your Christmas present, Hannah!" Hezekiah

CAUGHT WITH THE GOODS ON.

remarked gayly as the door opened, and at the same moment Hannah called out gleefully, "Here's a leetle s'prise fer yew, Hezekiah!"

Then the cover of the basket burst off, and a big Brahma rooster attempted to fly out, but his wings were hampered so by a yard of red ribbon and a wreath of holly that he only flopped out helplessly.

The hired man disappeared before explanations were forthcoming. Hannah told her story first as she disentangled the rooster.

"I thought yew'd like him, an' I jest put ther wreath on him fer fun," she began.

"An' I bought him fer yew, an' I put ther ribbon on him fer ther same reason," broke in Hezekiah.

Then they stared at each other.

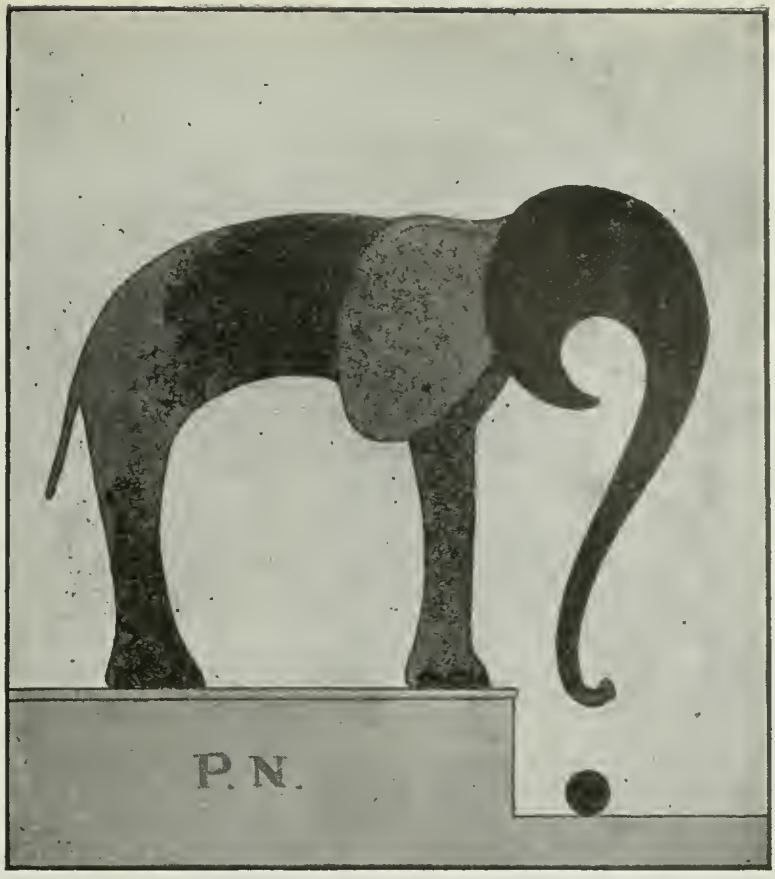
"How much did yew pay fer him?" asked Hezekiah.

"A dollar an' fifty cents, cash down," was the answer.

Her husband did not make any comment, but sat and stroked his whiskers gently.

"I reckon I'd better see ther deacon erbout it," said she, after a minute, but Hezekiah stopped her.

"We'll jest enjoy our s'prise, both on us, tew-day," he said slowly; "an' tew-morrer, when I'm feelin' a leetle less happy, I 'low I'll make it a p'int tew see ther deacon myself, Hannah!"



AN INQUISITIVE MIND.
"I wonder what that ball is down there?"

A Humane Man.

SHE HANDED him his evening clothes. They had been packed away all summer with a moth-exterminating compound. As the odor of tar and camphor assailed him, his face grew sad.

"What troubles you, dear?" asked the wife.

"I am thinking of these clothes."

"It seems to me that you ought to look pleased. There are certainly no moths in them."

"It's my sympathetic nature," said the man. "I cannot help it. Sometimes it leads me to absurd extremes, as in the present instance. Of course I'm glad the moths are gone, but," he added, with a deep sigh, "they must have found it a horrible death!"

One Left.

"SANTA CLAUS brought me a little baby sister for Christmas," confides the small girl from next door.

"He did? That was fine!" answers the neighbor.

"Yes; an' it's th' only present me an' Freddie got that papa hasn't broken already windin' it up an' showin' us how it runs."

Color-blind.

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

I'M color-blind as I can be—
I know not red from green.
I could not tell an amber sea
From one that's plain marine.
I could not tell you if you asked the color of my ink,
But well I know, though blind I be, that Phyllis's cheek is pink.

When sunset paints the evening skies
In wondrous symphonies,
And all the prism seems to rise
From out the misty seas,
I know not one from t'other, but I need not e'er be told,
Despite this awful blindness, that my Phyllis's hair is gold.

When autumn comes upon the scene,
And with her frosty brush
Turns all the tender summer green
On hedge, and tree and bush
To gorgeous, flashing hues that seem by Titian's genius spread,
I know it not, but I can see that Phyllis's lips are red.

And when the broad and kindly dome
Of heaven rears above,
And speaks of that supernal home
Where dwells eternal love,
They tell me it is blue, and I believe the story true,
For have I not rejoiced to know that Phyllis's eyes were blue?

1. Mrs. Nibble samples everything in sight——

The Hairoic Poet.

By W. D. NESBIT.

HE WROTE a sonnet to his lady's hair.
He vowed that it was finer than spun gold;
That summer sunshine could not be more fair,
For it the sunshine's rarest gleams could hold.
He sighed full deeply in his sore despair
Because he could not get the praises told
Of her bright ringlets, which had formed a snare
To mesh his heart within their argent fold.

Alas! One day a willful gust of wind
Came pranking by and left her head all bare!
No more in praise of curls his lute he'll pitch,
For that bold breeze, ungentle and unkind,
Had proven to him that concerning hair
He did not know exactly which was switch.

Felt the After-effects Coming.

"OH, WILLIE!" exclaimed the little girl next door, "come on over and help me play with my Christmas things."

"Don't bother me now! I just had my Christmas dinner, and I want to be left alone!"

Crawford—"What do you expect to get for Christmas?"

Uncle 'Rastus—"Six months ef I's dun gits kotched wif dese chickuns."

Getting Even.

MR. KILLJOY awakens along about three o'clock Christmas morning, and to his great surprise sees Santa Claus at his bedside.

"What are you doing here?" he asks.

"I have brought you," says Santa, "a yellow necktie with cross stripes of pink, a pipe that you can't smoke, some cigars made of vegetables that originally were intended for stewing, a pair of slippers that would fit hams, a bathrobe that you can't get into and half a dozen smeary-looking Christmas cards."

"What! Why in the name of time do you unload that junk on me? Why don't you give me something worth having?"

"Because," Santa retorted fiercely, "you've been going around among the children for a month or so, telling them there isn't any such man as Santa Claus."

All the Same.

"WHAT is the size of your large men's handkerchiefs?" asks the shopper.

"They are just the same size as the small men's handkerchiefs, madam," explains the affable salesperson. "The size of the man doesn't make any difference in his handkerchief."

2. ——And then orders a pint of cranberries delivered at once.

Under the Christmas Tree

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

"HULLO, Trumpy!" said the Tin Soldier to the Trumpet, as he looked around him to see who had come to sit in the shade of Bobbie's Christmas Tree on Christmas Eve. "When did you blow in?"

"I came with the Rubber Band early in the evening, but I don't think I shall stay," replied the Trumpet.

"What's the matter? Anything gone wrong?" asked the Tin Soldier.

"No; but the leader wants me to play duets with the Shoe Horn, and he has no music in his sole," said the Trumpet, with a wink at the Monkey-on-a-Stick.

"He's stronger on his upper notes than you are," said the Toy Cannon; "but I don't wonder at your leaving. I'm going to resign myself. I want to do it before I am discharged."

"I wish you Toys would shut up," said the Wooden Noah, sticking his head out of the Ark. "You've waked up the Jack Rabbit with your noise, and he's kicked the Elephant out of bed."

"Well, what if he has? Can't the Elephant put a sofa cushion on his trunk and go to sleep on that?" demanded the Monkey-on-a-Stick.

"I never thought of that," said Noah.

"You naturally wouldn't, with your wooden head," said the Tin Soldier. "Say, what are you, anyhow—Georgia Pine?"

"No; I'm rather Spruce just at present," said Noah, with a broad smile at his own joke.

"Gee! What a joke!" cried the Monkey-on-a-Stick. "If that's the best you can do, I should think you'd feel like a chestnut."

"Let him alone, Monk," put in the French Doll. "He can't help his jokes. Of course they come out of the Ark."

"All right, Tow-head," returned the Monkey-on-a-Stick. "He's a cousin of yours, ain't he?"

"Not that I know of," said the Doll. "What made you think so?"

"Oh, somebody told me you both had the same sawdust in your veins," said the Monkey.

"Oh, well," said the Doll amiably, "you'll be in the family yourself pretty soon, I reckon."

"What! Me?" said the Monkey.

"Yes, you!" returned the Doll. "Anybody can see that you are stuck on a stick."

"Well, I don't have to be punched in the chest before I can be got to talk," retorted the Monkey. "Why, look who's here!" he added, as the Teddy Bear came along. "Old Button-Eyes! What's bruin, Teddy?"

"Trouble for anybody in this crowd that sasses my fiancée," growled the Bear, putting both arms around the French Doll and glaring at the Monkey.

"She's your honey, eh?" laughed the Monkey.

"That's what!" said the Bear, giving Flaxilocks a good hug.

"Must be made of beeswax!" grinned the Monkey.

The Teddy Bear made a jump for the Monkey-on-a-Stick, and in less than a minute the two were engaged in a rough-and-tumble fight that so alarmed everybody that the Whistle blew three blasts, summoning the little red Patrol Wagon; and that is why, when he woke up the next morning, Bobbie found the Monkey and the Teddy Bear inside the small toy Station House that his Uncle Bill had asked Santa Claus to leave under the tree for him.

AN UNFORTUNATE WISH.
"To t'ink dat all last summer I wanted a job like dis!"

"IF THE President dies who gets the job?"

"The Vice-President."

"No; the undertaker."

A JOINT DEBATE.

How Quiet Reigned

By HENRY JAMES

"OH, YES," replied the groom, smiling sadly, "we had a quiet holiday wedding. The ever-truthful papers remarked it at the time. Still, it might have been quieter, perhaps. There is nothing like a little foresight, and we had guarded against any fuss, and particularly wanted to get away from the house without a burst of acclaim.

"Well, we knew there would be a bunch at the door with rice and stuff, so I had fixed a ladder at the window of the room in which the presents were cold-storaged, and had an auto waiting in the alley. The ladder worked fine, but just as I was lifting Lucy off, the thing lost its balance and fell across the conservatory. They say you can hear a pin drop. You can, by a reasonable amount of listening, hear a ladder drop across a conservatory. The old folks hadn't been let in on the ladder part of the scheme, and didn't tumble with it. The old lady looked into the room, saw the open window, retreated so rapidly that she knocked a set of presentation china off the table and then, getting to the head of the stairs, yelled 'Burglars!' to the guests, and rolled all the way down into their midst. Papa-in-law rushed out and fired a couple of shots at us before we could establish relationship. Now most of these incidents were more or less audible. Somebody telephoned for the police, and a patrol wagon came gonging up just as the auto began to move. Before we'd got a real good start, the chauffeur ran into a milk wagon, overturning it and shattering a million bottles; and what this didn't do toward marring the quietude we had devised, the language of the milkman seemed likely to do. While I was trying to pacify him and telling him to hush before he had mussed a festal occasion all up, a copper arrested me and the chauffeur for being on the wrong side of the street, and the wedding guests who came to bail us out brought a subsidized Salvation Army band with them.

"Oh, it was a quiet wedding, all right. Call around and see us. Lucy is over the hysterics caused by the depressing calm of the function. But don't say anything about this quiet business, will you? Lucy might have a relapse."

A WASTE OF DAYS.

Boss—"What are you crying about?"
Office boy—"My grandmother's dead, and she's going to be buried on a holiday!"

No Hard Feelings.

COMING to a sudden stop, the driver of the automobile jumps out of his machine and runs back to where his victims lie upon the ground. But one of them is alive, and he is seriously hurt.

"I'm profoundly sorry this happened," says the man from the automobile, "but it was an accident I could not avoid. I am deeply sorry, and I hope you will allow me to settle whatever damages there are, and that you will not feel harshly toward me."

"It's all right, friend," sighs the surviving victim. "That other man was my rich uncle and I am his only heir, and, besides, I have been carrying a hundred-dollar-a-week accident policy for ten years. This is the first time I could ever get action on it. If your machine is broken, I'll pay half the repair bill."

Thwarted Her.

"I BELIEVE, just for a joke," says the wife, "that I'll show you folks the love-letter John sent me with his first Christmas present to me."

"Yes, do," suggests John grimly, winking at the guests; "and I'll go up to the attic and get that hand-painted necktie you sent me at the same time."

"I WASHED my hair to-day."

"And now a load is off your mind."

TOO BAD HE'S SO BUSY.

Sumwott Soyld—"I want a room and a bath."
Hotel clerk—"I can give you a room, but I haven't got time to give you a bath."

The Reporter's Christmas Story

By F. P. PITZER

IT WAS Christmas Eve!

Snowflakes were falling thick and fast.

In front of an old rustic church, boxes of matches in his little white hands, stood a boy.

He had been standing there many hours, but no one seemed to pay any attention to his feeble cry of "A-ny mat-ches, boss?" The little fellow in the tattered garments was passed by unnoticed.

Poor lad! There he was out in the cold, while other little boys were in their warm, comfortable homes, surrounded by happy relatives and friends, with a big Christmas tree loaded with costly gifts. And here in the cold stood an honest little fellow, whose one thought was to earn a few pennies with which to make his mother's lonely heart happy on this eventful night.

The poor match-boy had almost despaired, when he espied, coming down the street, a well-dressed man, his head concealed beneath a high silk tile, the lower part of his face buried in the warm astrakhan collar of a costly overcoat.

On reaching the boy he stopped. At last the shivering little salesman met one who sympathized with him.

"My boy, why are you out in this treacherous weather, selling matches?"

In a few words the lad told his pitiful tale. The man's heart had been reached. Tears trickled down his ice-cold cheeks. He put his hand in his inside coat pocket, extracted therefrom a fat wallet and was about to hand the youngster a crisp ten-dollar bill, when there came a cry of—"COPY!"

Accordingly the writer of this story had to cut it short abruptly, as it was almost time for the paper to go to press and all specials had to go in at once.

And thus a poor boy was robbed of a large sum of money, simply because a reporter had to cut his copy short in order to satisfy a waiting compositor.

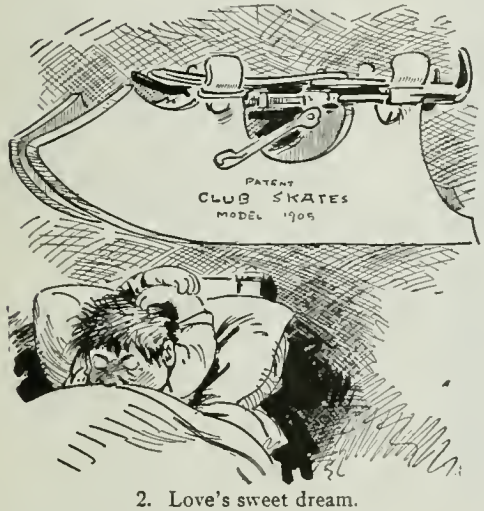
Such is fate!

IT IS not surprising, considering the varied number of typewriting machines on the market, that literature should become somewhat mechanical.

PUBLIC VICE.

"Lave th' Prisidint attind th' juties he's elicted fur, says I. But whin it comes t' takin' a wallop out av th' wrong-doin's, I says, av th' mallyfactories, thot's th' worruk, says I, av th' Vice-Prisidint."

1. The affinity.



2. Love's sweet dream.

Pinkerton's Charity.

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

IT WAS a raw, stormy night. Mr. Pinkerton was walking home from the club, after a fine dinner that put him on good terms with himself and with the world, when he was accosted by a big, burly chap, who requested financial assistance.

"Say, mister, can't ye help a pore feller what's lost his leg?" the beggar whined, as Pinkerton passed along.

"Lost a leg?" retorted Pinkerton, eying the man suspiciously. "Why, you have two legs, haven't you?"

To all appearances the man certainly had.

"Yes, sir," returned the beggar, with a mournful smile that stirred Pinkerton's heart. "I've got two of 'em left, sir; but my best one—ah, that is gone forever! I lost it in a railway accident, sir."

"For heaven's sake, what were you before this catastrophe happened?" cried Pinkerton. "A centipede?"

"No, sir. Just a plain, ordinary human bein', sir. The leg I lost, sir, was a wooden one, sir, and it used to excite a lot o' sympathy when I got it strapped on. It was worth four dollars a day to me, that leg was; but, now it's gone, I'm the dead-brokest beggar in ninety-seven counties," explained the beggar.

Whereupon Pinkerton gave the fellow a dollar. This at first seems an extravagant sum to give to a man like that, but in this case it was not so, for Pinkerton is a writer by trade, and he knew he could put the incident into words and sell it to some editor for ten or eleven dollars.

His Impression.

"YES," said the fair young thing; "that Christmas punch you just tasted is made from a recipe that has been treasured in the family for centuries. The earliest authentic record we have of it was in the lifetime of my great-great-ever-so-great-grandfather, whose suit of armor stands in the hall."

"If he drank much of that punch," observes the young man, who has had two glasses of it, "he must have wished he was wearing that armor on his inside instead of his outside."

3. Married.

4. Divorced.

Cheese It.

A PIECE of irony sufficiently delicate to be worthy of quotation recently came from a New York critic. An aspiring young poet, who had met the critic in question, wrote a satire in emulation of Homer's "Battle of the Frogs and Mice." The young poet thought he would go "one better" than Homer, and described in most realistic style the warfare between two factions of mites inhabiting a piece of cheese.

He sent the manuscript to the critic with a request for that distinguished person's opinion. In a few days the answer came.

"My dear sir," wrote the critic, "I have read your satire and am delighted with it. You are worthy to be called the Gorgon-Zola of literature."

MISTLETOE helps the man who helps himself.

Her lips were like a red, red rose,
Like stars her eyes of blue;
Her neck was like the graceful swan's.
I loved her. Wouldn't you?

DRAMATIC POSSIBILITIES.

"Don't stand there looking like a fool. Run and get a moving-picture man—I'm going to fall!"

Where Mamma Lost.

"AUNT EMMY," said the little angel, "mamma has thought of the nicest kind of a present for you."

"Has she?" asked Aunt Emmy, who was nearly forty, but looked thirty-five and said she was twenty-eight.

"Yes; she said it would be the best thing in the world if Santa Claus would only bring you a husband."

It was at that moment that Aunt Emmy concluded to send her sister-in-law a nice, inexpensive Christmas card instead of the silver punch bowl she had selected.

In the Days of the Past.

HAND in hand, with the march of time,
Come many sweeping changes.
The stoves that prehistoric man once used
Were simply mountain ranges.

A HISTORIC DUTCH DUB!

"Ve gotter git a lunatic commission appointed for dot Pete Minuit. He gits foolisher und foolisher efery day!"
"So? Und it is bad to-day, yes?"
"Vorse! Donnerwetter, he chust paid dem cigar signs a hundred und tventy dollars' vort of goot junk for Manhattan Island!"

Nuts for Santa To Crack

By PERRINE LAMBERT

THE Twentieth Century youngster carefully placed a new ribbon in his typewriter, oiled the machine thoroughly and began:

DEAR SANTA CLAUS—I have about everything I want or need this Christmas, and in lieu of a collection of gifts I wish you would deliver the answers to a number of questions which have bewildered me almost from my infancy.

How can you possibly get down our chimney, when I experienced great difficulty in convincing sister's pet poodle that the trip could be made successfully?

Why do you give so many presents to those who have money to buy them, and so few to those who cannot spare the money?

How do you manage to sail over oceans, mountains and housetops, when my natural history is suspiciously silent on the subject of reindeers' wings?

What excuse can you offer for bringing father something for mother's house, and presenting mother with a gift for her personal use only?

Why do you stack your collection of toys in the stores, thus allowing the children to see them long before the holidays?

How is it that you can appear simultaneously in the toy sections of the various department stores?

Why do you live at the North Pole, when it is an accepted fact that the best toys are made in Germany?

Don't you feel silly sleighing in Florida, where there isn't any snow?

And as the final question, but not necessarily the most unimportant one, why do you keep your clothes and whiskers in that old trunk in our storeroom?

Anxiously yours,

CHALMOT GUNSON, JR.

The Remnant of a Man

By FRANK R. WALTON

THE SPEAKER said, "Lend me your ears!"
I loaned 'em, though I had my fears.
Oh, such a world of wicked men!
I never got 'em back again.
The ears he had seemed very fine—
Why should the rascal care for mine?

I riveted my eyes on him,
And then my sight grew very dim.
The rivets he could not undo,
Although he tried a week or two!
I'm sure you will not feel surprised
When I remark I miss those eyes.

Soon after at a dinner gay
I gave my arm to young Miss May.
She thought it was a souvenir!
You see, I haven't got it here.
She took my arm, but left my sleeve.
It's hollow, as you will perceive.

For young Miss May I ceased to care,
And fell in love with Rose, so fair.
I lost my heart with courtly gravity—
An old tin can now fills the cavity!
I put some beets inside the can—
I'm sure that was a hearty plan.

I married Rose! It must be told
She proved to be an awful scold.
She took my head off! That was sad!
It was the only one I had!
Oh, I'm a remnant of a man!
Deny it, reader, if you can.

Double-pointed.

Bess—"Jack says my mouth is the prettiest he has ever seen."

Frank—"Indeed? Well, I'll put mine up against it any time."

As She Is Spoke.

"IZZY, you come by the house in."

"No, I don't."

"Yes, you did."

"Why did I?"

How To Make Christmas Presents at Home

(The first of our famous and helpful "How To Make" series.)

By F. P. PITZER

A Teething Ring for Baby.

KEEP an old liverwurst in a cool place for a day or so, and then rivet the ends together. Then cover the whole with wursted—oh, pshaw! we mean worsted—wrapping it around as closely and tightly as possible. This will prevent the liverwurst from biting the baby.

Cologne Bottle Holder.

First have a first-class tailor take the measurements of the bottle. Then take a silk sock—one can be found in almost any eight-dollar-a-week clerk's washing—and cut off at the top where the garter generally takes a grip with its tin teeth. Then cut a few holes in the top and run some baby ribbon through them, so that the opening can be readily tightened or loosed. Into the holder thus made slip the bottle. If the bag is lined with banana skins, the bottle will slip in more easily. If it is to be used to hold a flask instead of a cologne bottle, never mind the baby ribbon or the sock.

A Jewel Case.

Get a cube of limburger cheese, and with a stiletto cut out the insides and line with zinc. Cover the outside with wallpaper. Sprinkle the interior with Towne's Remarkable Hair Grower. (For sale at this office. Well recommended by such shaggy-haired funny fellows as Bill Nye, R. K. Munkittrick, J. K. Bangs, W. J. Lampton and others too humorous to mention.) In a few days the grower will cause hair to sprout out on all sides and make a fine, soft lining. Building the box from cheese makes it stronger and a scentsible gift.

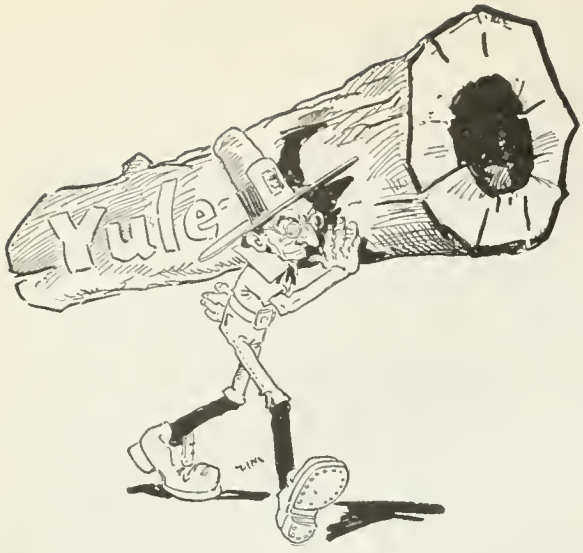
A Button Holder.

Cut the stiff bosom from your father's or husband's best shirt. Tie a ribbon to the name plate at the bottom, and then, rolling it upward, tie the same through the excavation where his dollar-twenty-five stud usually rests. Close up the sides of the cylinder thus made with sausage skin, and cut a hole in the top just large enough to admit a button. Do not make it too large, or it might admit cigar stumps, ashes, cuds of tobacco or other emblems of masculine civilization. Baby ribbon can dangle all around it, like a Boer's whiskers. When finished, varnish the whole thing with maple syrup. This syrup will catch and hold any burglarious flies that might call to steal some of the buttons.

Book-markers.

Perhaps the best book-markers we have ever seen were ten chubby little bread-and-jam-covered fingers that evaded its nurse and walked up the shelves of our bookcase one day. But, of course, every one hasn't these little fingers in the house, so we give the following more simple method of making a handy bookmarker. Cut a piece of birch bark from an elephant's hide, two inches wide and four inches long. Any elephant will stand long enough to permit you to carve a piece of hide from his envelope. He may strike you with his trunk, but he will soon tire of this After you

AN ARCTIC CIRCLE.



have cut out a piece of the proper size, chew on one end of it until it has the resemblance of fringe, and then with a red-hot poker burn an appropriate motto in the left-hand corner, such as "Damn the Trusts," "Let Well Enough Alone," "Stand Pat," or other quotation appropriate for a quiet home. Do not burn these mottoes in the hide before it is taken from the elephant. We know of only one man who tried to do this, and now he is in a place where his poker stays continually red-hot.

The Stuttering Sonneteer.

Soulful Songs of the Humble Counter-jumper to the Haughty Saleslady.

By SUS-SUS-SAM S. SUS-SUS-STINSON.

HOW sus-sus-slowly dud-dud-drag the hours!
It seems a whole eter-nun-nun-ity
Since eight o'clock, when you sus-smiled at me—
A smile like sus-sus-sunshine 'tween the showers,
That mum-mum-made me think of leafy bowers
In some fair wuh-wuh-woodland, where with thee
My sus-sus-soul communes in ecstasy
Amid the pup-pup-perfume of the flowers.

And that reminds me, bub-bub-by the way,
To ask what pup-pup-perfume yuh-you use.
I always yuh-yuh-yuh-yuh-use sachet,
But I would rah-rah-rather ch-ch-choose
Your kind. Is it nuh-new-mown hay?
'Twill henceforth sus-sus-scent my mum-mum-muse.

Hope You're Not One.

"YES; Migglesby is usually remembered by his friends and relations on Christmas, but not very well. You see, he is a ten-o'clocker."

"A ten-o'clocker?" asks the interested listener. "What is that?"

"A ten-o'clocker is somebody you forget all about until ten o'clock the night before Christmas."

"HE HAS a fancy-work face."

"A what?"

"A fancy-work face. Every time his temper gets ruffled his brows knit."

A MOURNFUL OUTLOOK.

"You say we must be good, and not want things we haven't got; and you say if we're bad we won't get anything. It ain't a very hopeful Christmas, is it, grandpa?"

The Christmas Cynic.

By TUDOR JENKS.

CHRISTMAS is coming! and won't stay away.
How to prepare for that horrible day—
The bills by the score we'd rather not pay,
The lot of inane old "greetings" we say,
Or listen to, said by each bore and old jay;
The old obligations we have to obey;
Wearisome stuff about fat "Santa's sleigh,"
And Moore's aged chestnut, that deadly passé
"Night before Christmas"—don't quote it, I pray.
There once was a time we all thought it gay.
Would that some spell its spirit might lay!
The gift to each servant, that is "employé";
The dinner to relatives toothless and gray;
Their jokes that went ages ago to decay,
But which they recount with an air so au fait,
And will till they're turned to dust or to clay,
While all must laugh loudly with voice like a bray,
Or grin as the clowns in a circus ring may,
Though really the "jokers" you're longing to flay
(A feeling that no one's allowed to betray),
Or to plug up their mouths with a bundle of hay,
Or to order their heads brought in on a tray,
As ancient Salome, in scanty array,
Brought in the prophet's she'd bribed them to slay.
Such are the thoughts that make one distrait,
In thinking of Noel. Merry? Nay, nay!

The Easiest Way.

A COMPANY of select colored artists were rendering a version of "Othello." The scene between the Moor and Desdemona had been reached, wherein Othello demands the handkerchief which he has given his wife as a wedding amulet.

"Desdemona," he cried, "fetch me dat han'kerchief!"

But the doomed lady only babbled of Cassio, and her liege lord shouted again,

"I ast fo' de second time to git me dat han'kerchief!"

Still the fair one parried the issue with talk of Cassio, and the lordly Othello, now thoroughly incensed, bellowed,

"Woman, fo' de third and las' time I tell you to git me dat han'kerchief! Away!"

And as he was just about to open his mouth again, a big, leather-lunged patron in the top gallery shouted down at him,

"Fo' de Lawd's sake, nigger, why doan' yo' wipe yo' nose on yo' sleeve an' let de show go on!"

Given Away.

MAYOR SPEER, of Denver, was talking the other day about political tricksters. "They always give themselves away," he said.

"Don't tricksters always give themselves away? It reminds me of the two men who wanted to sell their corpses for dissection. These two men, miserably clad, called on the dean of a medical college in New York. 'We are both on the verge of starvation, sir,' the spokesman said. 'We are well on in years, and it is clear that we haven't much longer to live. Would you care to purchase our bodies for your dissecting room?' The dean hesitated. 'It is an odd proposition,' he said. 'But it is occasionally done,' said the spokesman in an eager voice. 'Well,' said the dean, 'we might arrange it. What price do you ask?' 'Over in Philadelphia,' said the spokesman, 'they gave us forty dollars.'"

Desperate.

AN AMERICAN visiting London for the first time was goaded to desperation by the incessant necessity for tips. Finally he entered a washroom in his hotel, only to be faced by a large sign which read, "Please tip the basin after using."

"Never!" said the Yankee, turning on his heels, "I'll go dirty first."

His Heart's Desire.

Fastboy—"I want to buy something for my grandfather's Christmas—old Tightpurse, you know."

Shopman—"Yes, sir. Now, what is your idea—something simple or elegant?"

Fastboy—"Have you any imported Russian bombs?"

English As She Is Spoke.

"IT'S unpossible."

"You mean impossible, don't you?"

"I mean that it can't be did."

UNCLE GOTROX FORGETS THAT CHILDREN GROW OLDER AS THE YEARS PASS.

Uncle Gotrox remembers his two nephews and two nieces in Texas——

——but—unfortunately fails to remember that time flies.

Explaining Matters.

THERE were some deficiencies in the early education of Mrs. Donahoe, but she never mentioned them or admitted their existence.

"Will you sign your name here?" said the young lawyer whom Mrs. Donahoe had asked to draw up a deed transferring a parcel of land to her daughter.

"You sign it yoursilf, an' I'll make me mark," said the old woman quickly. "Since me eyes gave out, I'm not able to write a wur-rd, young man."

"How do you spell it?" he asked, pen poised above the proper space.

"Spell it whativer way ye plaze," said Mrs. Donahoe recklessly. "Since I've lost me teeth, there's not a wur-rd in the wur-rld I can spell."

Fair Play.

"MAMMA," said the little boy the day after Christmas, as he lay in bed and dutifully took the paregoric and other things, "you said yesterday that I ought to be sorry for all the poor little children that couldn't have as much candy and cake and things as I got, didn't you?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, do you suppose those poor little children are sorry for me to-day?"

THE AFTERMATH.

By HORACE DODD GASTIT

'TWAS the night after Christmas,
and all through the flat
Not a creature was stirring, not even
the cat.
From father and mother and me and
the kid,
Every one was knocked out with a
pain in his mid.
Because of the candies we ate for a
lark,
And kid from the paint that he
chewed from his ark

"That is certainly a queer place for a cherry to grow!"

Geographical.

'TIS proper to kiss 'neath the mistletoe,
As history shows;
But where is the miss
Who'd not rather be kissed
Right under the nose?

Revenge.

Soubrette—"We are undone!"

Villain—"How?"

Soubrette—"The comedian is giving Willie a drum."

Villain—"Bah! Beneath his plate on Christmas morning I will place a receipt for six months' piano lessons for his daughter."

GOOD CAUSE.

Bill—"Say, Jack, what's Teenzy cryin' about?"

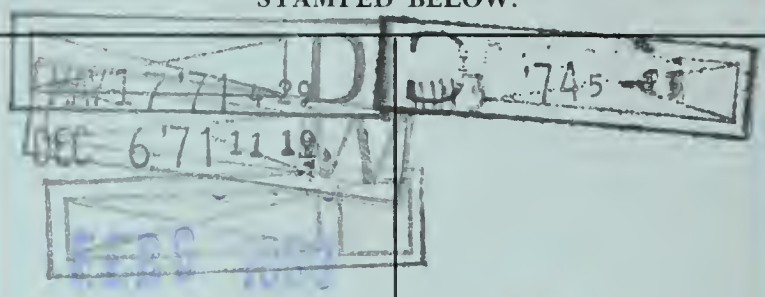
Jack—"Oh, he's blubberin' 'cause his stockin's wuz littler than ours."

THE LIMIT OF LAZINESS.

"What is the matter with that Indian's eye, my good man?"
"Nothin'. He shuts it because he kin see well enough with one. Sometimes he shuts one, sometimes t'other."

THE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Santa Barbara

THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE
STAMPED BELOW.



Series 9482

3 1205 00263 1016

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
D 001 007 421 9